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THE CHRISTIAN LYRE,

A Monthly Musical Periodical.

This work is intended to contain chiefly those popular tunes and simple melodies which are used in social worship, families, social parties of christians, and prayer meetings: and particularly in *revivals of religion*. We want music here which is easy, yet effective; simple, touching, animating, moving; such as will, by its melody, affect the mind in correspondence with the language; music, in short, which will produce a religious effect, rather than that which is only calculated to please a musical ear. It is well known that there is a great deal of music, of this kind, used in the churches, particularly when the religious affections are highest. But it as been chiefly excluded from musical books and schools, by the fastidiousness of scientific musicians. Such pieces, it is intended to collect and preserve. The want of such a work has long been felt by zealous christians all over the country. And the compiler has been led to undertake it, because he saw no prospect that it would be done by any of the multitudes in the church, who are abundantly better qualified than himself.

The Editor feels grateful to many ministers, editors, and other friends, in different parts of the country, and of different christian names, who have encouraged him in his novel undertaking, by an extensive patronage, and by a kind commendation of his humble endeavours. From among the testimonials of approbation which have already been received, the following are selected:—

From Rev. J. W. Alexander, Trenton, N. J.

"I highly approve of the plan and contents, and execution of your little work; it is a jewel which I shall endeavour to introduce among my people."

From Rev. B. M. Hill, Troy. N. Y.

"I am very much pleased that you have undertaken a work, which in my opinion promises so much real benefit

to Zion. The subject of publishing tunes suitable for conference and prayer meetings, has occupied my mind for several years. Your plan of publishing in a periodical form is a good one, and the hymns and tunes of No. 1, are well selected. You will have my cordial co-operation."

From Rev. Asa Mead, East Hartford, Conn.

"I am much pleased with the Christian Lyre you sent me. You will, I believe, do the cause of Christ good service in publishing it. We greatly need something, not only for conference meetings, but for family devotions, and especially for *private parties of Christians.* Nothing, in my view, adds so much to good feelings among them, as singing a good Christian song, in a good tune. But the kind of tunes best adapted to the solemnity of public worship, in large congregations, is by no means suited to this. Our Methodist brethren are before us in this. They do not hesitate to use a good tune, such as will move the heart, wherever they may find it.

Scientific musicians are, in general, by no means judges of what will move a few pious hearts. They judge from the effect of full choirs, in large rooms, or numerous assemblies: and often what will move those who attend a theatre, rather than those who live by faith. Experience is a sure guide here; and whatever is loved by the warm-hearted and pious any where, will not fail to please, when properly introduced any where else. I think we, in this country, do not sufficiently adapt our music and hymns to circumstances; and I hailed the publication of the Christian Lyre as constituting an era; and such I think it will be, especially among the Congregationalists of New-England. You will be sustained and have ample patronage"

From Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Portsmouth, N. H.

"I am highly gratified with the specimen of your little work. It is very neat, and so far as I am capable of judging, is the very thing which we need in our social meetings. We sacrifice too much to taste. The secret of the Methodists lies in the admirable adaptation of their music and hymns to produce effect; they strike at once at the heart, and the moment

we hear their animated thrilling chorusses, we are electrified. We, on the other hand, are slow, cold, and formal, and ring our monotonous changes in common and long metre; and a whole congregation would be brought to a dead stand, if 'The voice of free grace,' should be given out from one of our pulpits. I hail your attempt as tending in some measure to correct the evil. It has been my privilege to see five or six seasons of revivals in different places; and there is a *savor* about certain hymns and tunes sung at such times, which I shall never lose. Among the most powerful in effect, were 'Hearts of stone,' 'Stop, poor sinner,' 'Saw ye my Savior,' 'Come ye sinners,' &c. But I presume you will have them all; I wish you success in your noble undertaking. Oh, for the soul of music in our meetings!"

From Rev. Basil Manly, Charleston, S. C.

"The object of this present writing is to send you my hearty thanks for the first number of the Christian Lyre. The design has my most hearty approbation.

The world may despise the simple sling and stone which you are poising. But God has not disdained it. We have no need to quarrel with the world for its opinion of us, and of our means, but to go on and use those which Christ has sealed with his approbation, not regarding obloquy, or reproach, or ridicule. My best wishes are for the success of your enterprise, that God's name may be glorified, and sinners saved."

From Rev. B. H. Rice, New-York.

"The Editor of the Lyre proposes to collect and render permanent a number of tunes, frequently used in social worship, many of which are delightful in melody, and well calculated to assist in maintaining a spirit of devotion.

"I am pleased with the design and with its execution thus far, although there may be some airs of rather too light a character for the solemnities of divine worship. I would commend the work to the patronage of the christian public."

From. Rev Elisha Cushman, Bridgeport, Conn.

I think you will find pieces suitable for the edification of the pious mind, and calculated to *cherish* good taste. The latter of these objects I fear has been too much overlooked. Instead of endeavouring to mature the promising genius of young converts, I fear we have satisfied ourselves with gratifying it in its infantile state. I think your book will have a favourable tendency to this object, and I shall take pains to give it circulation."

From F. A. Packard, Esq. Recording Secretary of the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.

"Your little work (No. 1.) I like very much. The tunes and hymns I should think exceedingly well adapted to the purpose, and the purpose I think one of surpassing importance."

From Rev. Spencer H. Cone, New-York.

"I take great pleasure in commending the Christian Lyre, to the members of the church and congregation in Oliver-street, as a work calculated to be both interesting and useful."

By the New-York Baptist Register.

"We have received a copy of this neat little work. It is an 18mo. pamphlet, containing many of the most popular conference hymns set to music. The tunes appear to be generally those which we have long been accustomed to sing in such meetings, though there are several new and excellent ones among them, such as the Marseilles and Missionary hymns."

By the Cincinnati Christian Journal.

"We have received the first number of a little work under this title, containing hymns with suitable tunes annexed to them, adapted to revivals, prayer and conference meetings, and monthly concerts, &c. The hymns are intended to be such as are calculated to be specially useful during seasons of revivals, and times of peculiar attention to the subject of religion. The tunes consist of those popular airs, most usually

sung when the Lord is pouring out his Spirit, and saints and sinners feel the power of his reviving and quickening influences. Its mechanical execution is beautiful."

By the Religious Intelligencer.

"The Lyre is a very pretty thing indeed, and every way worthy the approbation and adoption of the lovers of sweet music, in its most devotional and delightful strains. The design, the selection and the execution are alike commendable. The form of the work is convenient. The members of more than one family and prayer meeting have eagerly and with increasing pleasure commenced and prosecuted the singing of these simple, heart-cheering and soul-edifying songs of Zion. We hope they will yet be the medium of praise, in all places where they who love and fear the Lord unite to call upon his name."

By the Zion's Advocate.

"The second number is received. Mr. Leavitt is doing a good service to the cause of experimental piety, not less by furnishing appropriate music for well known and interesting words, than by the addition of new and valuable hymns."

By the Vermont Telegraph.

"This is an excellent little work, the two first of which have already been issued, by Rev. Joshua Leavitt, of New-York. It is a compilation of the old hymns and tunes, commonly called *Revival Hymns;* such as 'Loving-kindness,' 'Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,' 'Mercy, O thou Son of David,' &c. The tunes and hymns are on opposite pages, so that the singers have the words and notes before them at the same time. The work is especially intended for social worship and prayer meetings. It will contain such simple melodies as require only two parts, the Bass and Air; it being the object to produce a *devotional*, rather than a *musical* effect."

By the Philadelphian.

"Many of the pieces we have heard sung with great satisfaction. The size of the *Lyre* is very convenient; and the

work must be very acceptable to many religious associations which have long sung these tunes by rote, until they have become intimately allied to their most sacred feelings. As to the music, we confess that we cannot read it, and are not qualified to judge of its accuracy, taste, harmony and melody. On these subjects we must humbly bow to the judgment of Mr. Thomas Hastings, the worthy editor of the Western Recorder, at Utica, New-York; than whom we know not a more competent musical critic. We must add, however, in favor of some music, which probably is not quite classic, that we had long felt the force of Whitfield's remark, who, when asked why he sung sacred hymns, in some profane ballad tunes, replied, "that he had no notion of suffering the devil to run away with all the most charming music."

By the Christian Herald.

"The design of this octodecimo work is to aid individuals in acquiring a knowledge of those tunes which may be termed *occasional.* The tunes will be adapted to many of those pieces found in the "Village Hymns," collected and prepared by Mr. Nettleton, which are sung at religious meetings in most of our churches east of the mountains. The author does not design this little work so much for *scientific* musicians, as for plain christians."

☞ This publication having been cordially welcomed, and liberally supported, it will be continued as a regular periodical, as long as the christian public shall see fit to call for it.

TERMS.—To subscribers, fifty cents for a volume of six numbers, or $1 per annum—payable in advance, or on the receipt of the first number. Volume I. is sold for 62½ cents, neatly bound.

Any of the numbers will be sold separately, in any quantity. *Price*—12½ cents single, $1 per dozen, $6 per hundred. As it is a periodical, it can be sent by mail—Postage, under 100 miles, 1½ cent; over 100 miles 2½ cents, each number; postage of vol. 1st, bound, under 100 miles, 9 cents; over 100 miles, 15 cents.

Those who obtain subscriptions to the amount of $5, on the terms of this Prospectus, are authorised to transmit their orders, with the money, to the publisher, by mail.

POLYMICRIAN LIBRARY.

Recently imported, consisting of the Testament in Greek with a centre reference colume, &c. Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament, and the Greek concordance of Schmidius to the New Testament; also the New Testament in Spanish and French.—The English New Testament, with the centre column, and two maps, is now Stereotyping from the London edition, in superior style, as will be seen by the specimen below. No pains or expense will be spared to have the American edition in every respect fully equal to the English.—The size of the Polymicrians is uniform; the length of the bound vols. is about 4 inches, and width $2\frac{3}{4}$ inch, four vols. can be carried in the pocket at a time without any inconvenience.

38 ¶ Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through [a] this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins:

39 And by him, [b] all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could [c] not be justified by the law of Moses.

40 Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in [d] the prophets;

41 Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye [e] shall in nowise believe, though a man declare it unto you.

42 And when the Jews were gone out of the synagogue, the Gentiles besought that these words might be preached to them [f] the next sabbath.

43 Now when the congregation was broken up, many of the Jews and religious proselytes followed Paul and Barnabas: who, speaking to them, persuaded them to continue [g] in the grace of God.

44 ¶ And the next sabbath-day came almost the whole city together, to hear the word of God.

45 But when the Jews saw the multitudes, they were [e] filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting [h] and blaspheming.

46 Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, It was necessary that the word of God should first [i] have been spoken to you: but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we [k] turn to the Gentiles.

47 For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I [l] have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth.

48 And when the Gentiles heard this, they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord: and as many [m] as were ordained to eternal life, believed.

49 And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region.

50 But the Jews stirred up the devout and honourable women, and the chief men of the city, and raised [n] persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts.

51 But they shook [o] off

A. D. 29.

a Da. 9. 24. Lu. 24. 47. 1 Jno. 2. 12.
b Is. 53. 11. Hab. 2. 4. Ro. 3. 28. 8. 1.
c by any of those sacrifices which the ceremonial law appointed for the expiation of sins.
d Is. 29. 14. Hab. 1. 5.
e rather, they will not believe it; to say they shall not believe, does utterly mar the sense.
f or, in the week between, or, in the sabbath between.
g ch. 14. 22. He. 6. 11. 12. 12. 15.
h ch. 18. 6.
i Mat. 10. 6. Lu. 24. 47. Ro. 1. 16.
k De. 32. 21. Mat. 21. 4. Ro. 10. 19.
l Is. 49. 6.
m ch. 2. 47. Ro. 8. 30.
n 2 Ti. 3. 11.
o ch. 18. 6. Mar. 6. 11. Lu. 9. 5.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LYRE.

BY JOSHUA LEAVITT.

VOL. I.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY JONATHAN LEAVITT,
182, Broadway.
BOSTON: CROCKER AND BREWSTER,
47, Washington Street.
1831.

Southern District of New York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1830, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Joshua Leavitt, of the said District, has deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

"The Christian Lyre. By Joshua Leavitt."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

FRED. J. BETTS,
Clerk of the Southern District of New York.

Stereotyped by A. Chandler.

Sleight & Robinson, Printers

PREFACE.

Every person conversant with revivals must have observed, that whenever meetings for prayer and conference assume a special interest, there is a desire to use hymns and music of a different character from those ordinarily heard in the church. Nettleton's Village Hymns in a good degree meets the first want. Jocelyn's Zion's Harp partially supplies the other. But both are felt to be incomplete, as they are wanting in many pieces, which have proved of great use in revivals.

The usefulness also of many excellent hymns in all our modern collections, has been prevented by the inability of singers to find tunes adapted to the various subjects and metres. The "Christian Lyre" is undertaken with a view to meet both these deficiencies. It is intended to contain a collection of such pieces as are specially adapted to evening meetings and social worship, and chiefly such as are not found in our common collections of sacred music.

As the work is not designed to please scientific musicians, so much as to profit plain christians, reference will be had, chiefly, to the known popularity and good influence of what is selected. And it is intended to embrace the music that is most current among different denominations of christians.

As the number of parts is apt to distract the attention of an audience, or to occupy them with the music instead of the sentiment, the tunes here printed will generally be accompanied with only a simple bass, and sometimes not even with that. In a vast multitude of cases the *religious* effect of a hymn is heightened by having all sing the air only.

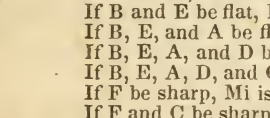
Possessing no musical skill beyond that of ordinary plain singers, I send out my work, without pretensions. If it aids the progress of Christ's cause, I shall be rewarded. If not, I shall be accepted according to what I had, and not according to what I had not. And it will prepare the way for some other person to do it better.

OBSERVE,

In the treble the lines and spaces, beginning at the space beneath the lower line, are called, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. In the bass they are F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B.

The natural place of MI is in B.

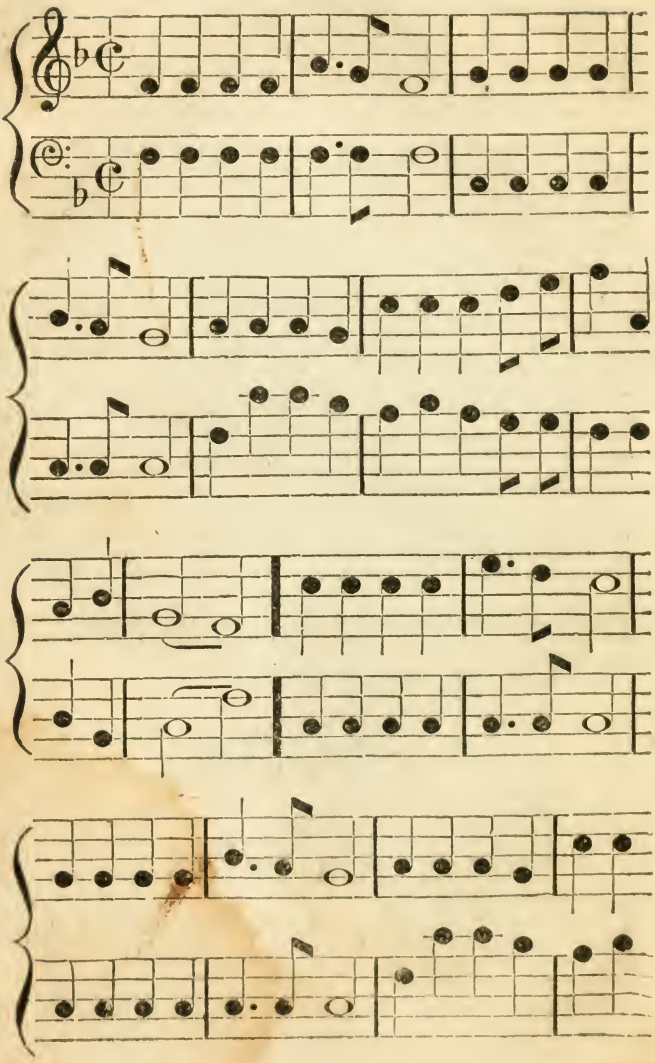
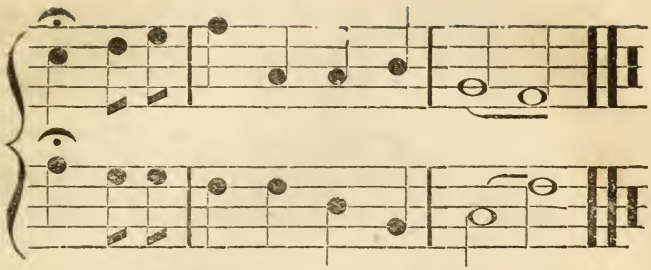
If B be flat, Mi is in E.
If B and E be flat, Mi is in A.
If B, E, and A be flat, Mi is in D.
If B, E, A, and D be flat, Mi is in G.
If B, E, A, D, and G be flat, Mi is in C
If F be sharp, Mi is in F.
If F and C be sharp, Mi is in C.
If F, C and G be sharp, Mi is in G.
If F, C, G and D be sharp, Mi is in D.
If F, C, G, D and A be sharp, Mi is in A.



A Repeat, shows what part of a tune is to be sung over again.

Da. Capo. means that the tune is to close, by repeating the first strain.

BENEVENTO. 8 lines 7's.



1. THE NEW YEAR.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race h ve run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below,
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

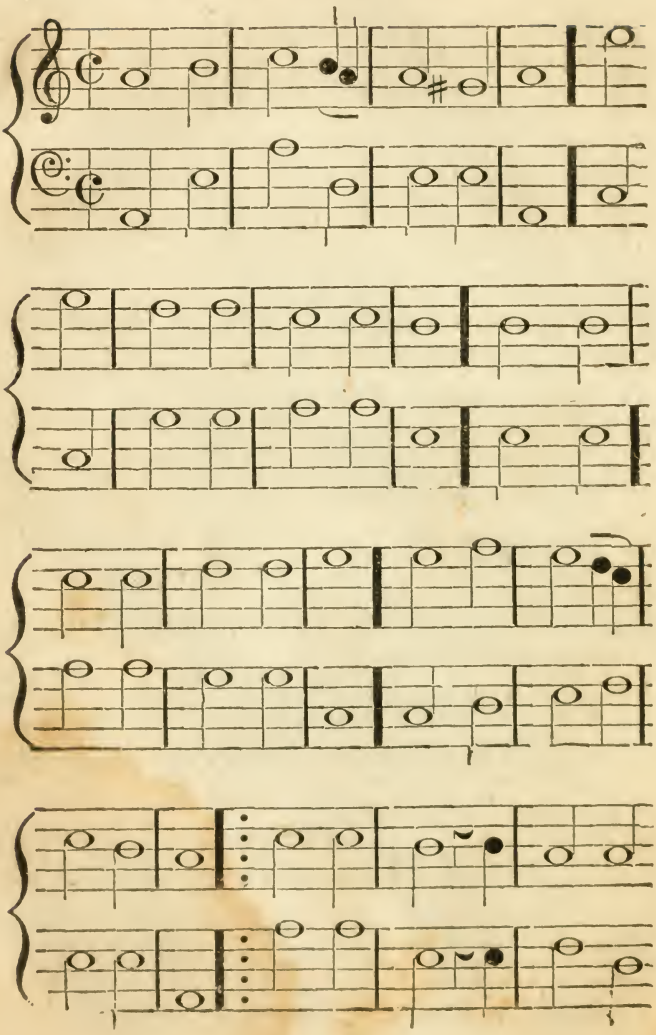
3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew:
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

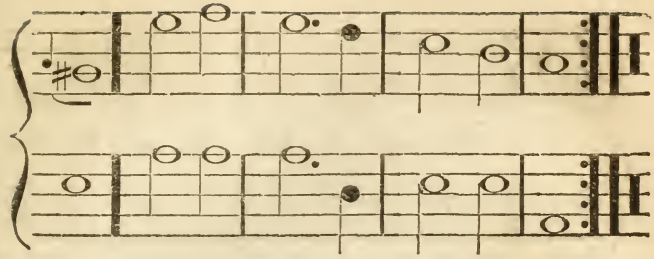
2. TURN, WHY WILL YE DIE.

1 SINNER's, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
Christ your Savior, asks you why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?



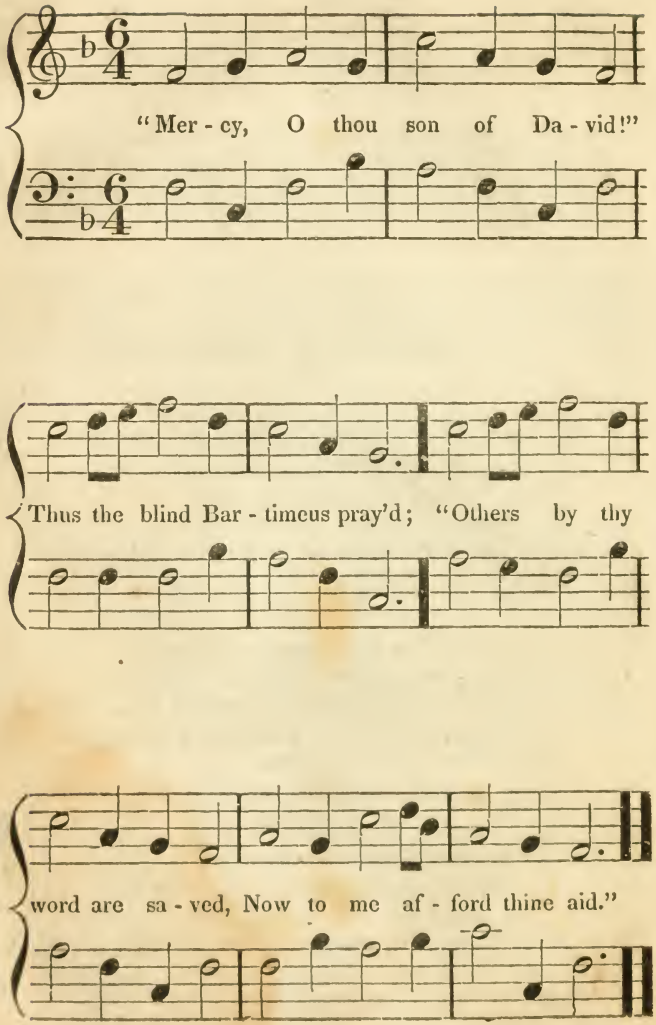


4. *Hearts of Stone.* 7s.

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled—rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood,
Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
Murder'd God's eternal Son.

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him there
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue your Lord;
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No! with all my sins I'll part,
Savior, take my broken heart.


"Mer - cy, O thou son of Da - vid!"
Thus the blind Bar - timeus pray'd; "Others by thy
word are sa - ved, Now to me af - ford thine aid."

4. *Bartimeus.*

1 "MERCY, O thou son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Savior bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

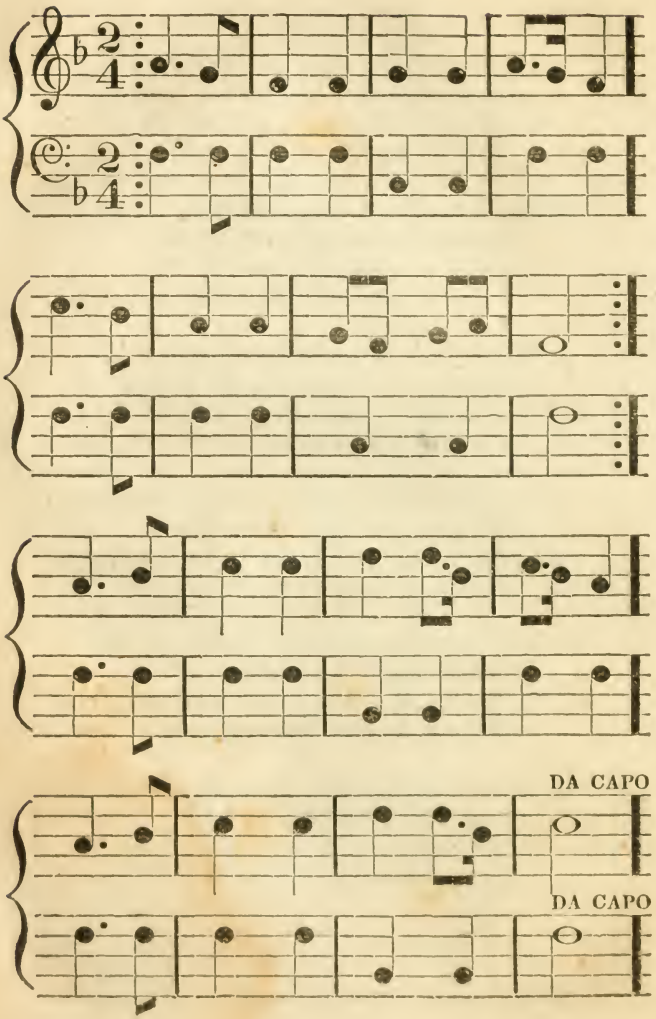
3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found!

6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

GREENVILLE. 8. 7. 4. or 8. 7. D



5. GENTLY, LORD.

1 Gently, Lord, oh! gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears,
And, oh Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh! refresh us—
Oh! refresh us with thy grace.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin.
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4 Oh, that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

6. ONE THERE IS.

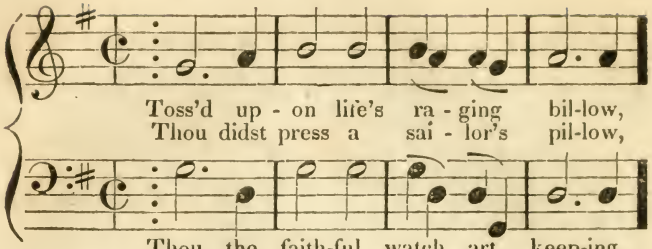
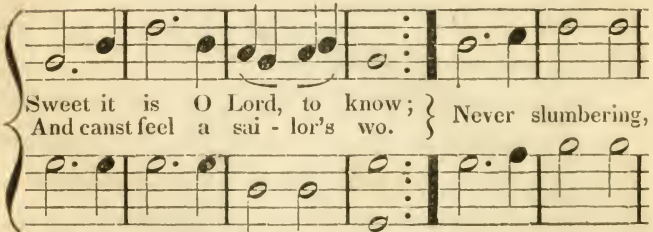
1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Savior died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above.

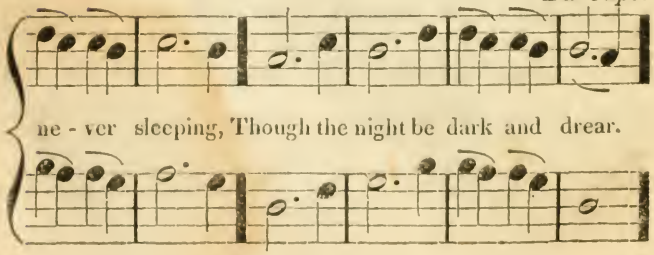
7. ONCE, O LORD.

1 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

2 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither
Let not all our hopes be vain!


Toss'd up - on life's ra - ging bil-low,
Thou didst press a sai - lor's pil-low,
Thou the faith-ful watch art keep-ing,

Sweet it is O Lord, to know;
And canst feel a sai - lor's wo.
Never slumbering,
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

Da Capo.


ne - ver sleeping, Though the night be dark and drear.

8. LIFE'S BILLOWS.

1 Toss'd upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know;
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's wo.
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

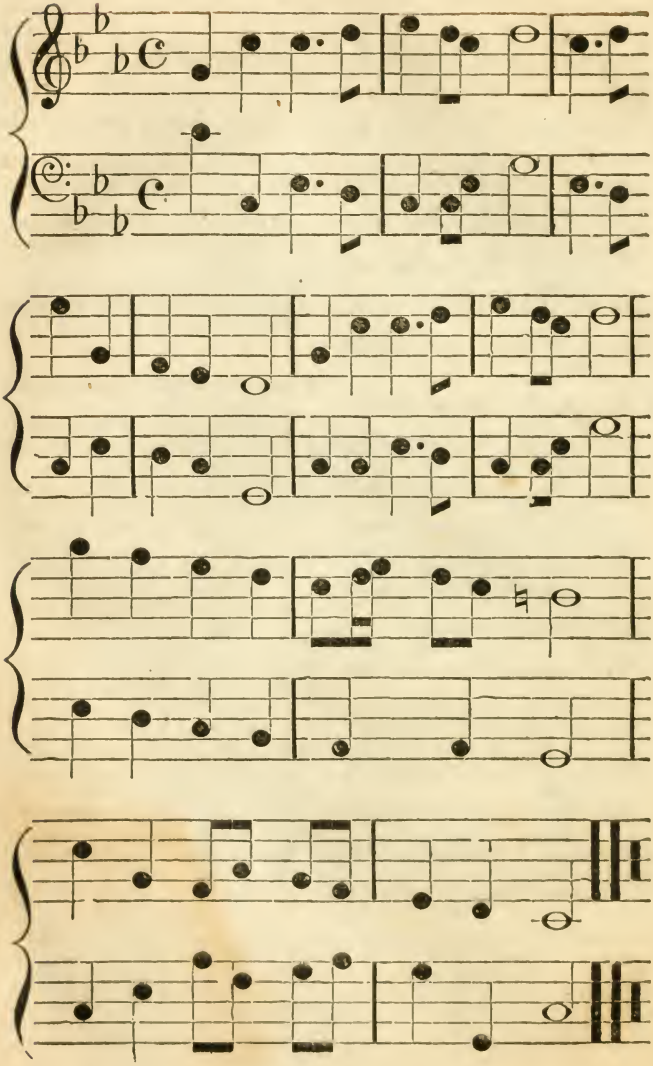
2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red;
Darkly, though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye;
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moor'd in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

9. LIGHT OF THOSE.

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love's revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favor
Thou hast for the ransom'd race;
Come, thou glorious God and Savior,
Come, and bring thy gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release!
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

10. 'TIS A POINT.

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove—
Every trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Savior's love?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all!

7 Lord decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun:
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

8 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

11. HASTEN, SINNER.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinnner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done

4 Hasten sinner, to be blest:
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

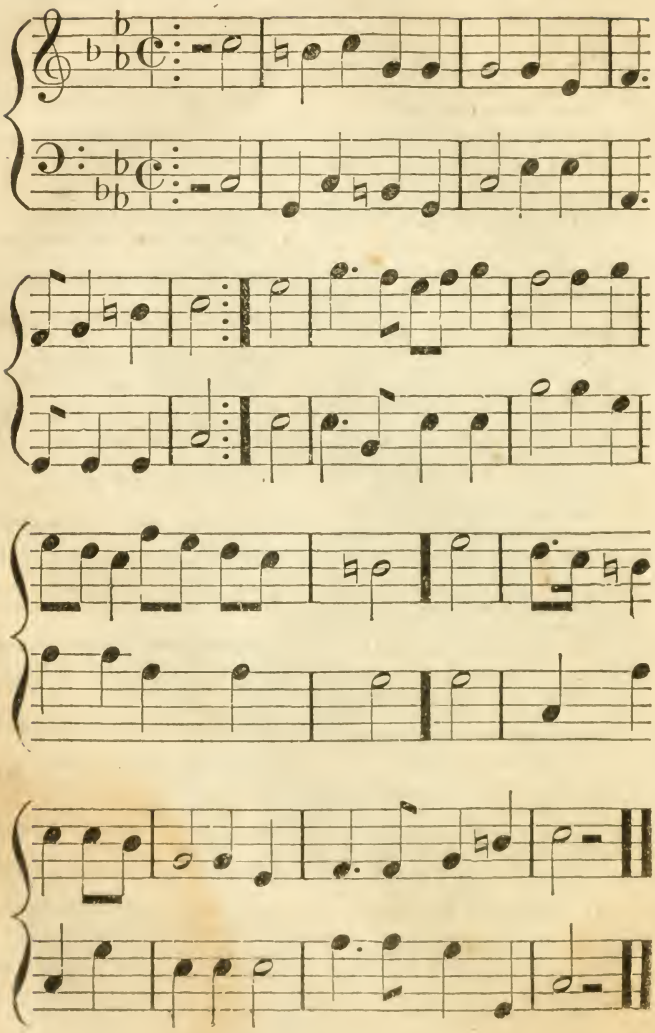
12. SEEK MY SOUL.

1 Seek, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter, ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim—
Lord! we have profess'd thy name;
We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word

4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say "I know you not."



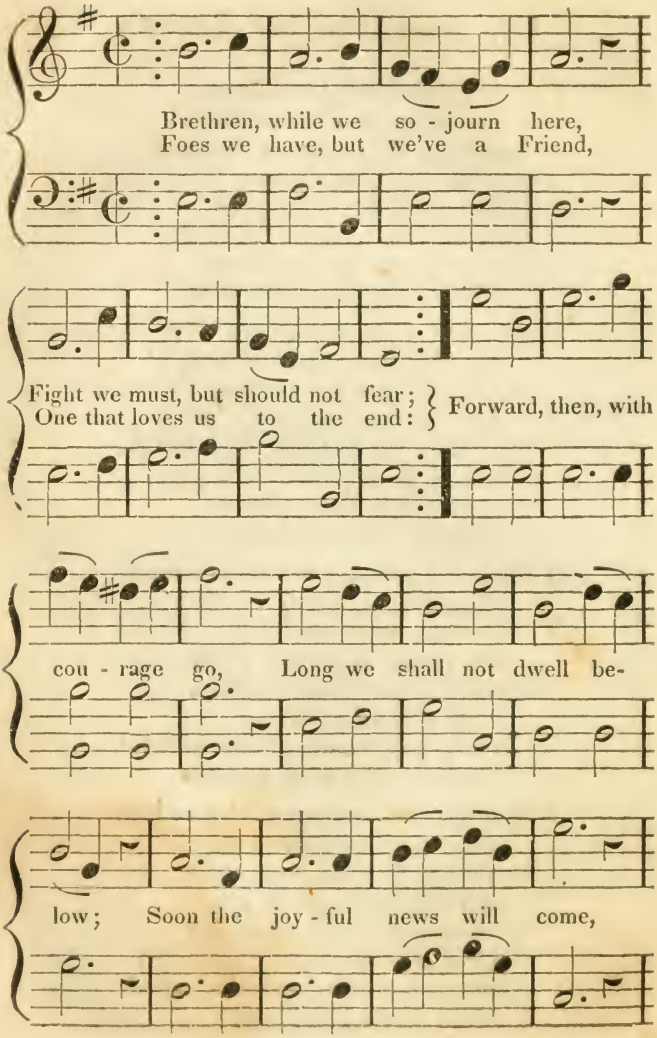
13. *Longing for heaven.*

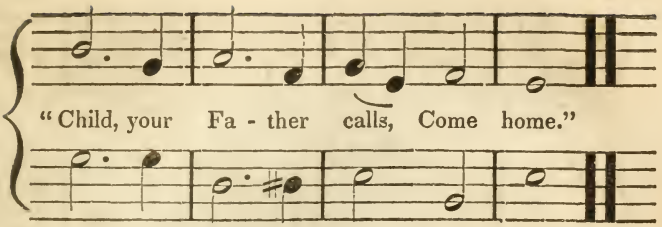
1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
And since he has proved faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
Then O my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.


Brethren, while we so - journ here,
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with
cou - rage go, Long we shall not dwell be-
low; Soon the joy - ful news will come,

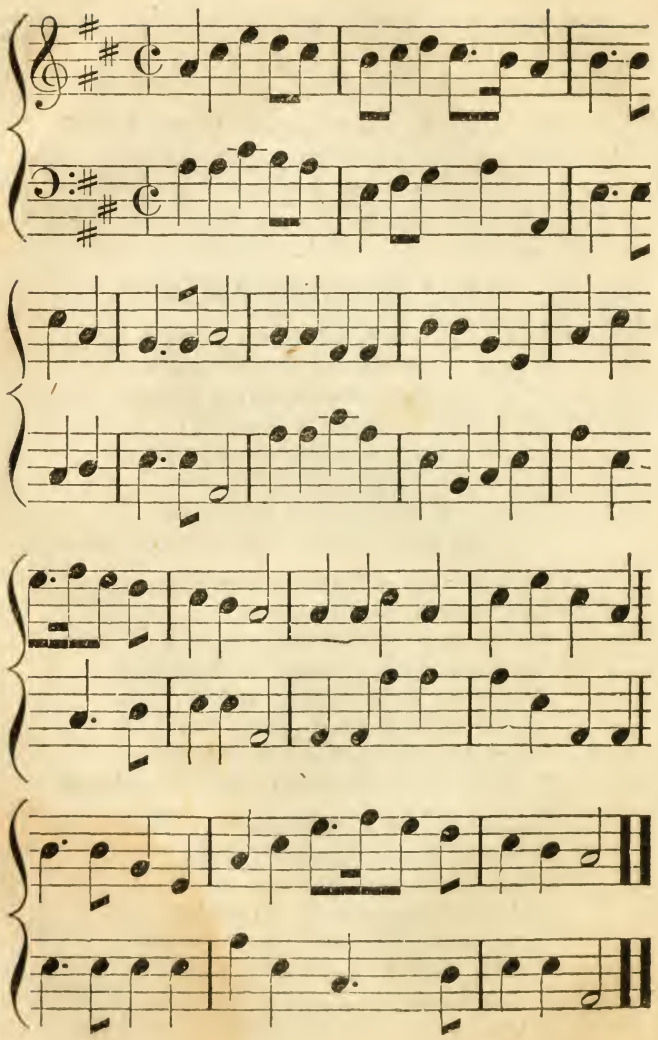


14. *Christian's Home.*

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

2 In the way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."



15. *Sinners, will you.* 8. 7. 4.

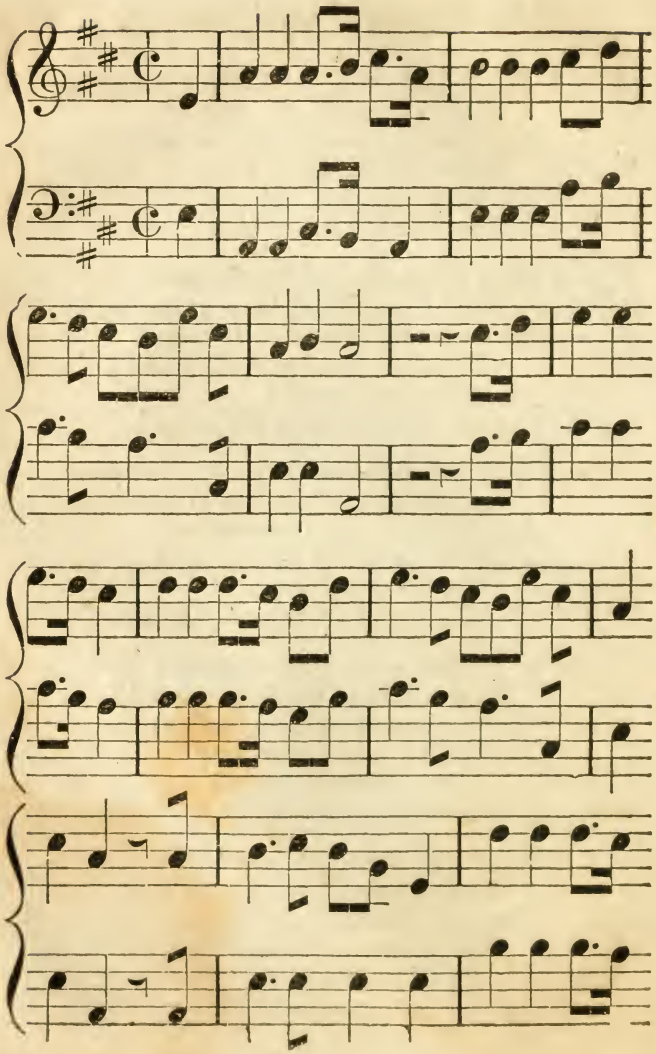
1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

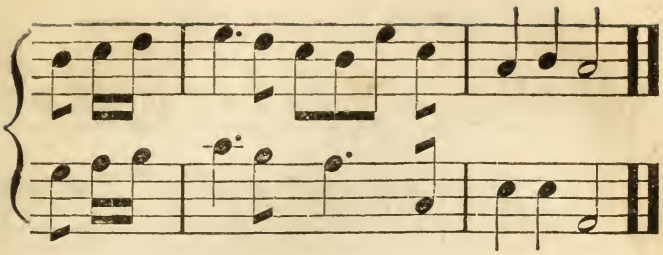
2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name?
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord!

5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.





16. *Awake, my soul.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

CHORUS.—*His loving-kindness—Loving-kindness,*
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O, how great

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O, how good!

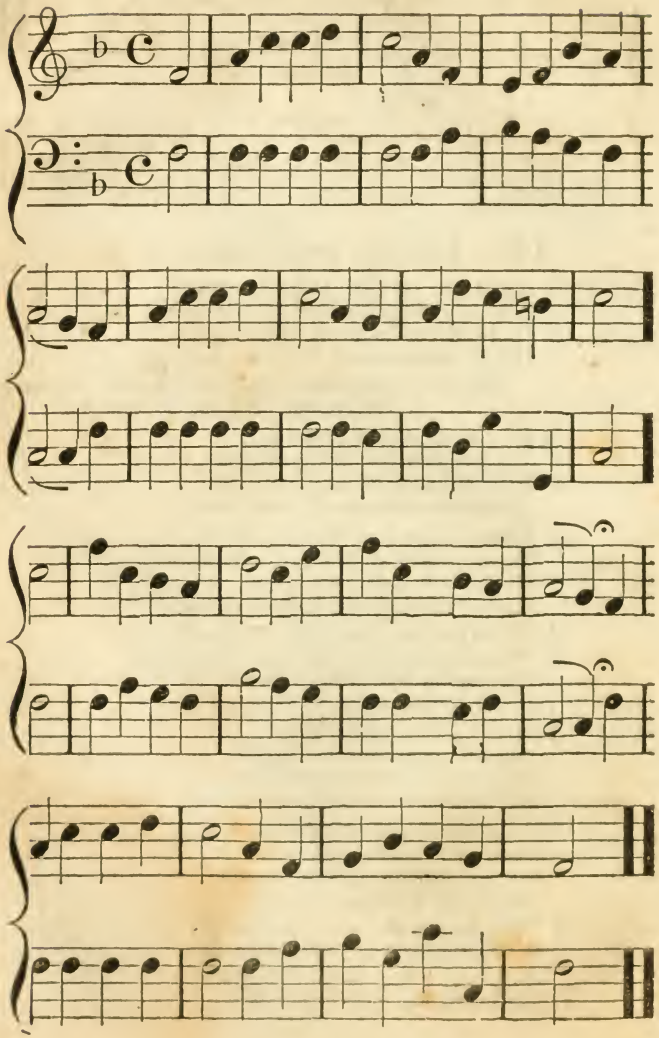
5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7. 6. D.

COMPOSED BY LOWELL MASON.



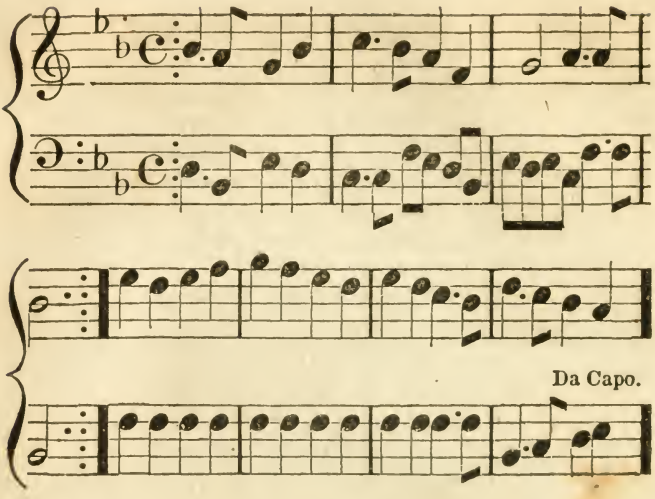
17. *Missionary Hymn.*

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain,

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.



18. *The love of Jesus.*

1. THERE'S a friend above all others,
Oh, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind the next bereave us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how he loves!

2. Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him,
Oh, how he loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
Oh, how he loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
Oh, how he loves!

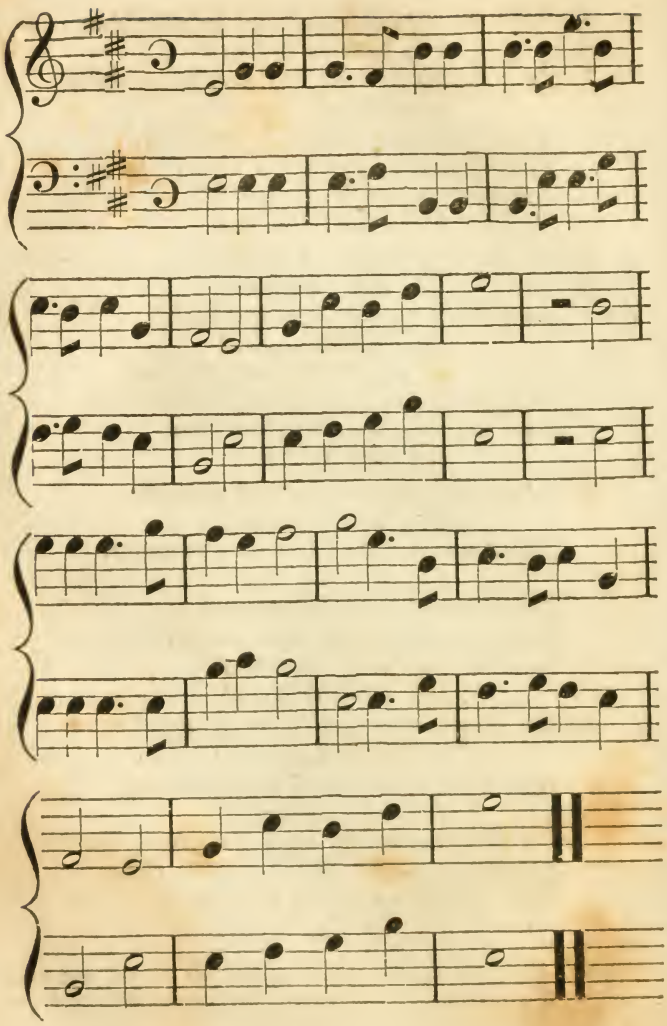
3. Love this friend who longs to save thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrows,
Oh, how he loves!

4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee
Safe to glory he will guide thee;
Oh, how he loves!

5. Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
Oh, how he loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
Oh, how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation;
Oh, how he loves!

6. Let us still this love be viewing,
Oh, how he loves!
And though faint keep on pursuing,
Oh, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever,
Oh, how he loves!

NOTE. This is a favorite piece among the Welch, and much used in their revivals. It was sent in MS. from Bristol to a gentleman in New-York, who kindly gave it for the LYRE.



19. *Awaked by Sinai's.*

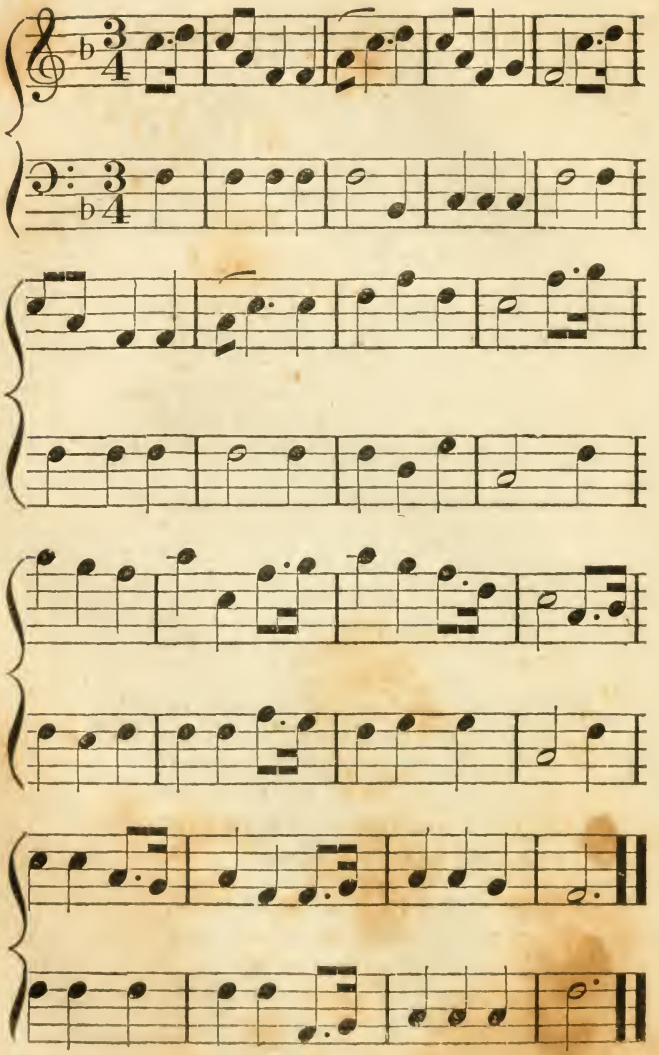
1. AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo."

2. When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelm'd my tortured mind.

3. Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load:
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God,"

4. The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd Death and Hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5. But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Savior pass'd this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace *is* born again,
And sings redeeming love.



20. *Though troubles assail.*

1. THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide—
The scripture assures us, *the Lord will provide.*

2. The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our Head;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written *the Lord will provide.*

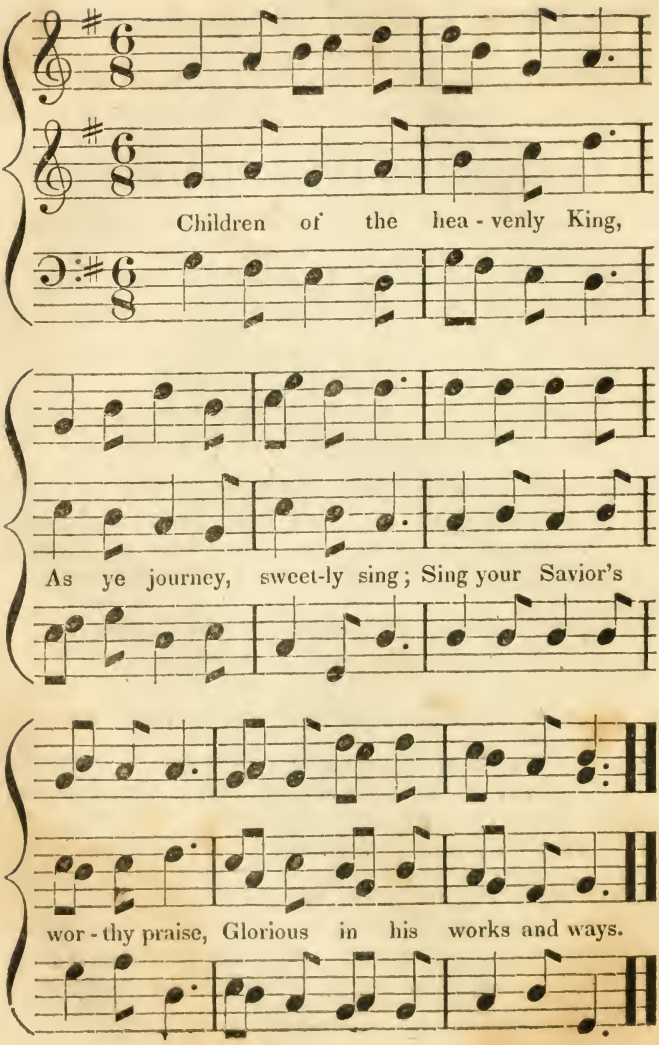
3. We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, *the Lord will provide.*

4. His call we obey, like Abraham of old;
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold:
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide
And trust, in all dangers, *the Lord will provide.*

5. When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith,
He cannot take from us, (though oft he has tried,)
The heart-cheering promise, *the Lord will provide.*

6. No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Savior's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, *the Lord will provide.*

7. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."


Children of the hea - venly King,
As ye journey, sweet-ly sing; Sing your Savior's
wor - thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

21. JOY IN HOPE.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you, undismay'd, GO ON.

5 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

REDEEMING LOVE.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd—
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

FULL REDEMPTION.

1 WHEN, my Savior, shall I be,
Perfectly resign'd to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below!
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might.

3 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweely let my spirit prove,
All the depths of humble love.

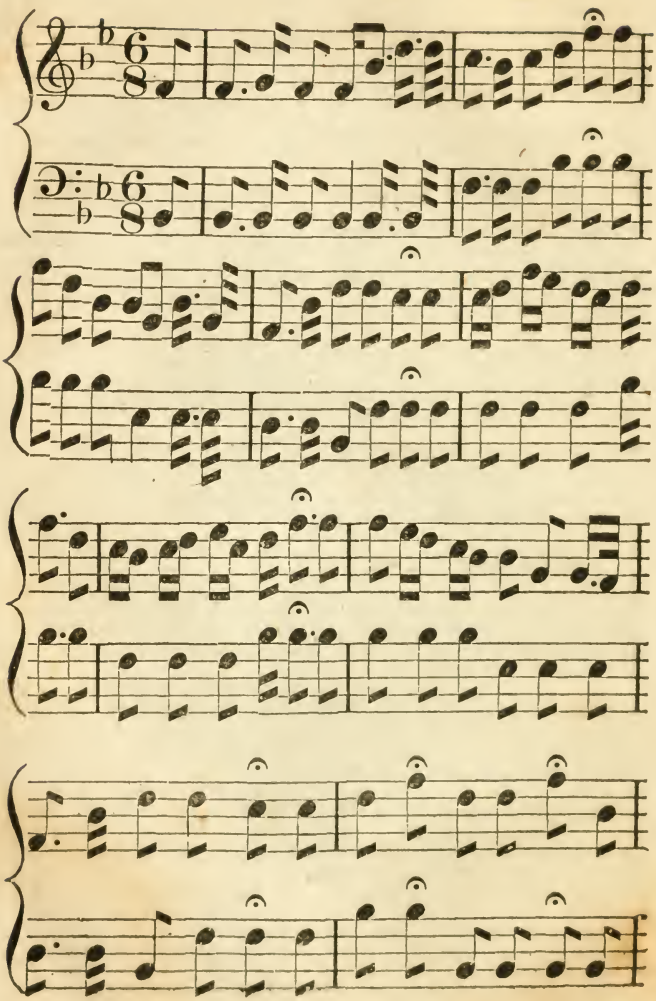
PERFECT LOVE.

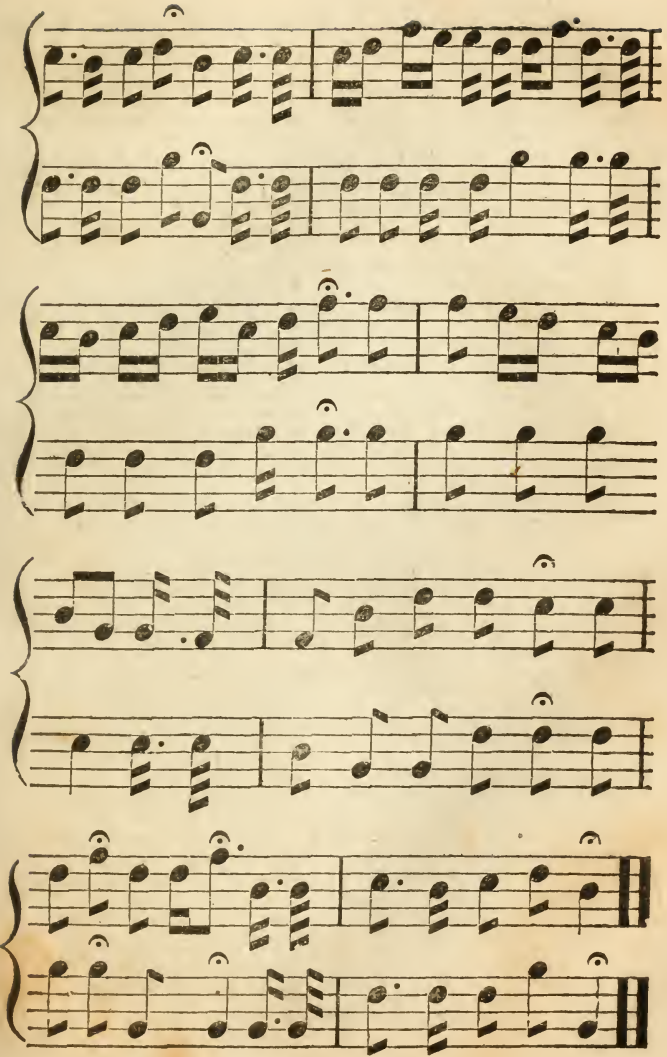
1 JESUS comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up!

2 He hath our salvation wrought;
He our captive souls hath bought:
He hath reconciled to God:
He hath wash'd us in his blood.

3 We are now his lawful right;
Walk as children of the light;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to see his face.

4 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.





22. FREE GRACE.

1. The voice of free grace
Cries, escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race,
Christ has opened a fountain,
For sin and transgression
And every pollution,
The blood it flows freely
In streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2. This fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows
In plenteous redemption:
Though your sins they were raised
As high as a mountain,
The blood it flows freely
From Jesus the fountain.
Hallelujah, &c.

3. O Jesus! ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell
Thou wilt make us victorious,
Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
Ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

4. When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands
We will praise him evermore,
We will range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c.

23. WAKE, ISLES OF THE SOUTH.

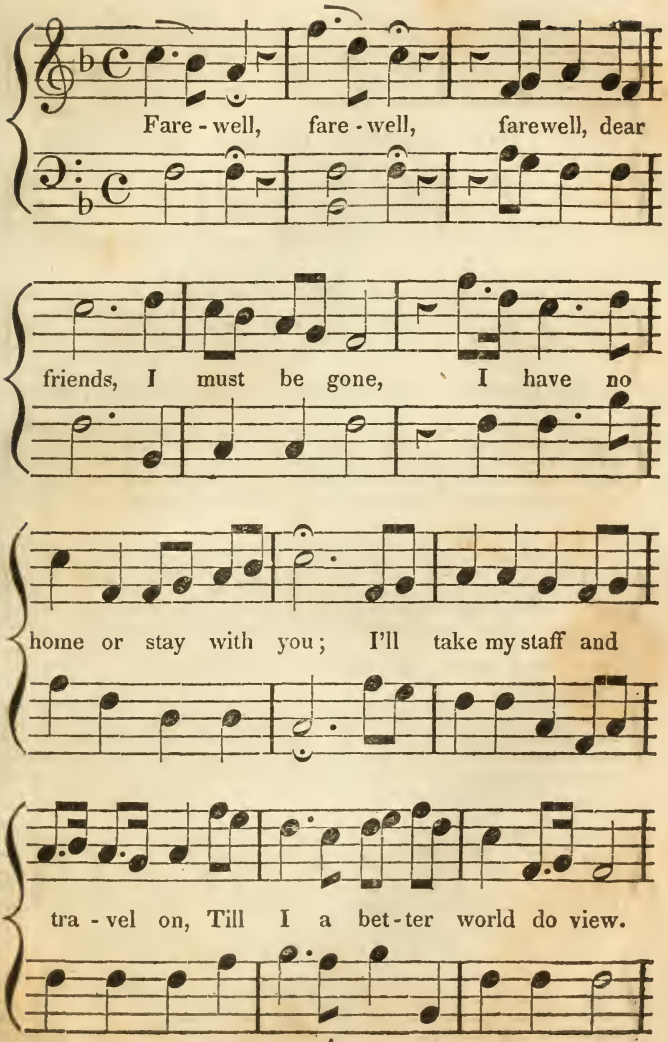
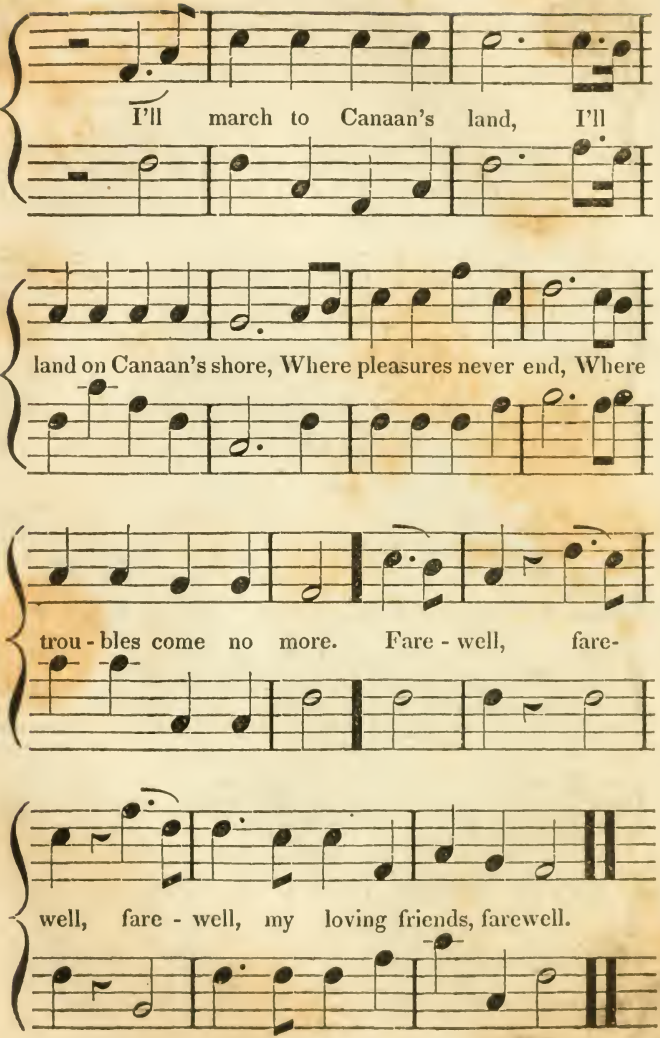
Composed by W. B. Tappan, and sung on the wharf, in New Haven, at the embarkation of the missionaries for the Sandwich Islands, in 1822.

1. WAKE, Isles of the South!
Your redemption is near,
No longer repose
In the borders of gloom;
The strength of his chosen,
In love will appear,
And light shall arise
On the verge of the tomb.

2. The billows that girt ye,
The wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play
Where the ocean storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight
To your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings
Of pardon and peace.

3. On the islands that sit
In the regions of night,
The lands of despair,
To oblivion a prey,
The morning will open
With healing and light;
The young Star of Bethlehem
Will ripen to-day.

4. The altar and idol,
In dust overthrown,
The incense forbade
That was hallowed with blood;
The Priest of Melchizedec,
There shall atone,
And the shrines of Atooi
Be sacred to God.

5. The heathen will hasten
To welcome the time,
The day-spring, the prophet
In vision once saw,
When the beams of Messiah
Will 'lumine each clime,
And the isles of the ocean
Shall wait for his law.

Fare - well, fare - well, farewell, dear
friends, I must be gone, I have no
home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and
tra - vel on, Till I a bet - ter world do view.

I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll
land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, Where
trou - bles come no more. Fare - well, fare-
well, fare - well, my loving friends, farewell.

24. *Farewell dear friends.*

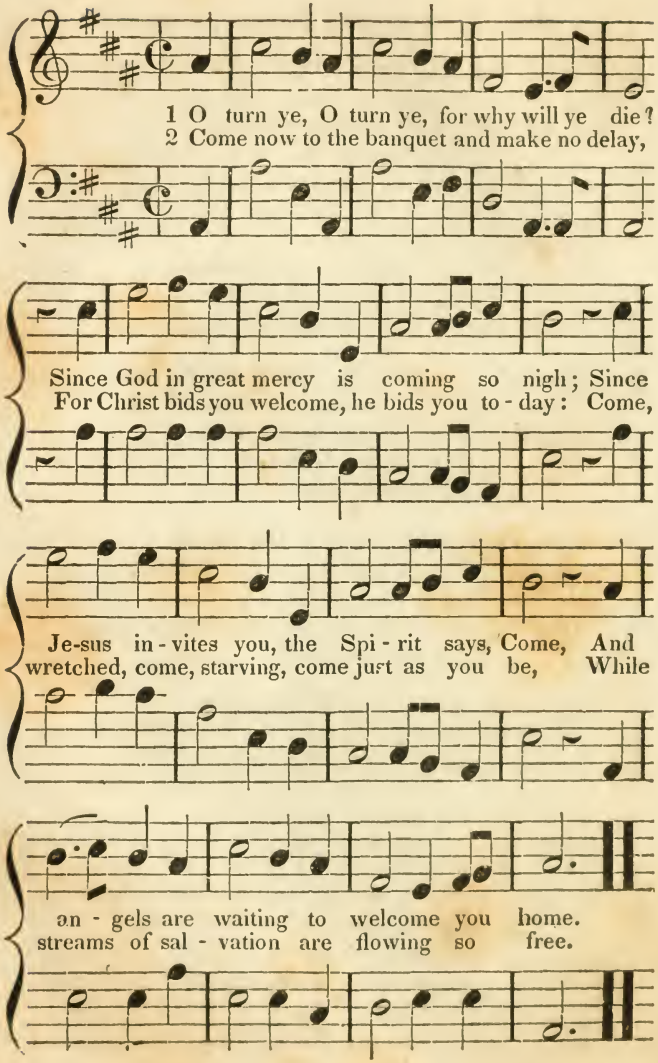
1. FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home or stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.
I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore;
Where pleasures never end,
Where troubles come no more.
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends farewell.

2. Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c.

3. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.

4. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given
I'll march, &c.
Fight on, &c.

5. Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn, and find salvation near.
I'll march, &c.
O turn, &c.


1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
2 Come now to the banquet and make no delay,
Since God in great mercy is coming so nigh; Since
For Christ bids you welcome, he bids you to-day: Come,
Je-sus in-vites you, the Spi-rit says, Come, And
wretched, come, starving, come just as you be, While
an-gels are waiting to welcome you home.
streams of sal-vation are flowing so free.

25. *O turn ye.*

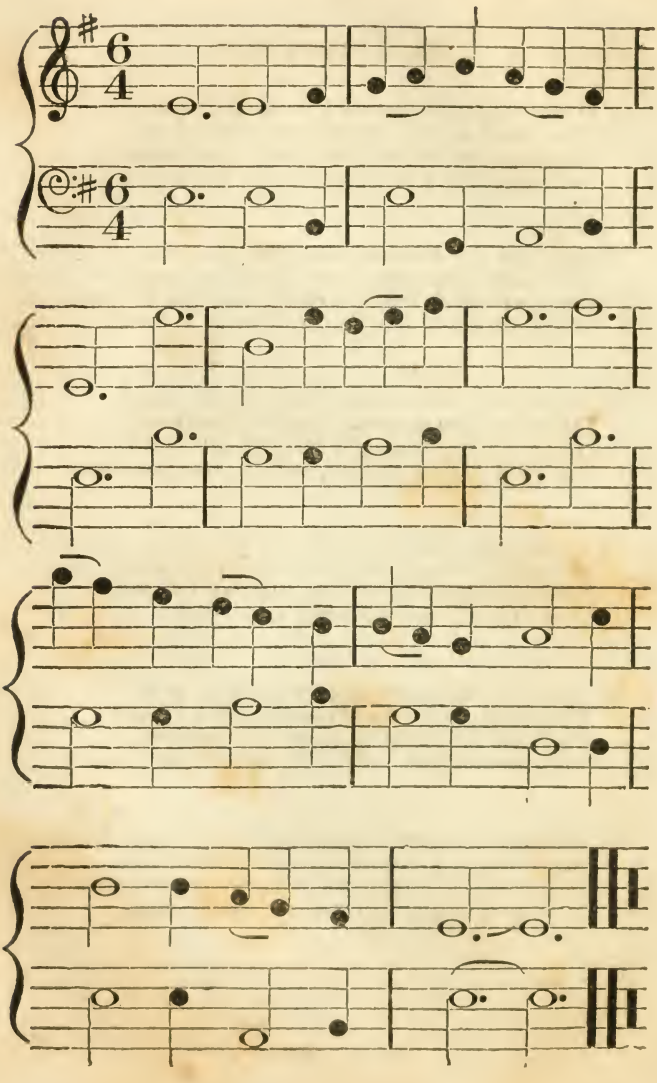
1 O TURN ye, poor sinners, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites, and the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

26. *Repentance.*

1. ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a wretch as I?

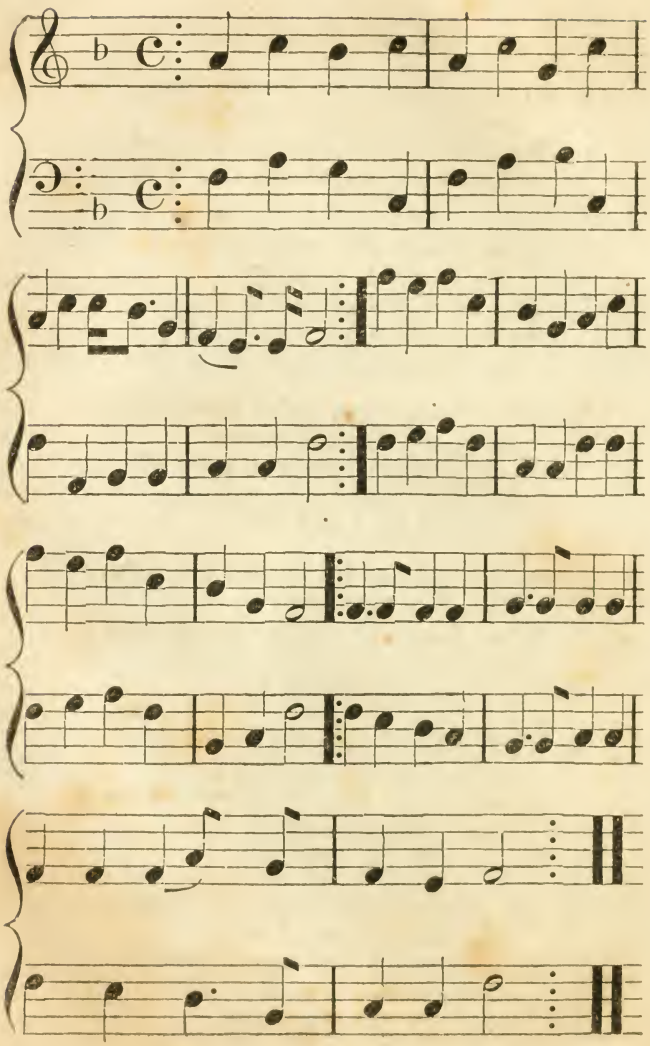
CHORUS.—Repeat the tune.

O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary;
The Lamb that was slain,
That liveth again,
To intercede for me.

2. Was it for crimes, that I have done—
He groan'd upon the tree?—
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
O, the Lamb, &c.

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
O, the Lamb, &c,

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, in tears.
O, the Lamb, &c.

5. But drops of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.
O, the Lamb, &c.

27. *Lord with glowing.*

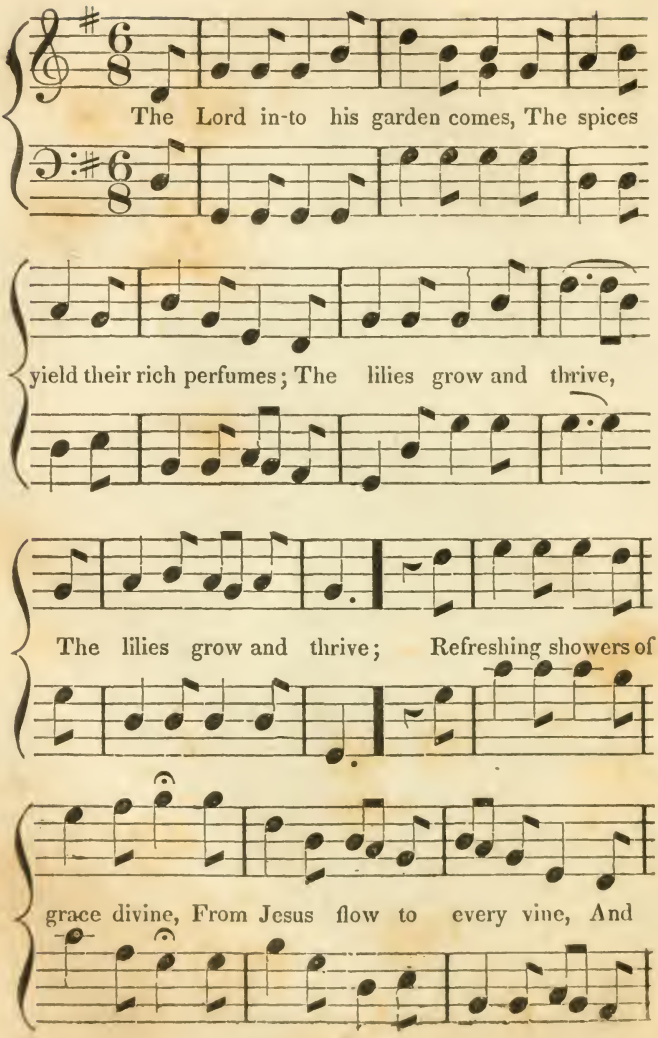
1. LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

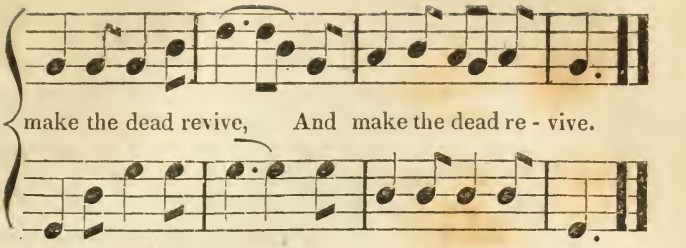
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3. Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

28. *Far from mortal.*

1. FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2. Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

The Lord in-to his garden comes, The spices
yield their rich perfumes; The lilies grow and thrive,
The lilies grow and thrive; Refreshing showers of
grace divine, From Jesus flow to every vine, And



29. *Revival Blessings.*

1 The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes;
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 This makes the dry and barren ground,
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me;
Who come to Christ may live.

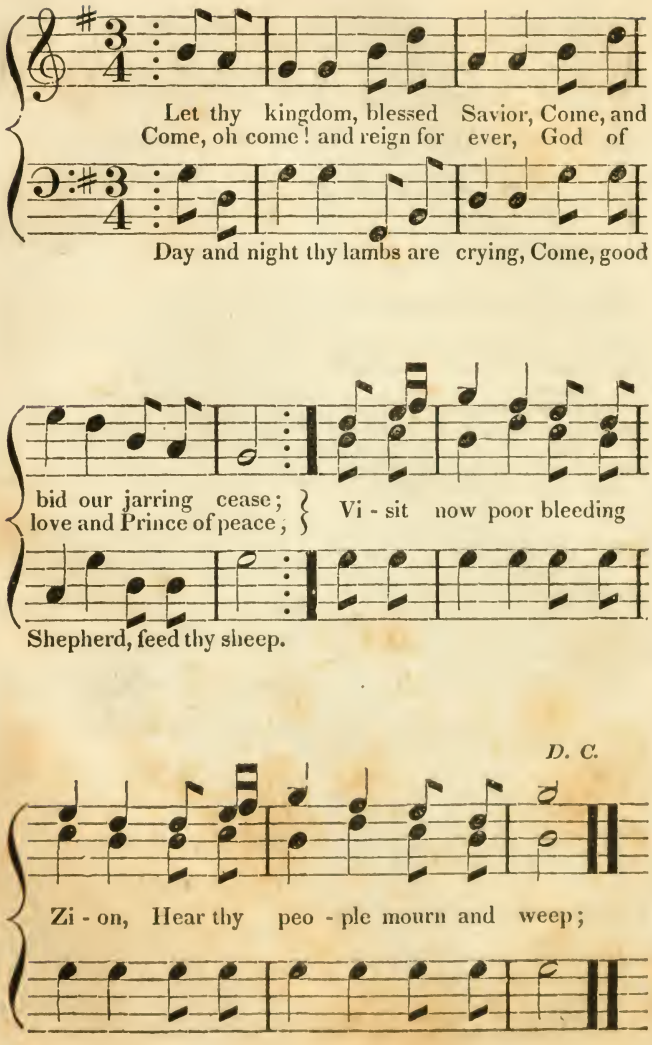
4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior pitiful and kind,
Who will them all relieve:
None are too late if they repent;
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him receive.

5 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our trouble and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8 There we shall reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there
For Jesus bids us come.


Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior, Come, and
Come, oh come! and reign for ever, God of
Day and night thy lambs are crying, Come, good
bid our jarring cease;
love and Prince of peace;
Vi - sit now poor bleeding
Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
D. C.
Zi - on, Hear thy peo - ple mourn and weep;

30. *Let thy kingdom.*

1. Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior,
Come, and bid our jarring cease;
Come, oh come! and reign for ever,
God of love and Prince of peace;
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

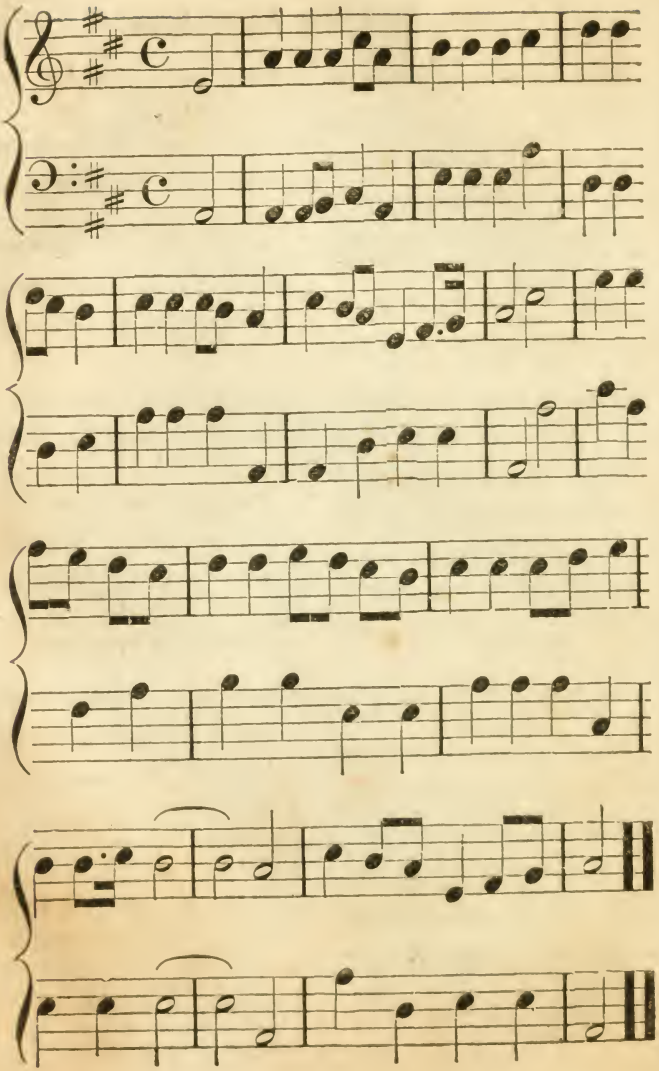
2. Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap;
Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3. Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Savior,
Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4. Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here—
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5. Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, "Fear not, little flock;
I, myself, am your Foundation,
You are built upon this Rock:
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep;
Look to me, and be ye holy;
I delight to feed my sheep."

6. Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we'll own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
How it doth our souls inflame!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.



31. PROBATION.

1. Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2. O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And make me, ere it be too late,
Awake to righteousness.

3. Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4. Be this my one great business here
With serious industry and fear
To make my calling sure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

32. THE PILGRIM'S LOT.

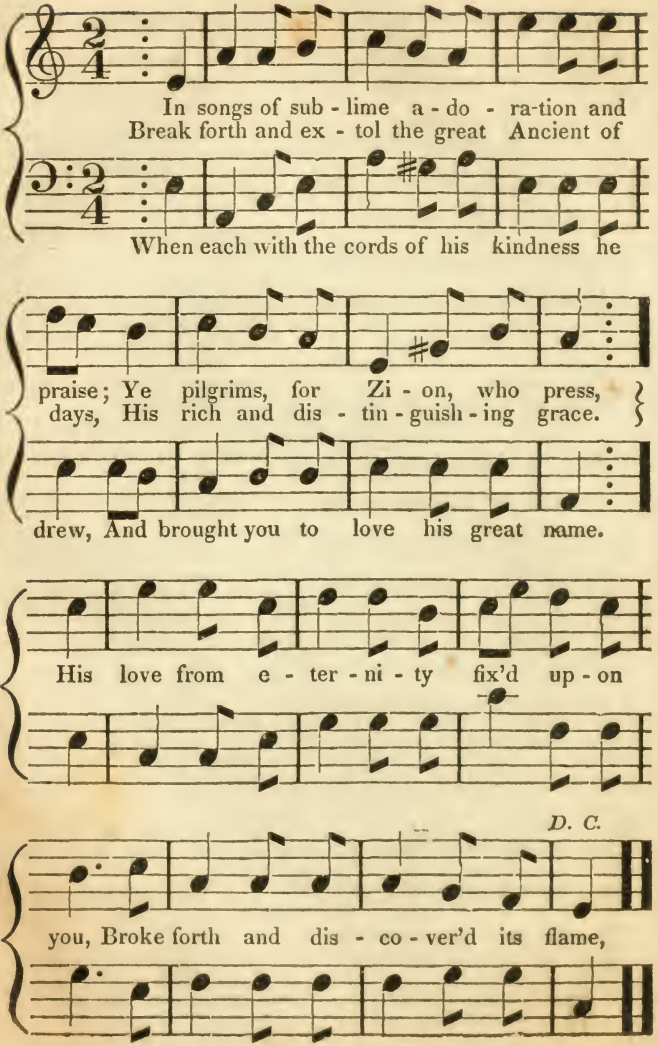
1. How happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2. This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3. The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those, that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4. Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

5. There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

6. I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

In songs of sub - lime a - do - ra-tion and
Break forth and ex - tol the great Ancient of
When each with the cords of his kindness he
praise; Ye pilgrims, for Zi - on, who press,
days, His rich and dis - tin - guish - ing grace.
drew, And brought you to love his great name.
His love from e - ter - ni - ty fix'd up - on
D. C.
you, Broke forth and dis - co - ver'd its flame,

33. *In songs of sublime.*

1. IN songs of sublime adoration and praise;
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

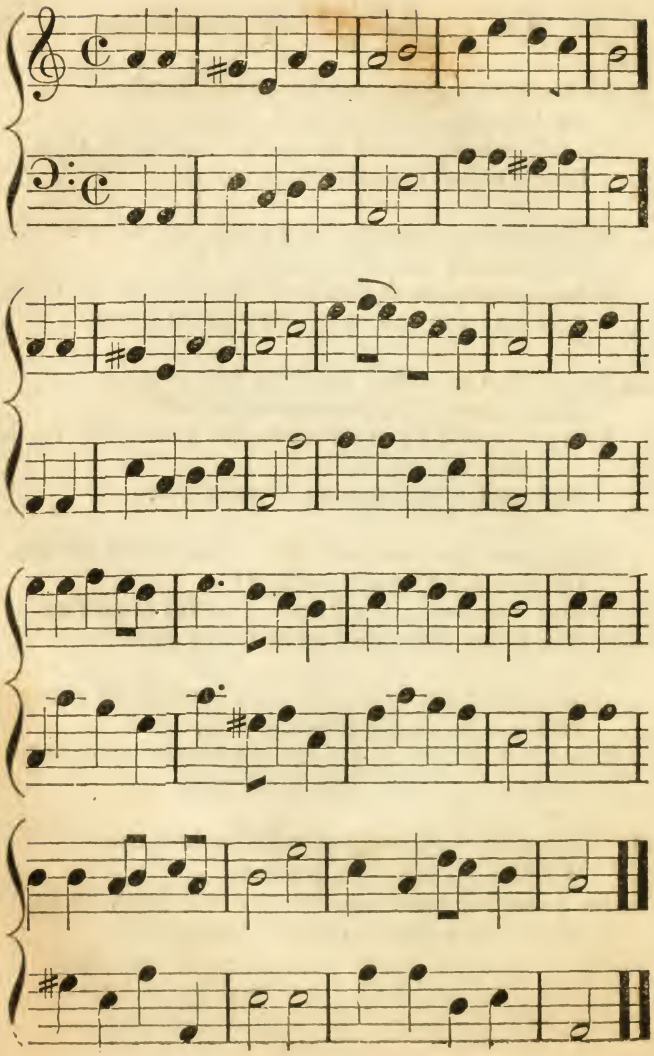
2. His love from eternity fixed upon you,—
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

3. O, had not he pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt:
You all would have lived, would have died too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4. What was there in you, that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "Even so, Father," you ever must sing,
"Because it seemed good in thy sight."

5. Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey;
While others were suffered to go
The road, which by nature, we chose as our way,
That leads to the regions of woe.

6. Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.



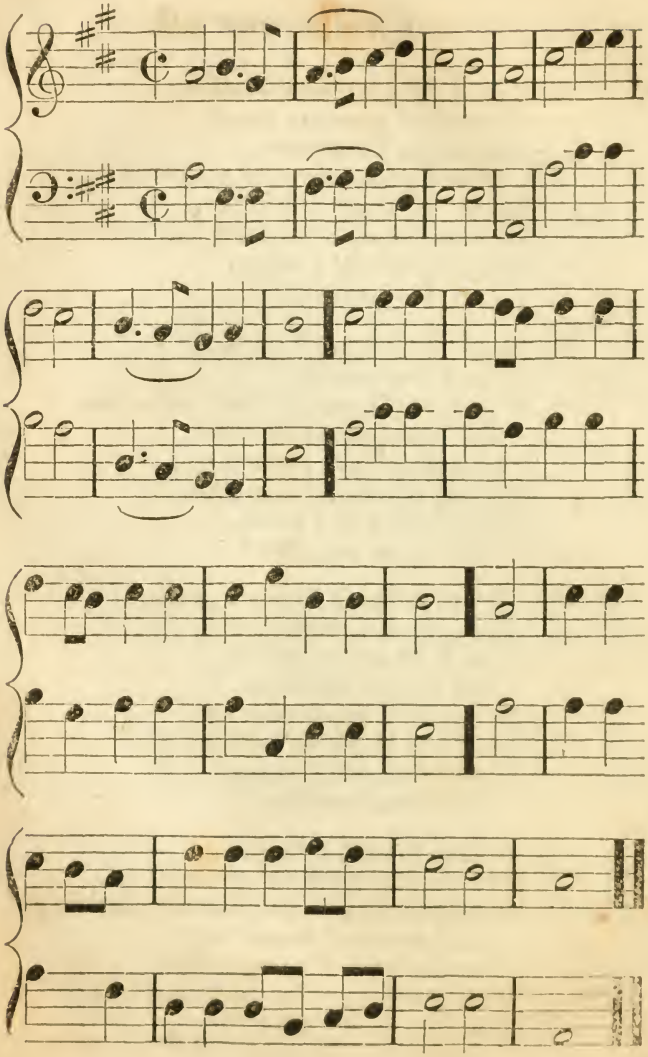
34. *Christ our all.*

1. VAIN delusive world adieu,
With all of creature good,
Only Jesus I'll pursue,
Who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleasure I'll forego,
I'll trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

2. Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless wo,
The sin atoning victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3. Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end,
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his love abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

4. O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love;
Fain I would to sinners show,
This blood alone by faith applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!



35. *The gospel trumpet.*

1. HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, with redeeming blood
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2. Hail, all victorious conquering Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored;
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
In endless day.

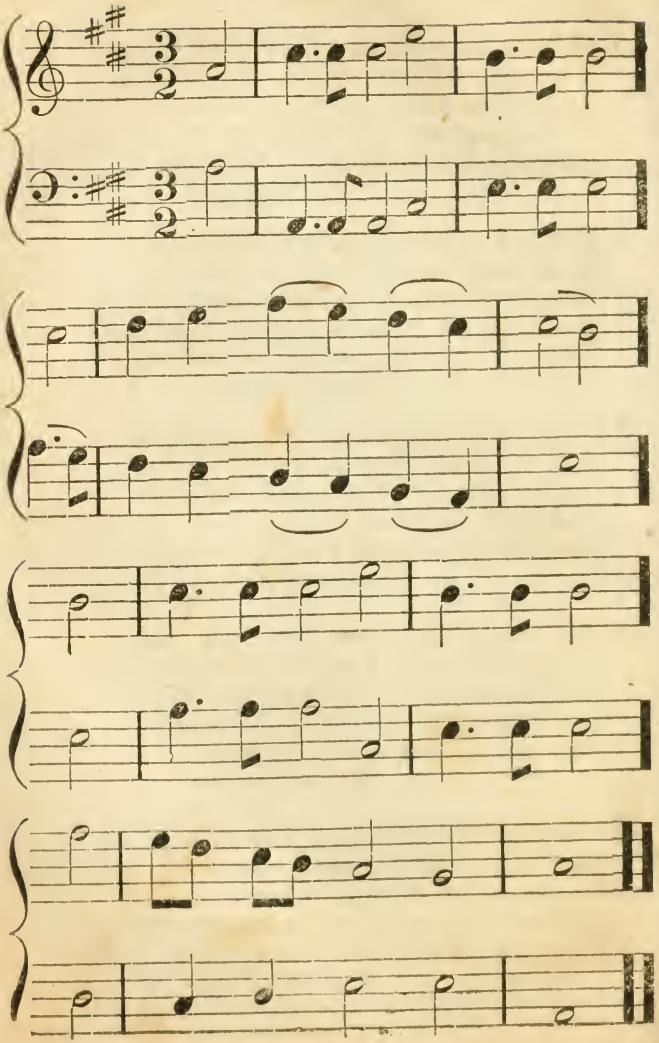
3. Fight on ye conquering saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear,
In endless day.

4. Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through his word,
And sail by faith upon that flood
To endless day.

5. There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move;
And that shall be the theme above,
In endless day.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

BY D. DUTTON, JR.



36. WALKING WITH GOD.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

37. LORD'S DAY MORNING.

1. THIS is the day, when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day, when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

3. To day with pleasure christians meet,
To pray, and read thy word;
And I would go with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4. I'll quit the world, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
O! may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven.

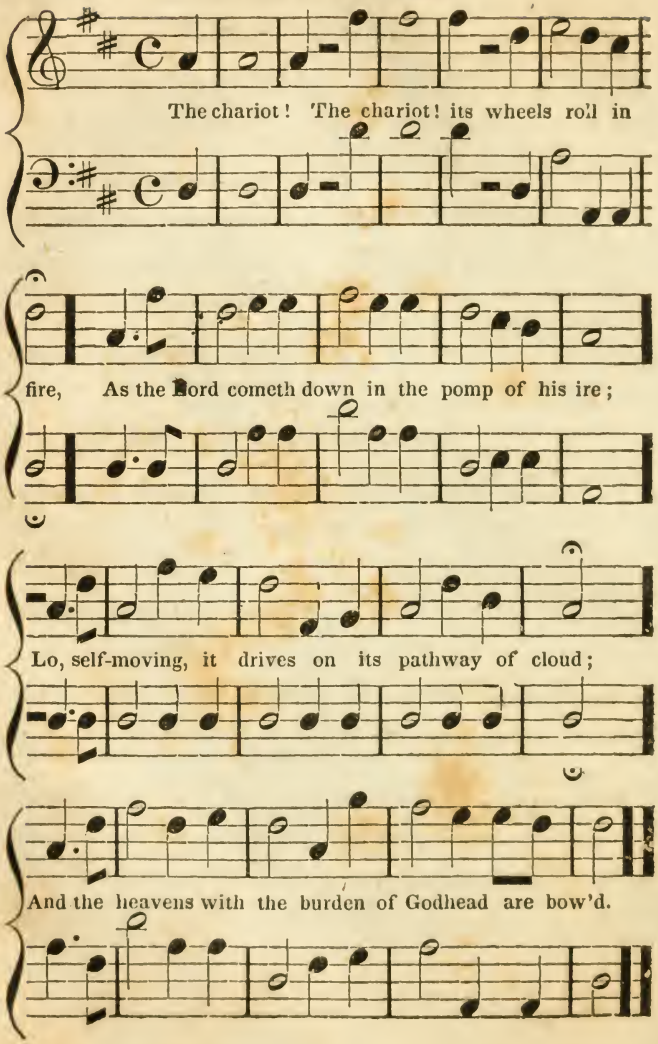
38. THE GOOD SHEPHERD

1. SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender Lambs,
And folds them in his arms

2. "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came."

3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4. If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
If weeping o'er their dust.

COMPOSED BY J. WILLIAMS.

The chariot! The chariot! its wheels roll in
fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud;
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

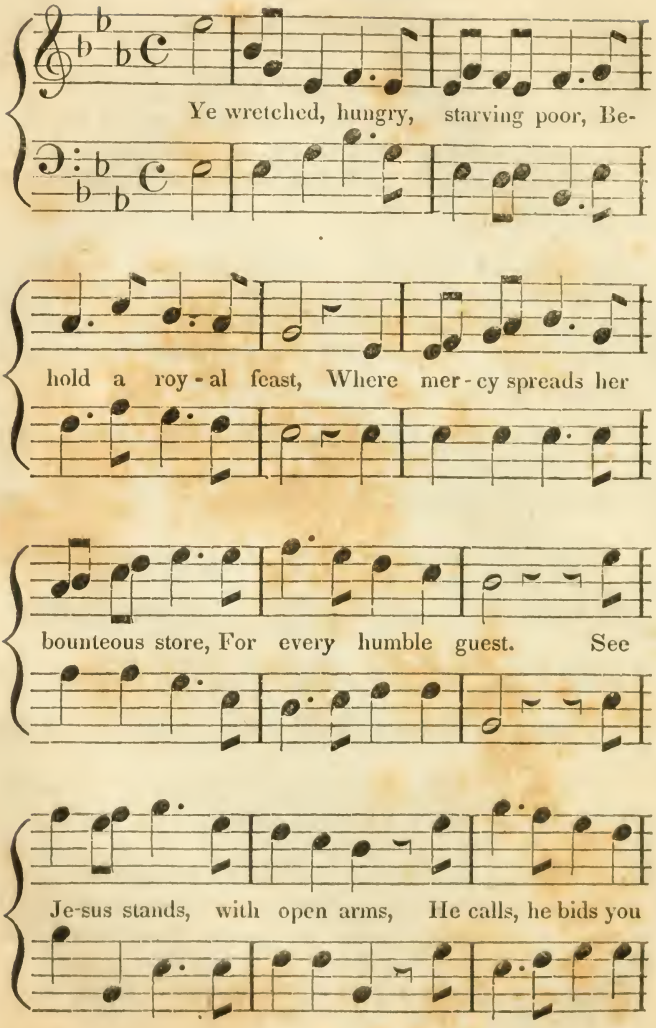
39. *The Chariot.*

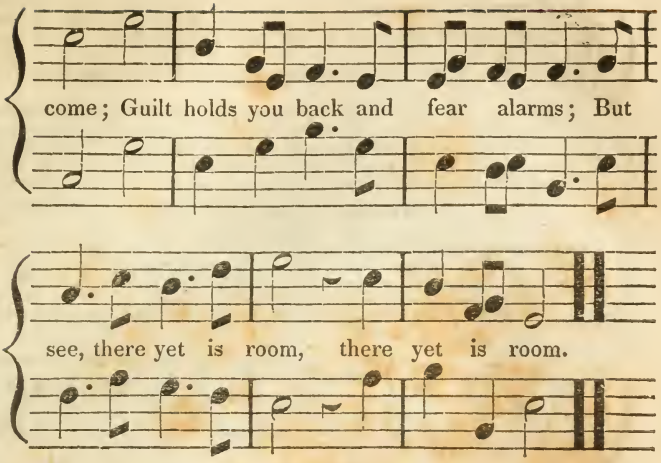
1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
From sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth!

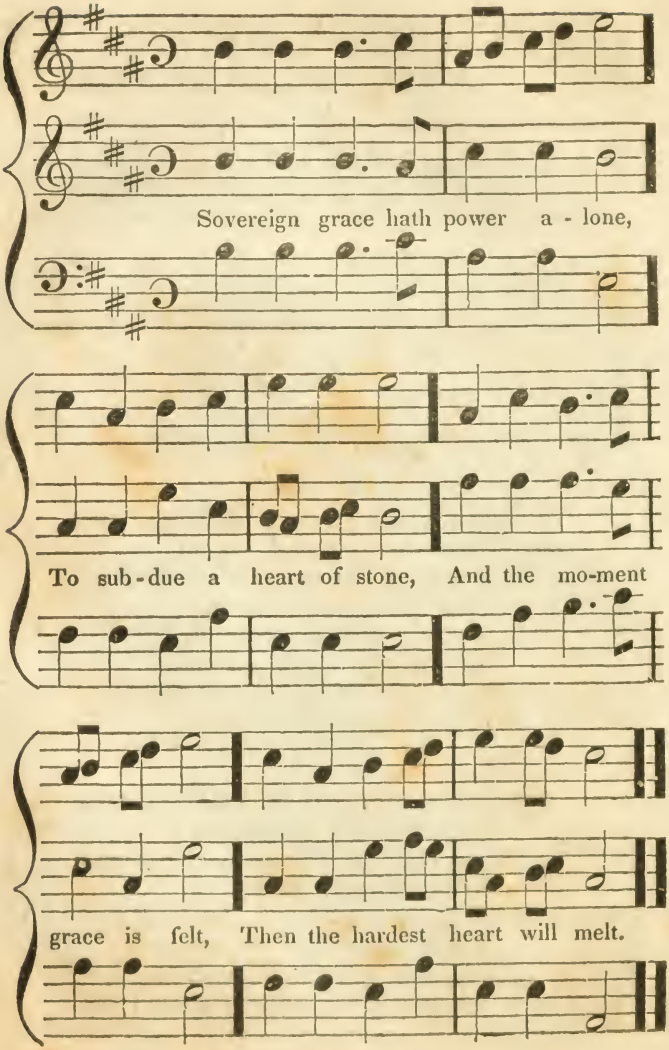
4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Be-
hold a roy-al feast, Where mer-cy spreads her
bounteous store, For every humble guest. See
Je-sus stands, with open arms, He calls, he bids you



2 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart:
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
In him the Father reconciled,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child;
Behold, there yet is room.

3 O come, and with his children, taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room!


Sovereign grace hath power a - lone,
To sub - due a heart of stone, And the mo-ment
grace is felt, Then the hardest heart will melt.

41 *Sovereign Grace.*

1 Sovereign grace has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With the Savior in his view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith received to own the Lord.
Whom the scribes and priests abhor'd.

5 "Lord," he pray'd, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be:"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."

6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestow'd in time of need!
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.

Sinner! rouse thee.

1 Sinner! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

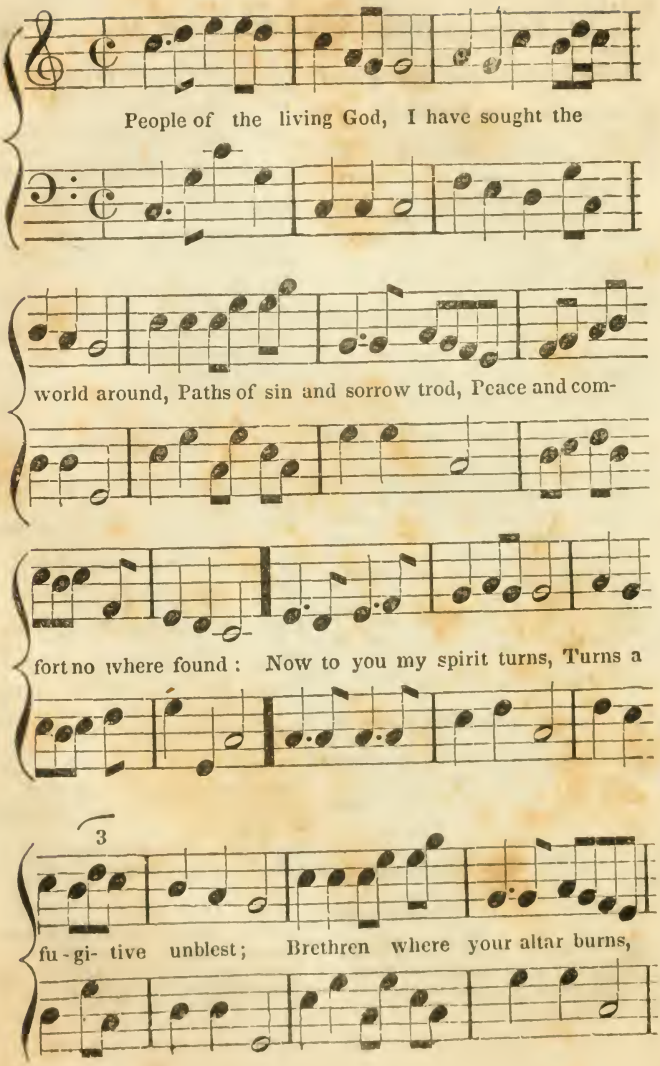
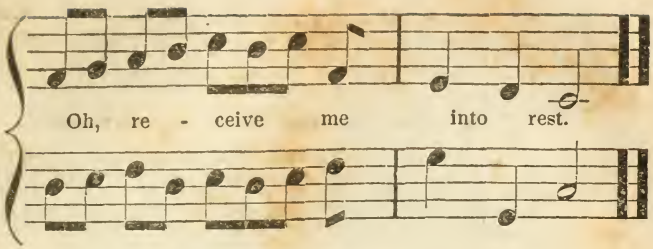
4 Be not blind and foolish still,
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

Sing, my soul.

1 Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Savior's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul—adore his name
Let his glory be thy theme:
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

People of the living God, I have sought the
world around, Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and com-
fort no where found: Now to you my spirit turns, Turns a
3
fu-gi- tive unblest; Brethren where your altar burns,

2. Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine, the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

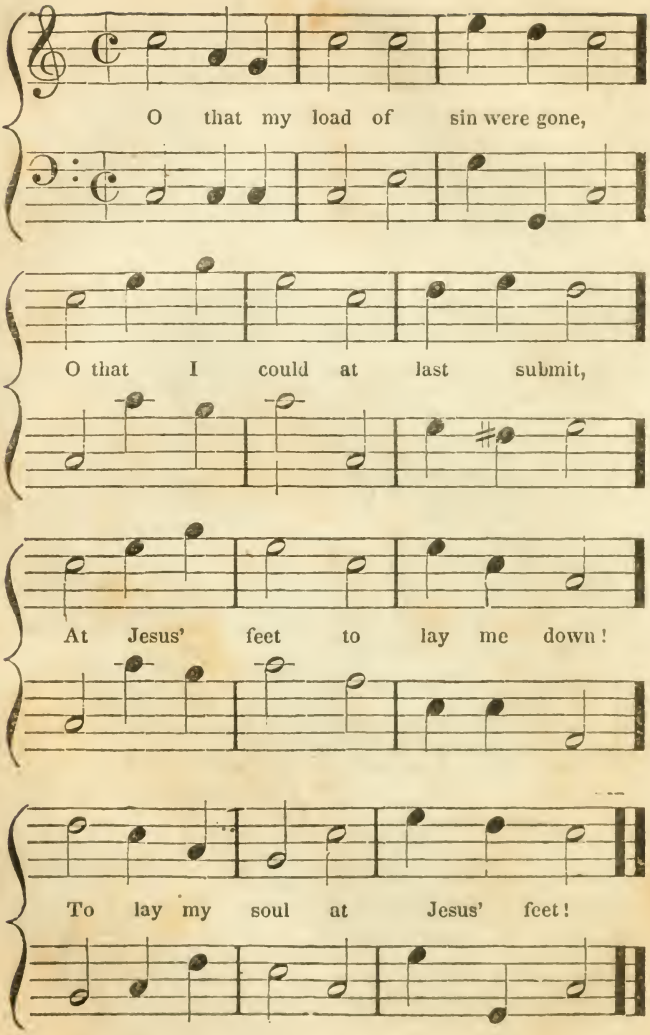
3. Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's power!
"Follow me!" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see:
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light's thy burden now to me.

43. CHRIST A REFUGE.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have I none,
Lo! I, helpless, hang on thee:
Leave, Oh leave me not alone,
Lest I basely shrink and flee:
Thou art all my trust and aid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the feeble, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Reign, O Lord, within my heart,
Reign to all eternity.

O that my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

44. O THAT MY LOAD.

1. O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2. Rest for my soul I long to find:
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4. Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5. I would: but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6. Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Savior, come away!

45. MY HOPE.

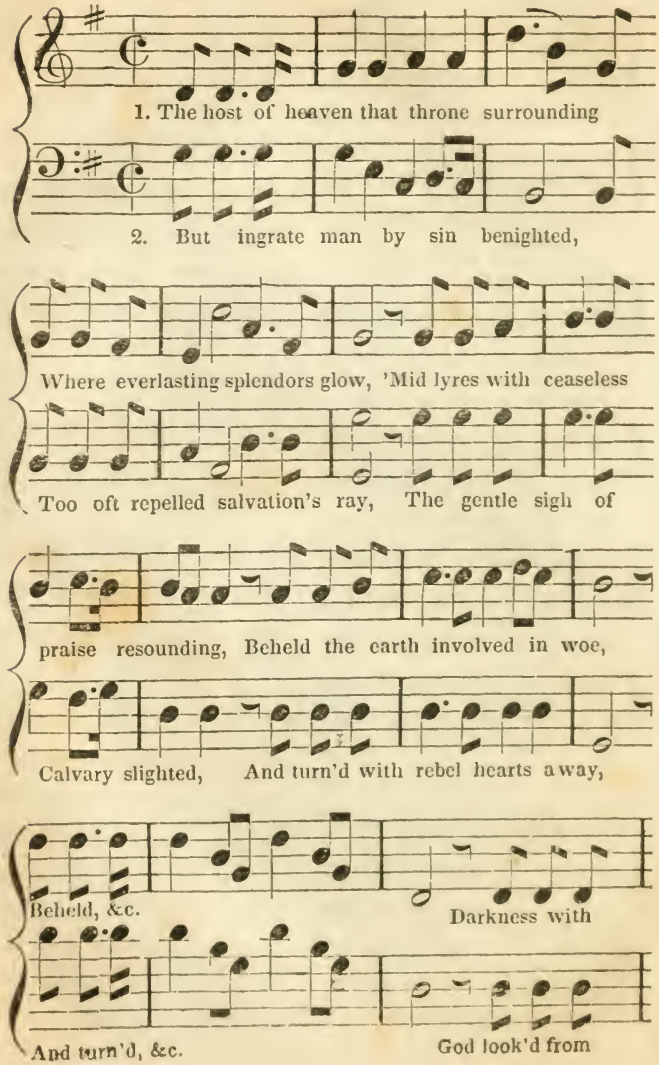
1. My hope, my all, my Savior thou,
To thee, my soul I humbly bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Savior, in my heart.

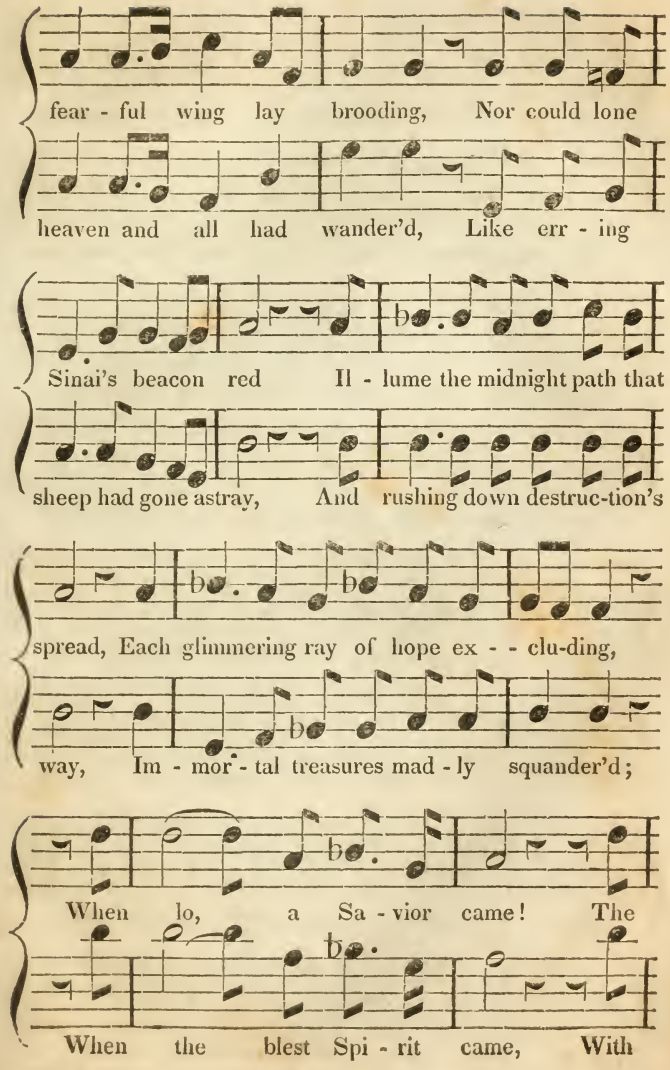
2. Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts by wisdom guide,
And keep me, Savior, near thy side.

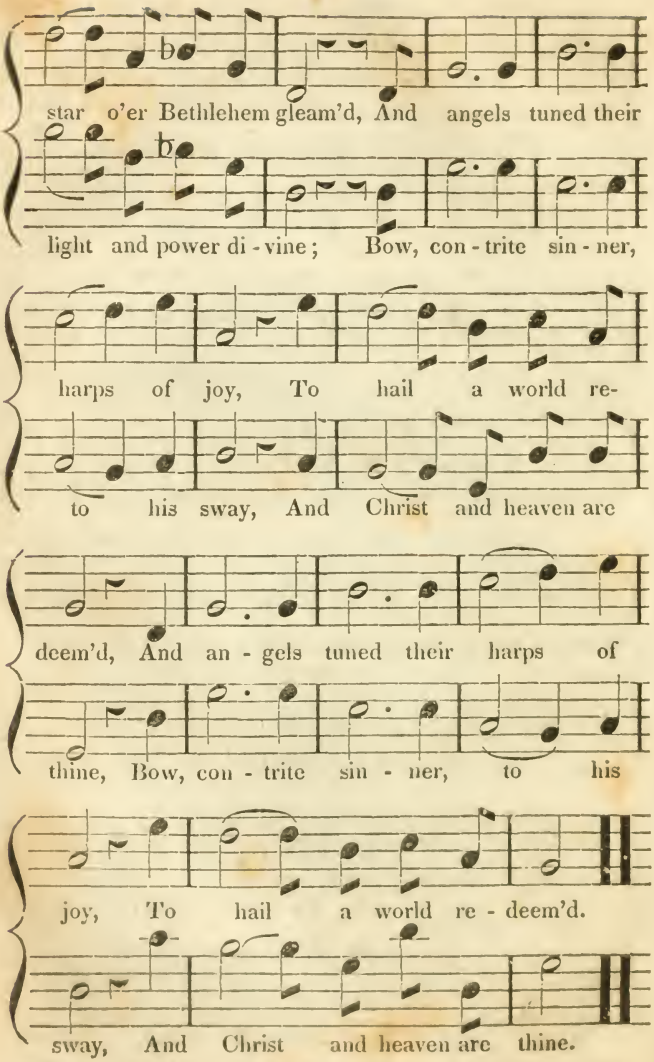
3. Correct, reprove, and comfort me!
As I have need, my Savior be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Savior, to thy heart.

4. In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Savior, reign alone.

5. My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

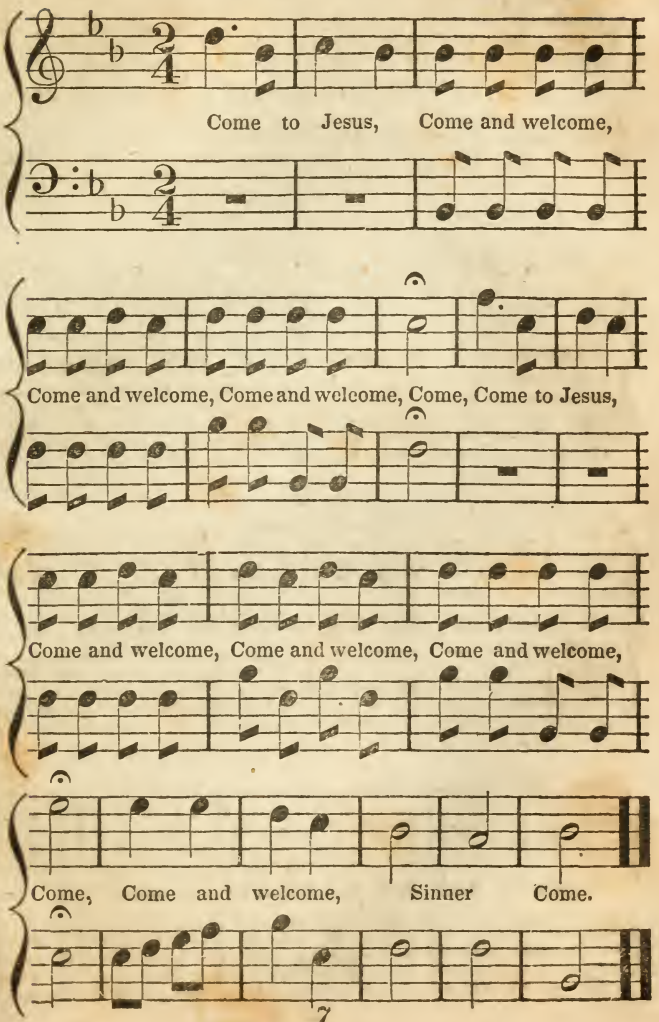

1. The host of heaven that throne surrounding
2. But ingrate man by sin benighted,
Where everlasting splendors glow, 'Mid lyres with ceaseless
Too oft repelled salvation's ray, The gentle sigh of
praise resounding, Beheld the earth involved in woe,
Calvary slighted, And turn'd with rebel hearts away,
Beheld, &c.
Darkness with
And turn'd, &c.
God look'd from

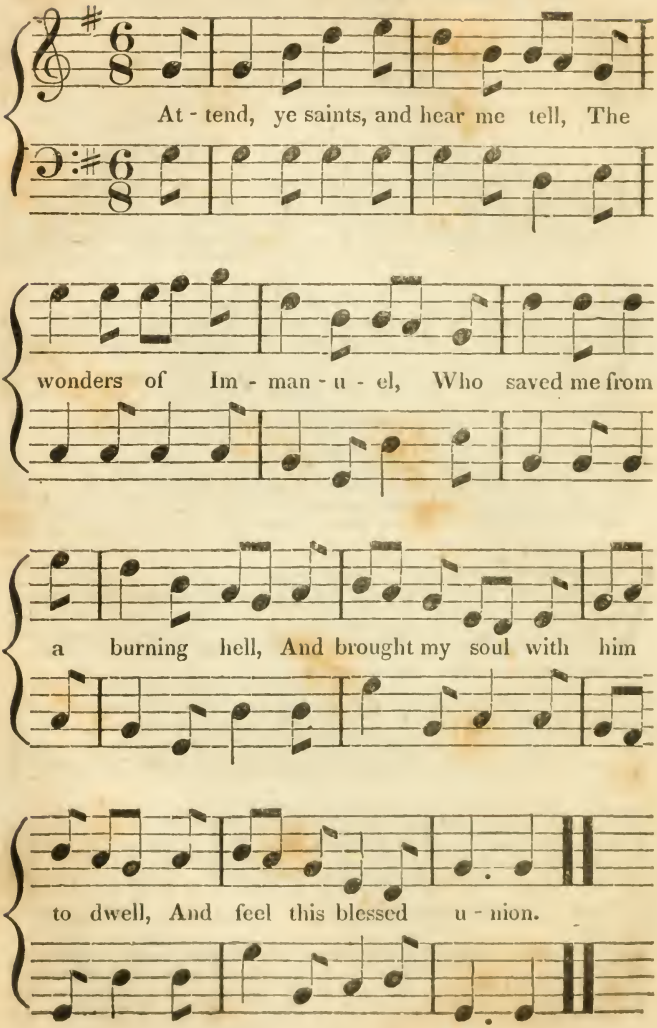

fear - ful wing lay brooding, Nor could lone
heaven and all had wander'd, Like err - ing
Sinai's beacon red Il - lume the midnight path that
sheep had gone astray, And rushing down destruc-tion's
spread, Each glimmering ray of hope ex - - clu-ding,
way, Im - mor - tal treasures mad - ly squander'd;
When lo, a Sa - vior came! The
When the blest Spi - rit came, With


star o'er Bethlehem gleam'd, And angels tuned their
light and power di - vine; Bow, con - trite sin - ner,
harps of joy, To hail a world re-
to his sway, And Christ and heaven are
deem'd, And an - gels tuned their harps of
thine, Bow, con - trite sin - ner, to his
joy, To hail a world re - deem'd.
sway, And Christ and heaven are thine.

NOTE.—This hymn was written, by request, expressly for the Christian Lyre. L. H. S.

A Chorus which may be sung after any suitable tune.


Come to Jesus, Come and welcome,
Come and welcome, Come and welcome, Come, Come to Jesus,
Come and welcome, Come and welcome, Come and welcome,
Come, Come and welcome, Sinner Come.


At - tend, ye saints, and hear me tell, The
wonders of Im - man - u - el, Who saved me from
a burning hell, And brought my soul with him
to dwell, And feel this blessed u - nion.

47. *Attend ye saints.*

1 Attend, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
"With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and cry,
And look'd this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy:
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

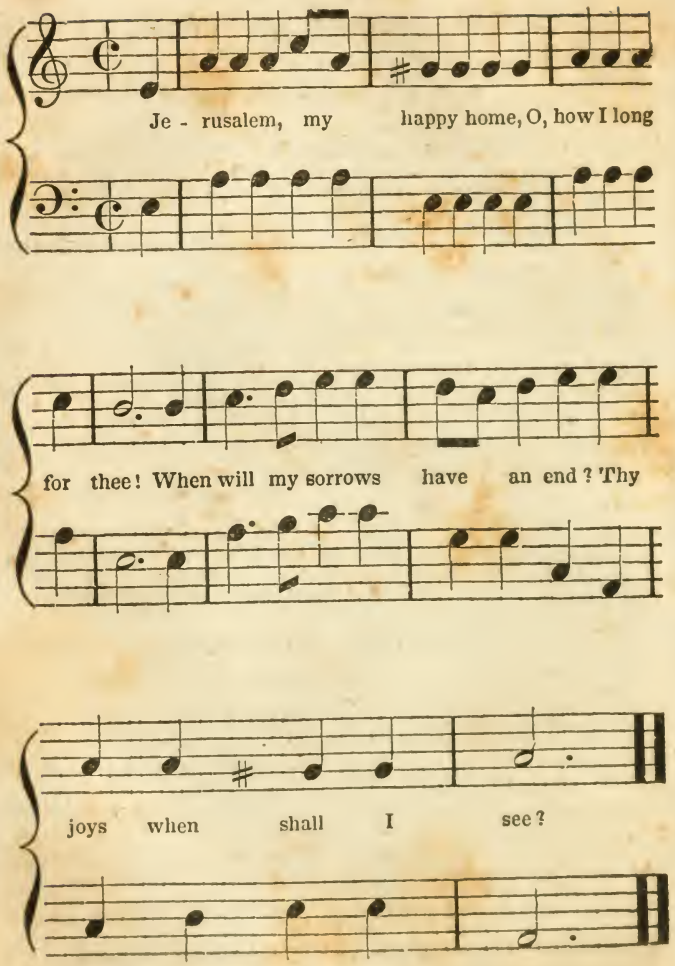
6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King,
Who brought our souls to union.

7 Oh come backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,
And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day;
And then you'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and wo,
And then we'll all to glory go,
And then we'll see, and hear, and know,
And feel a perfect union.

9 Come, heaven and earth, unite your lays,
And give to Jesus endless praise;
And oh my soul, look on and gaze!
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,
To give you heavenly union.

10 Oh could I, like an angel, sound
Salvation through the earth around,
The devil's kingdom to confound;
I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,
And spread this glorious union.


Je - rusalem, my happy home, O, how I long
for thee! When will my sorrows have an end? Thy
joys when shall I see?

48. *Jerusalem.* C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

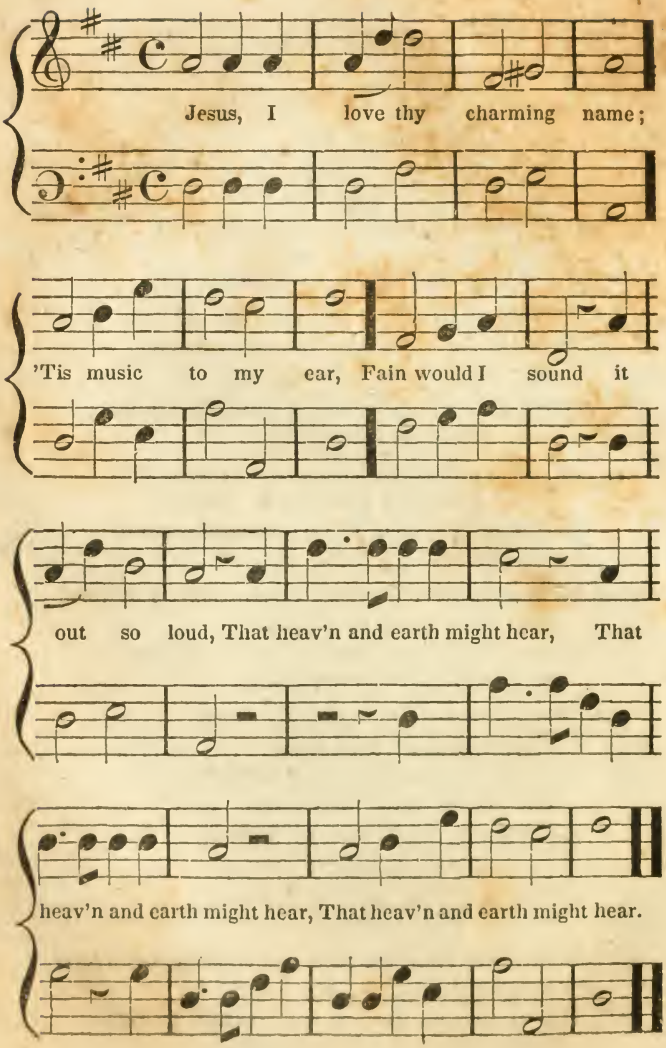
4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace;
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.


Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear, Fain would I sound it
out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear, That
heav'n and earth might hear, That heav'n and earth might hear.

49. *Jesus, I love.* C. M.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

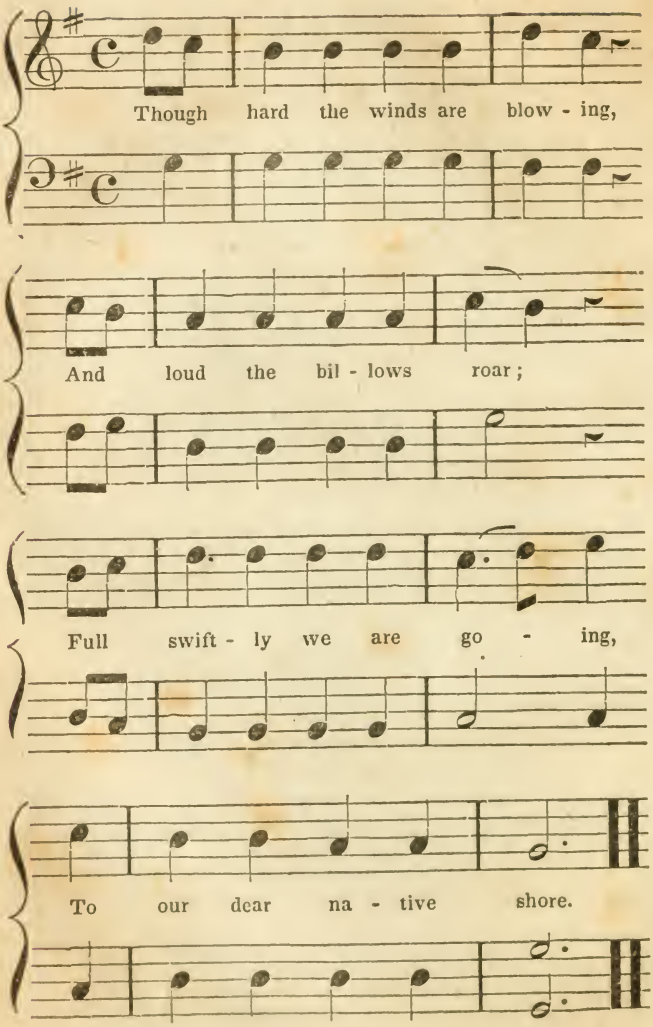
5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

50. *Daily Mercies.*

1 O God, thy gifts of tender love
Are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night
To guard our sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And wakes our drowsy powers.

3 We yield ourselves to thy command,
To thee devote our days;
For constant blessings from thy hand
Demand our constant praise.


Though hard the winds are blow - ing,
And loud the bil - lows roar;
Full swift - ly we are go - ing,
To our dear na - tive shore.

51. *Driving to port.*

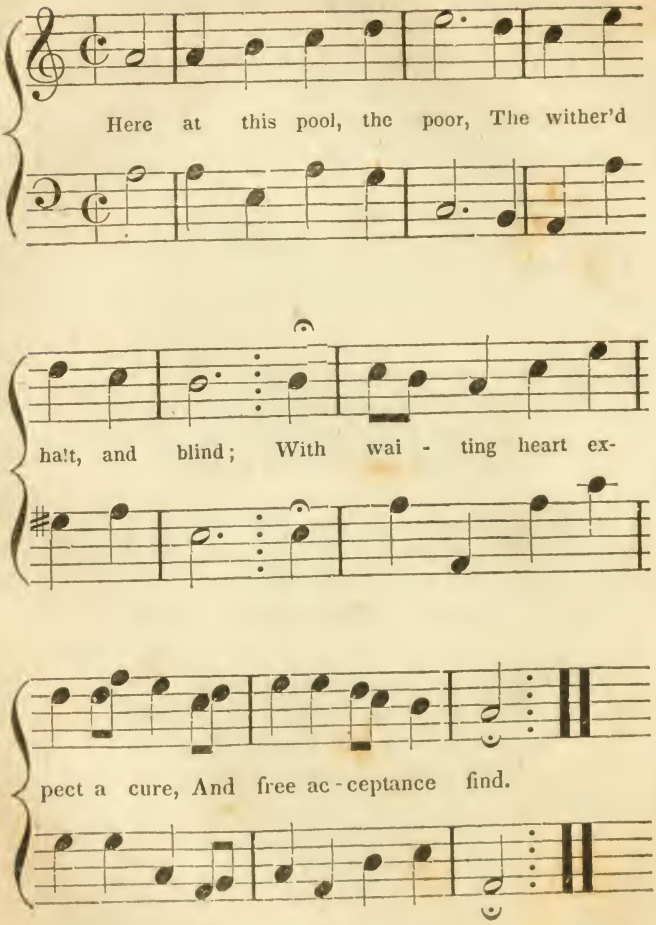
1 THOUGH hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar;
Full swiftly we are going,
To our dear native shore.

2 The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us,
To all we loved so well.

3 So sorrow often presses,
Life's mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses,
Are gales and billows strong.

4 The sharper and severer
The storms of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is Heaven's eternal seat.

5 Come then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast;
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.


Here at this pool, the poor, The wither'd
halt, and blind; With wai - ting heart ex-
pect a cure, And free ac - ceptance find.

52. *The Gospel Pool.*

2 Here streams of virtue flow,
To heal a sin-sick soul;
To wash the filthy white as snow,
And make the wounded whole.

3 The dumb break forth in praise,
The blind their sight receive;
The cripple run in wisdom's ways,
The dead revive and live.

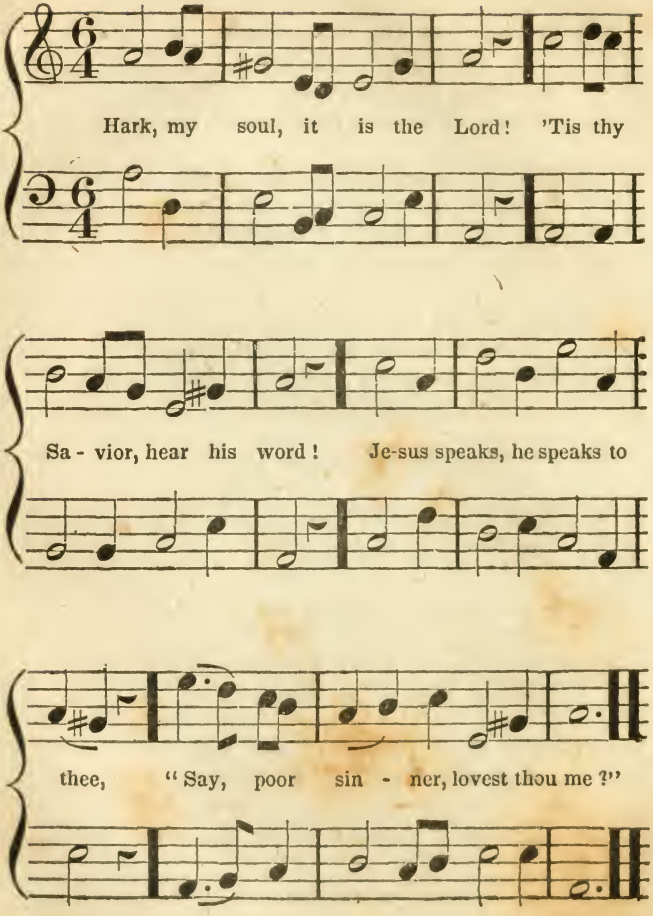
4 Not bound to case or time,
These waters always move;
Sinners, in every age and clime,
Their vital influence prove.

5 Yet numbers near them lie,
Who meet with no relief;
With life in view they pine and die,
In hopeless unbelief.

6 'Tis strange they will not bathe,
And yet frequent the pool;
But none can have a saving faith,
While love of sin bears rule.

7 Their conscience sin has seal'd,
And stupified their thought;
For were they willing to be heal'd,
The cure would soon be wrought.

8 Dear Savior, interpose,
Their stubborn will constrain;
Or else to them the waters flow,
And grace is preach'd in vain.


Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy
Sa - vior, hear his word! Je-sus speaks, he speaks to
thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou me?"

53. "*Lovest thou me?*" 7s.

1 Hark, my soul,—it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word.
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

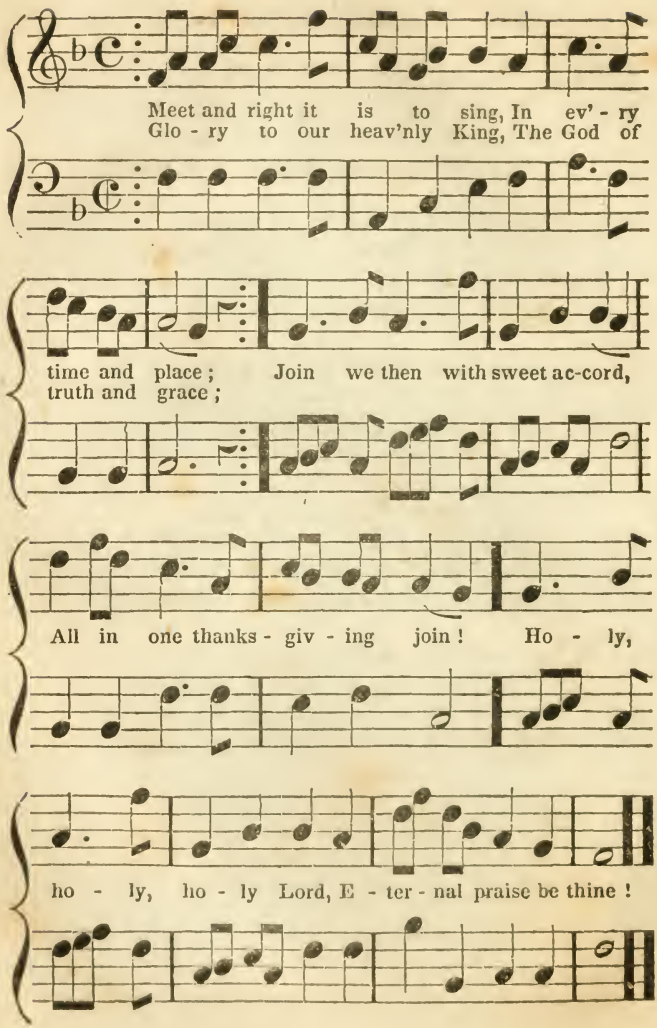
3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,—
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

THORNCLIFF. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.


Meet and right it is to sing, In ev' - ry
Glo - ry to our heav'nly King, The God of
time and place; Join we then with sweet ac-cord,
truth and grace;
All in one thanks - giv - ing join! Ho - ly,
ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, E - ter - nal praise be thine!

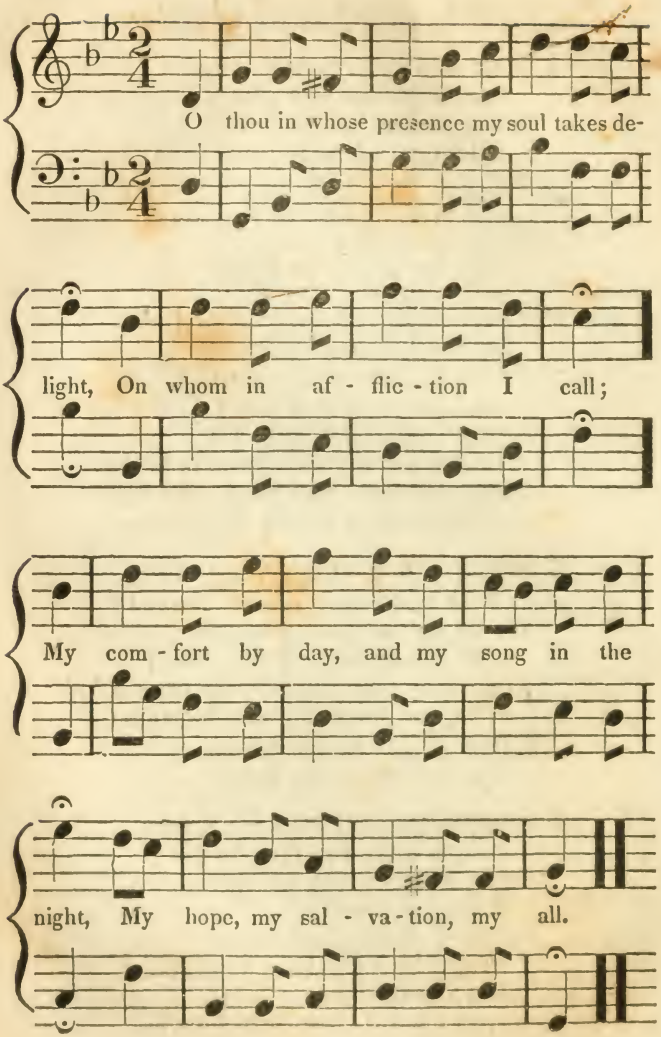
54. *Meet and right.*

1 Meet and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne!

3 Vieing with that heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above;
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love;
Thee, *they* sing, with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb:
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.


O thou in whose presence my soul takes de-
light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call;
My com - fort by day, and my song in the
night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.

55 *The glory of Christ.*

1 O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee;
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

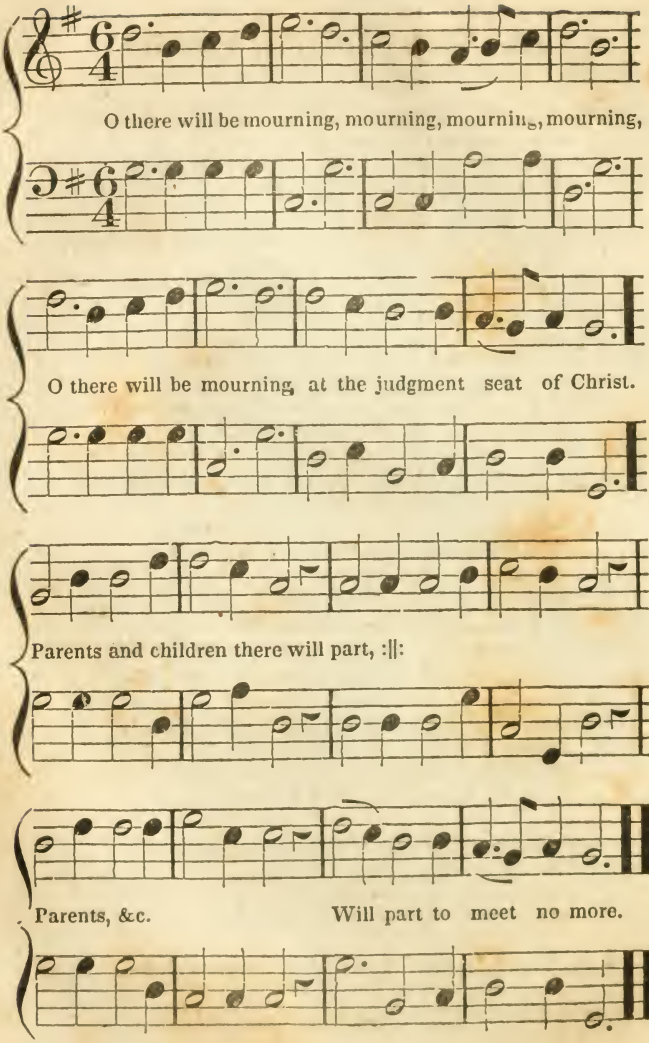
4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,
The Star that on Israel shone:
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know
And bask in the smiles of his face.

8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.


O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O there will be mourning, at the judgment seat of Christ.
Parents and children there will part, :‖:
Parents, &c.
Will part to meet no more.

56. *Judgment Hymn.*

1 O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O there will be mourning, at the judgment seat of Christ.
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

2 O there will be mourning, &c.
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

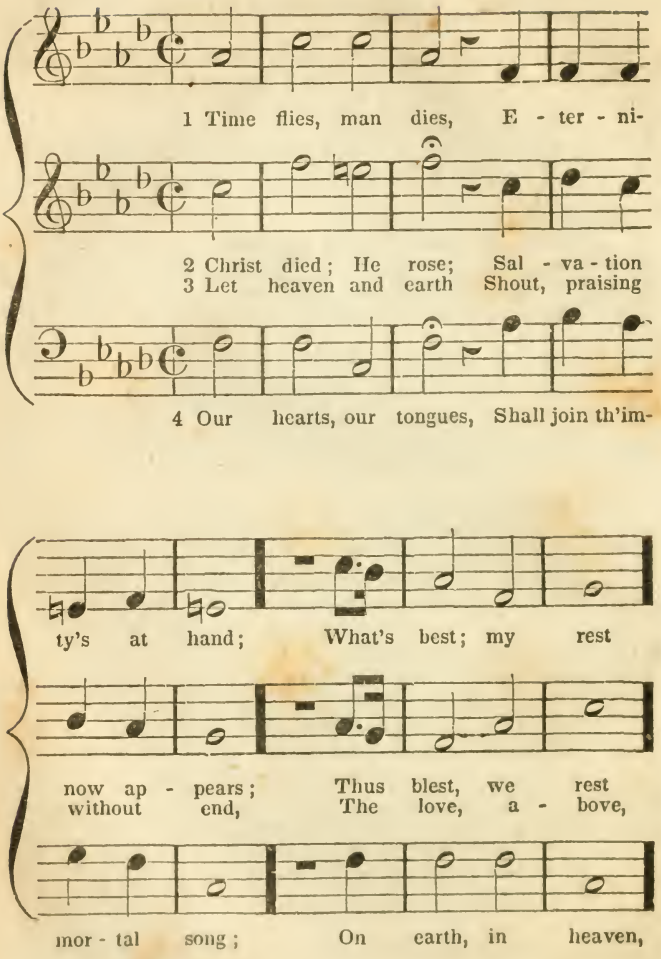
3 O there will be mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

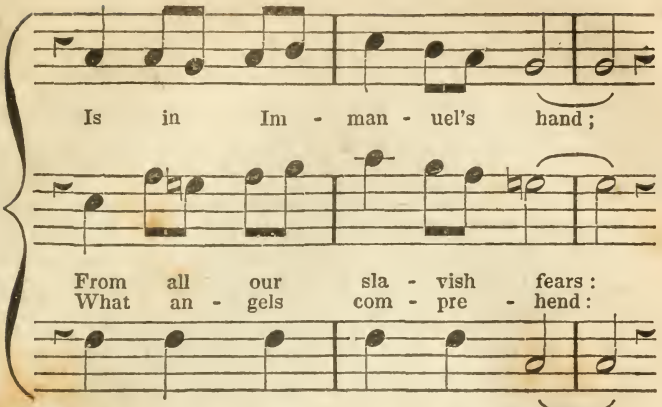
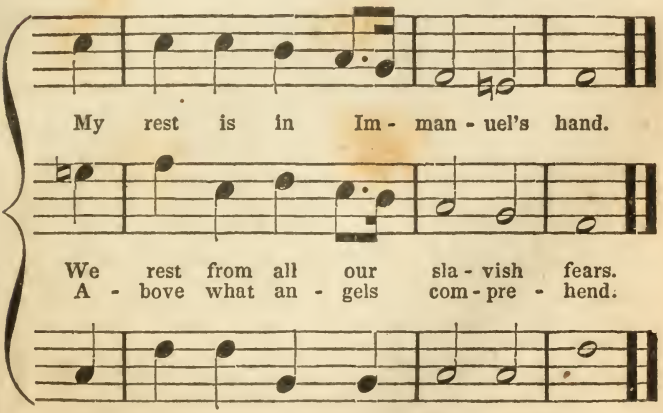
4 O there will be mourning, &c.
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

5 O there will be mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

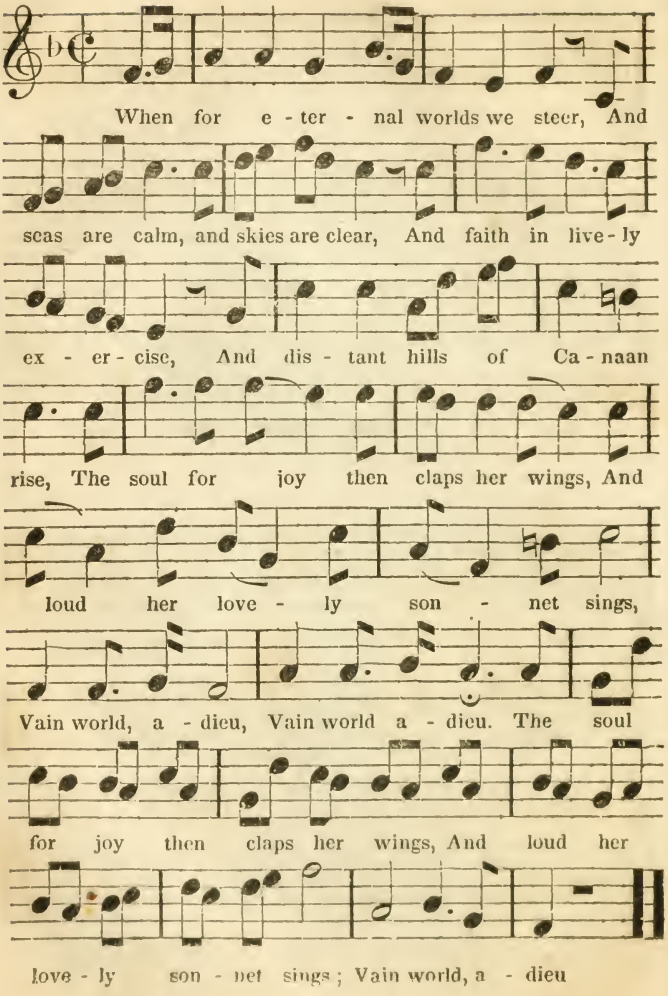
6 O there will be mourning, &c.
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

7. O there will be shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.


1 Time flies, man dies, E - ter - ni-
2 Christ died; He rose; Sal - va - tion
3 Let heaven and earth Shout, praising
4 Our hearts, our tongues, Shall join th'im-
ty's at hand; What's best; my rest
now ap - pears; Thus blest, we rest
without end, The love, a - bove,
mor - tal song; On earth, in heaven,


Is in Im - man - uel's hand;
From all our sla - vish fears:
What an - gels com - pre - hend:
The an - them we'll pro - long;

My rest is in Im - man - uel's hand.
We rest from all our sla - vish fears.
A - bove what an - gels com - pre - hend.
In heaven the an - them we'll pro - long.

FAVORING GALE. 8. 4.


When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And
seas are calm, and skies are clear, And faith in live - ly
ex - er - cise, And dis - tant hills of Ca - naan
rise, The soul for joy then claps her wings, And
loud her love - ly son - net sings,
Vain world, a - dieu, Vain world a - dieu. The soul
for joy then claps her wings, And loud her
love - ly son - net sings; Vain world, a - dieu

58. *Vain world, adieu.*

1 When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise:
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand:
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail:
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God!

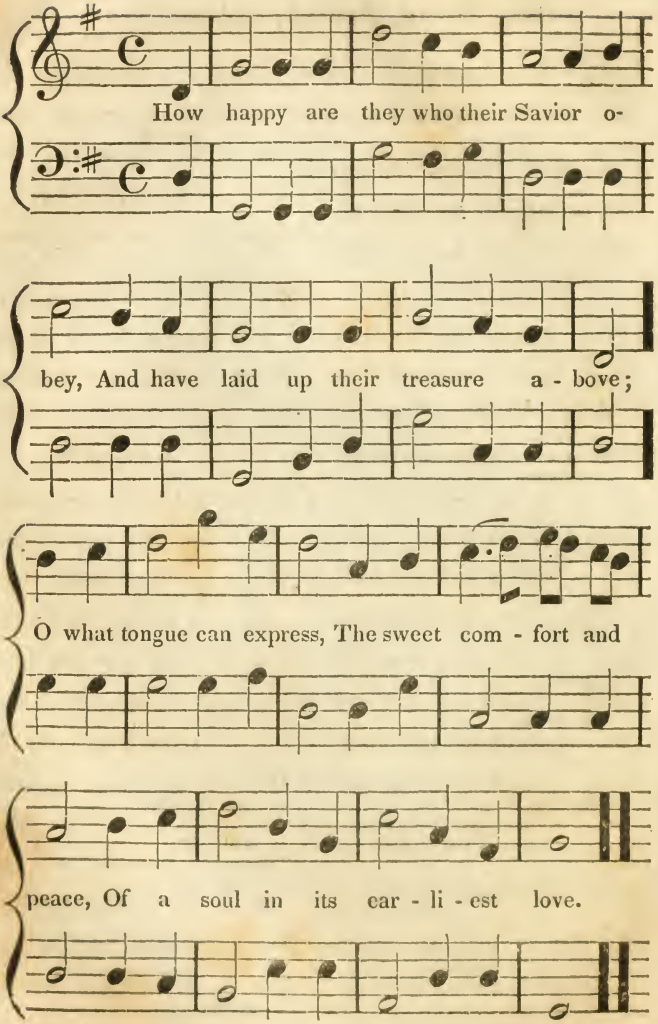
59. *Soundings.*

1 To Heaven I'm bound with prosperous gales,
My bark by grace doth safely steer,
And going under gospel sails,
Celestial prospects bright appear.
To sound her ground my faith now springs,
And to her *Author* thus she sings,
"*Thy will be done.*"

2 As bearing up to gain the port,
A blood stain'd cross and heaven in view,
A Savior's wounds my harbor—fort—
The beacon—to my vessel true;
Again my faith her soundings tries,
And to my soul's sure Pilot cries,
"A blessed Hope."

3 Now as the blissful shore draws near,
With transport I behold the place,
Where dwells my friend, my Savior dear,
And long with joy to see his face.
Once more my faith now tries her ground,
And thus re-echoes back the sound,
"Christ is my rock."

4 When to her birth my bark draws nigh,
And I have done with sails and tide,
"Strong is my cable," then I'll cry.
My Anchor's sure—I safely ride.
No more my soul need try her ground,
Safe at her moorings she is found,
And "all is well."


How happy are they who their Savior o-
bey, And have laid up their treasure a - bove;
O what tongue can express, The sweet com - fort and
peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

60. *How happy are they.*

1 How happy are they,
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know.
The angels could do nothing more,
Than fall down at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

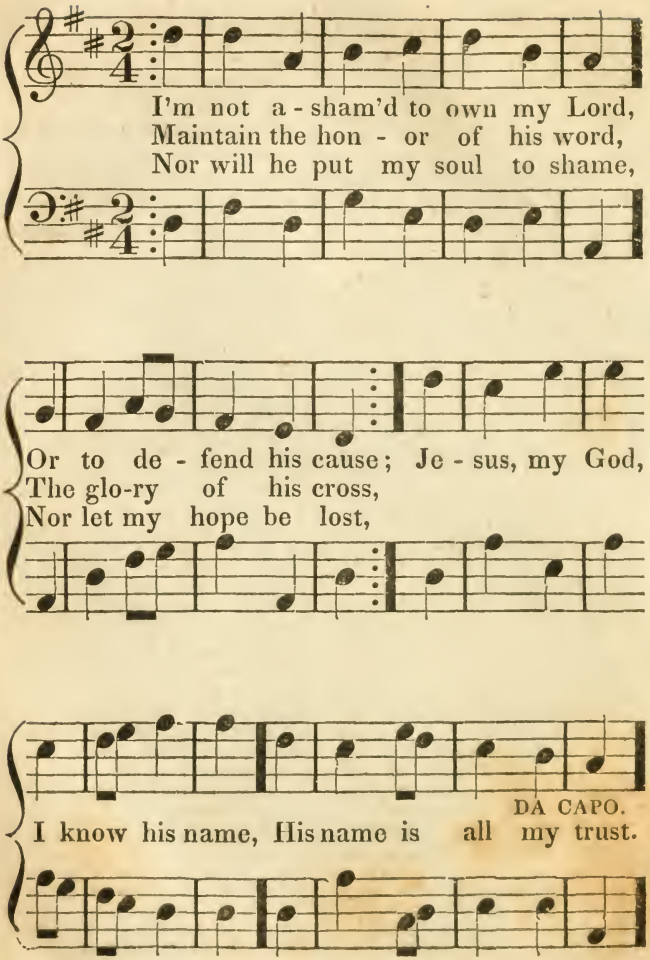
6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

8 Ah! where am I now!
When was it, or how,
That I fell from my heaven of grace?
I am brought into thrall;
I am stript of my all;
I am banished from Jesus's face!

9 Hardly yet do I knew,
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside;
When the tempter came in,
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

10 But I felt it too soon,
That my Savior was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turned into night.


I'm not a - sham'd to own my Lord,
Maintain the hon - or of his word,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Or to de - fend his cause; Je - sus, my God,
The glo-ry of his cross,
Nor let my hope be lost,
DA CAPO.
I know his name, His name is all my trust.

61. *I am not ashamed.*

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

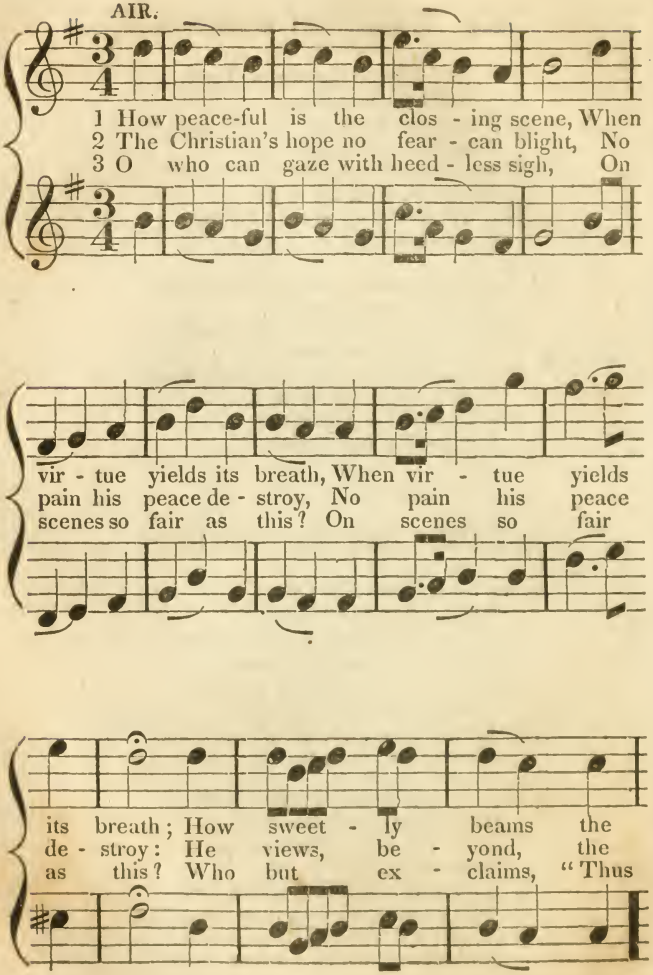
2 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

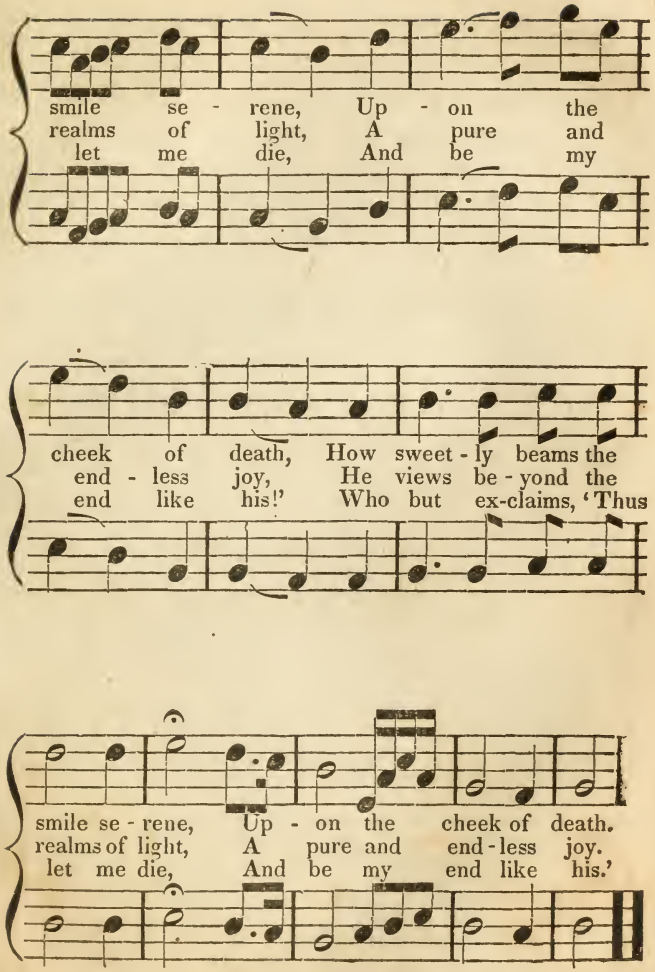
62. *Am I a soldier.*

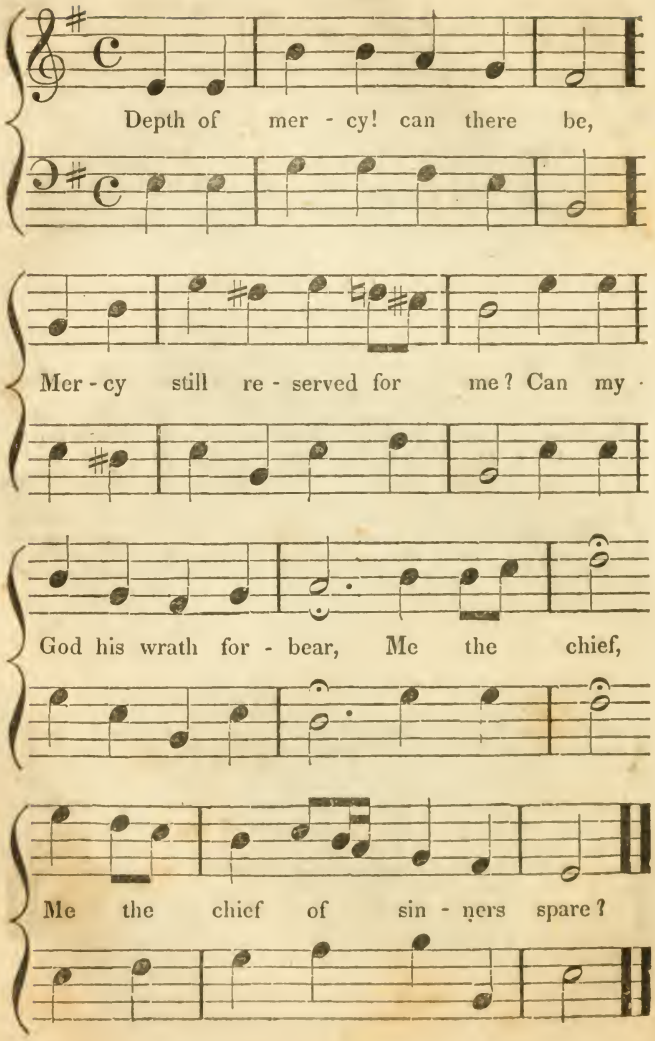
1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

2 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

AIR.


1 How peace-ful is the clos - ing scene, When
2 The Christian's hope no fear - can blight, No
3 O who can gaze with heed - less sigh, On
vir - tue yields its breath, When vir - tue yields
pain his peace de - stroy, No pain his peace
scenes so fair as this? On scenes so fair
its breath; How sweet - ly beams the
de - stroy: He views, be - yond, the
as this? Who but ex - claims, "Thus


smile se - rene, Up - on the
realms of light, A pure and
let me die, And be my
cheek of death, How sweet - ly beams the
end - less joy, He views be - yond the
end like his!' Who but ex-claims, 'Thus
smile se - rene, Up - on the cheek of death.
realms of light, A pure and end - less joy.
let me die, And be my end like his.'


Depth of mer - cy! can there be,
Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my
God his wrath for - bear, Me the chief,
Me the chief of sin - ners spare?

63 DEPTH OF MERCY.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Savior stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

6 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my soul's revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

64. LORD, HOW LARGE.

1 Lord, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send!

2 Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring:
Every heart to thee incline;—
Now compel them to come in.

3 Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need,
Heaven to forsake, and God;
See, they run with rapid speed!

4 Draw them back by love divine,
With thy grace their spirits win;
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

5 Thus their willing souls compel,
Thus their happy minds constrain,
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God, and grace again.

6 Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once stretched out to bleed for sin;
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

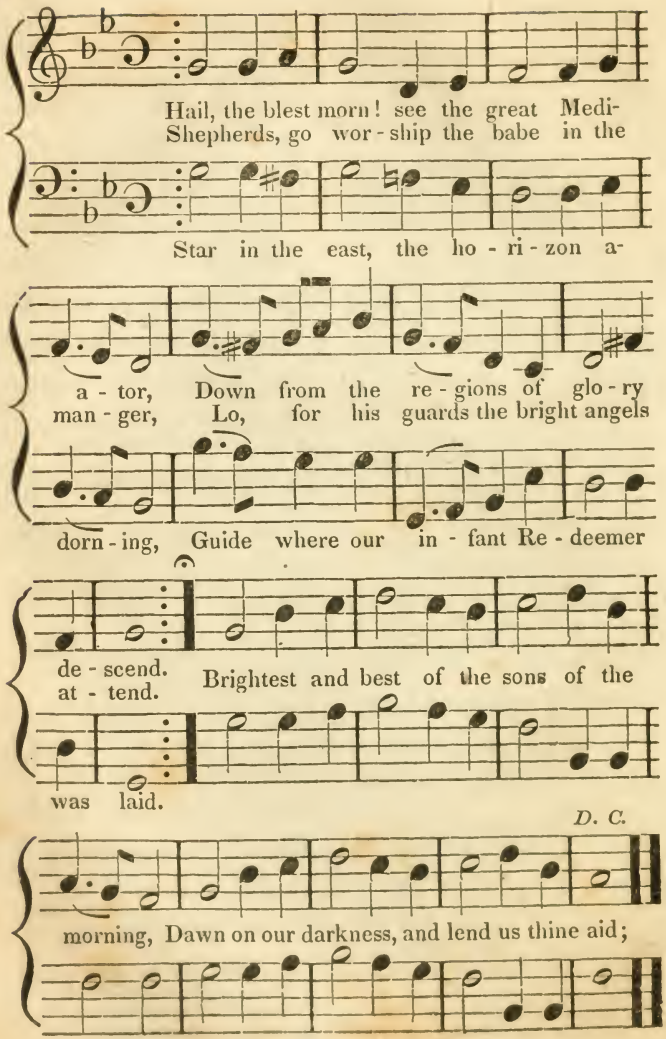
65. COME YE WEARY.

1 Come, ye weary souls opprest,
Find in Christ the promised rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

3 Ye that dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus blood:
To the son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All you want in Jesus find:
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

4 Debtors, who have nought to pay,
Come to Jesus, haste away;
All your sins on him were laid,
All your debts the Surety paid.

5 "It is finish'd," lo! he cries,
Ere on yonder cross he dies;
O believe the record true,
Jesus died for such as you.

Hail, the blest morn! see the great Medi-
Shepherds, go wor-ship the babe in the
Star in the east, the ho-ri-zon a-
a-tor, Down from the re-gions of glo-ry
man-ger, Lo, for his guards the bright angels
dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deemer
de-scend.
at-tend.
Brightest and best of the sons of the
was laid.
D. C.
morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

66. *Hail the blest morn.*

1 Hail the blest morn! see the great Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory descend!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guard, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

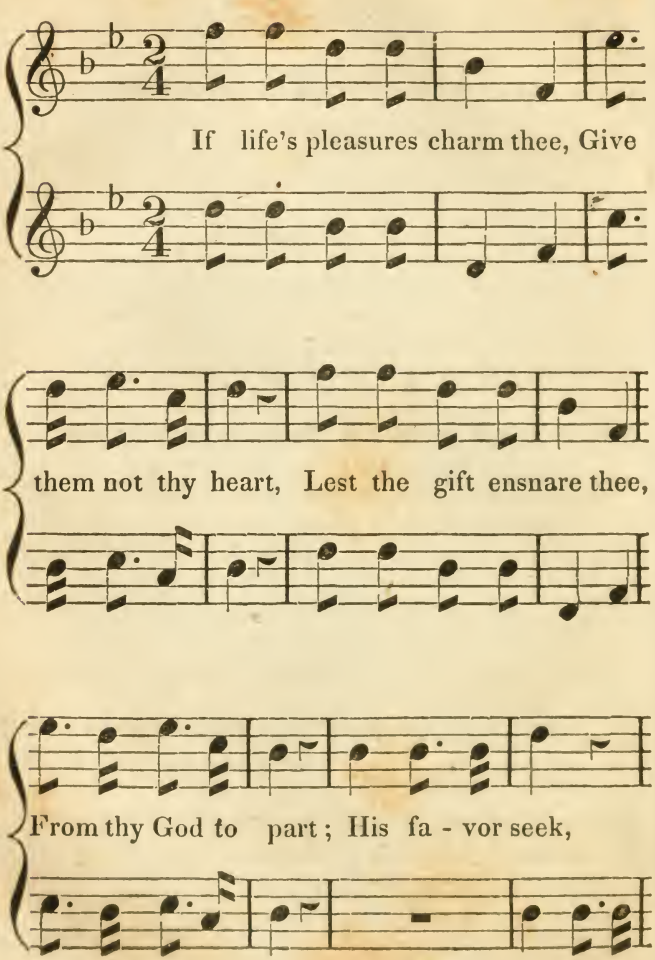
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.

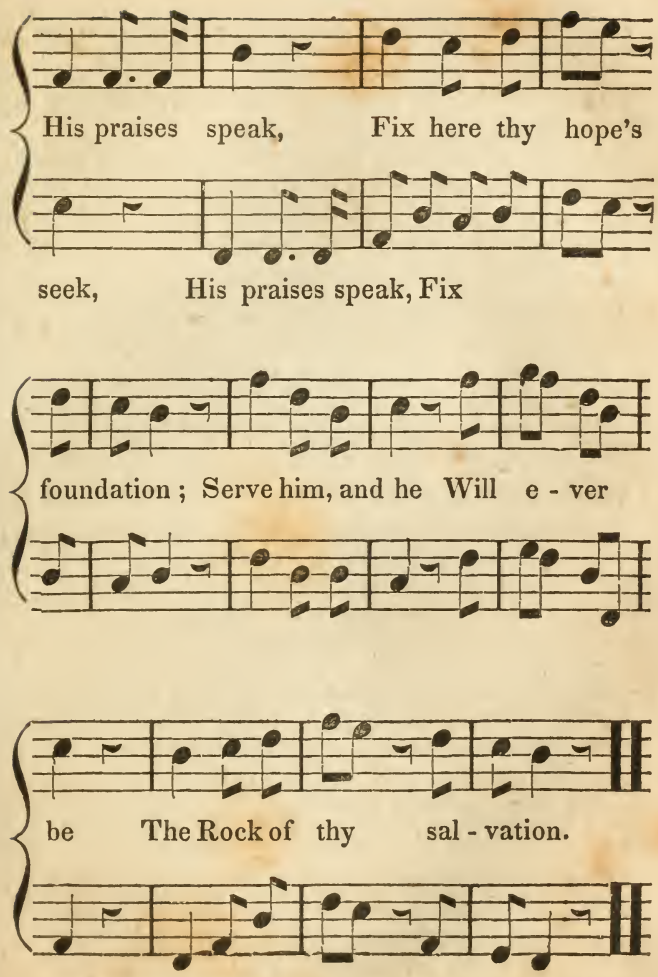
2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.
Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best, &c

Duett.


If life's pleasures charm thee, Give
them not thy heart, Lest the gift ensnare thee,
From thy God to part; His fa - vor seek,


His praises speak, Fix here thy hope's
seek, His praises speak, Fix
foundation ; Serve him, and he Will e - ver
be The Rock of thy sal - vation.

67. *If life's pleasures charm thee.*

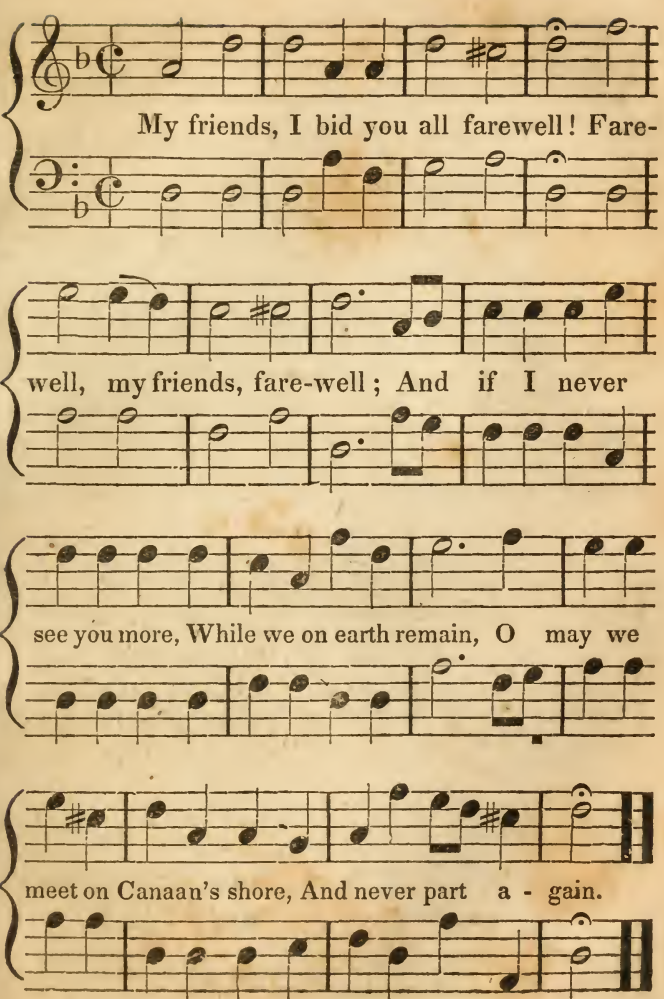
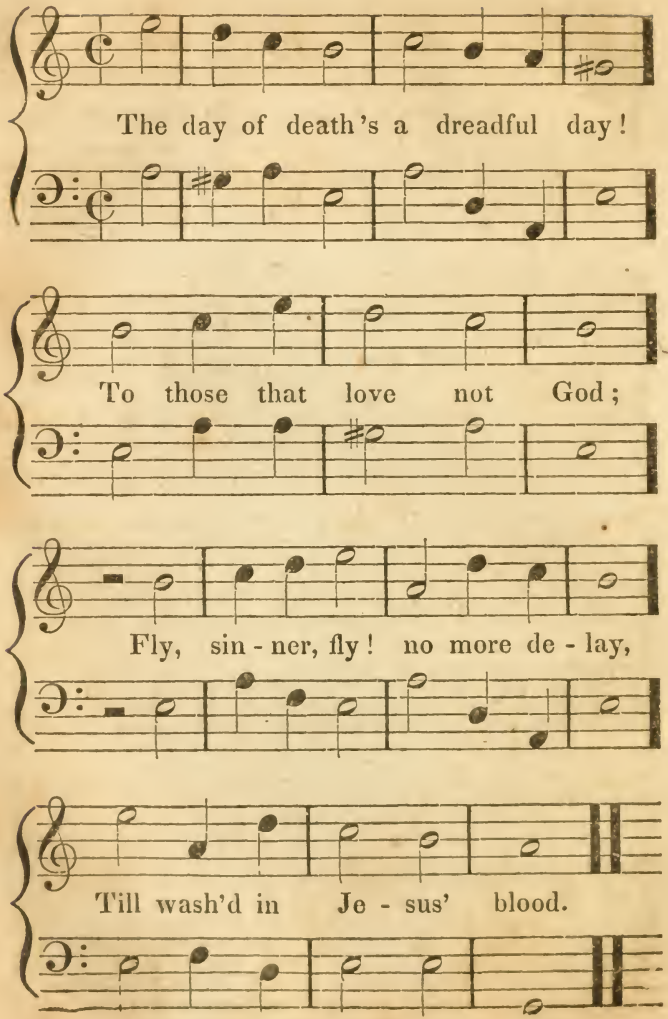
1 If life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart,
Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to part;
His favor seek, his praises speak,
Fix here thy hope's foundation;
Serve him, and he will ever be
The Rock of thy salvation.

2 If distress befal thee, painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee; to thy Savior flee:
He ever near, thy prayer will hear,
And calm thy perturbation:
The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow
The Rock of thy salvation.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not distress,
Better comforts wait thee; Christ will freely bless;
To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,
Thy heavenly consolation:
For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
The Rock of thy salvation.

4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not alarm,
Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from harm,
He near thee stands with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation:
To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his blow,
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow,
For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation:
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.


My friends, I bid you all farewell! Fare-
well, my friends, fare-well; And if I never
see you more, While we on earth remain, O may we
meet on Canaan's shore, And never part a - gain.

The day of death's a dreadful day!
To those that love not God;
Fly, sin - ner, fly! no more de - lay,
Till wash'd in Je - sus' blood.

68. *The day of death.*

1 The day of death 's a doleful day,
To those who know not God;
Fly, sinner, fly! no more delay,
Till wash'd in Jesus' blood.

2 How wretched is the sinner's state,
Who sleeps to wake no more!
He knocks, alas! he knocks *too late*,
When death hath shut the door.

3 But now, O Lord, 'tis not too late
To hear thy people pray;
For tho' thy *justice* locks the gate,
Thy *mercy* keeps the key.

69. *Thro' sorrow's night.*

1 Thro' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

70. *Hoping, yet trembling.*

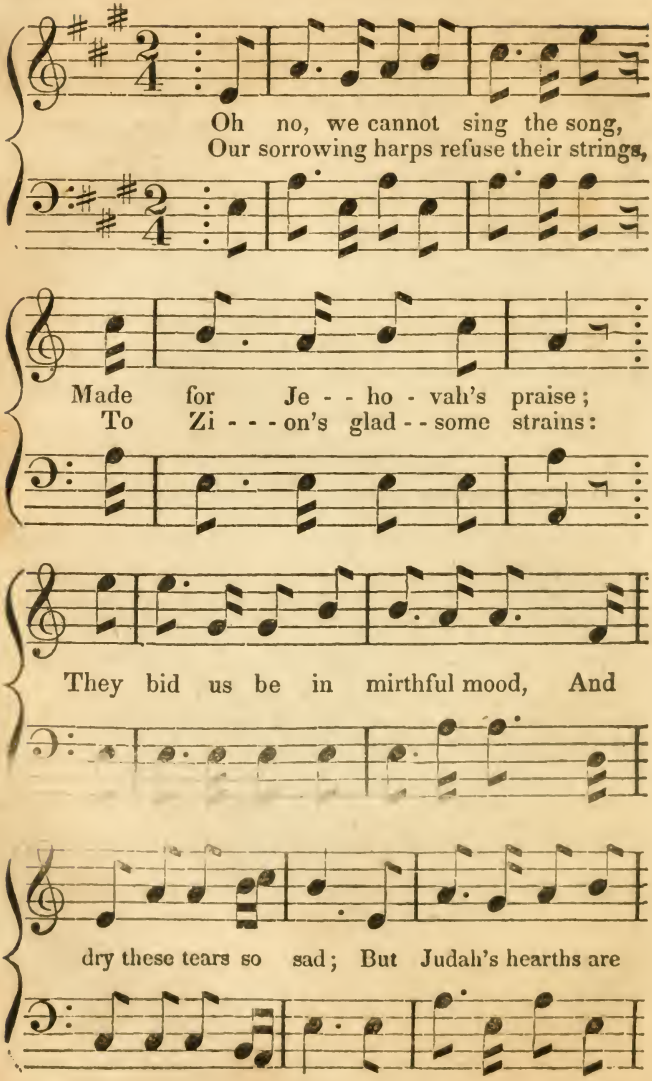
1 My soul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heavenly shore;
And when I drop this dying flesh,
Then I shall sin no more.

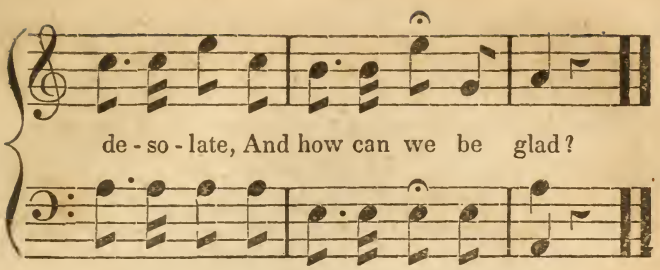
2 I hope to hear, and join the song,
That saints and angels raise;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.

3 But oh—this dreadful heart of sin!
It may deceive me still;
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.

4 The scene must then forever close,
Probation at an end;
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.

5 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,
To me thy Spirit give;
Shine thro' a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.


Oh no, we cannot sing the song,
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings,
Made for Je - - ho - vah's praise;
To Zi - - - on's glad - - some strains:
They bid us be in mirthful mood, And
dry these tears so sad; But Judah's hearths are



71. *Babel's Streams.*

Written for the Lyre, by the Rev. D. R. Thomason, recently from England.

1 Oh no, we cannot sing the songs,
Made for Jehovah's praise;
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings,
To Zion's gladsome strains.

2 They bid us be in mirthful mood
And dry these tears so sad;
But Judah's hearths are desolate,
And how can we be glad?

3 Silent our harps o'er Babel's streams
Are hung on willows wet;
And Zion we no more shall see;
But we can ne'er forget.

4 Jerusalem, thy banish'd ones,
Prove anguish and regret;
But heaven's own curse shall rest on them,
If thee they e'er forget.

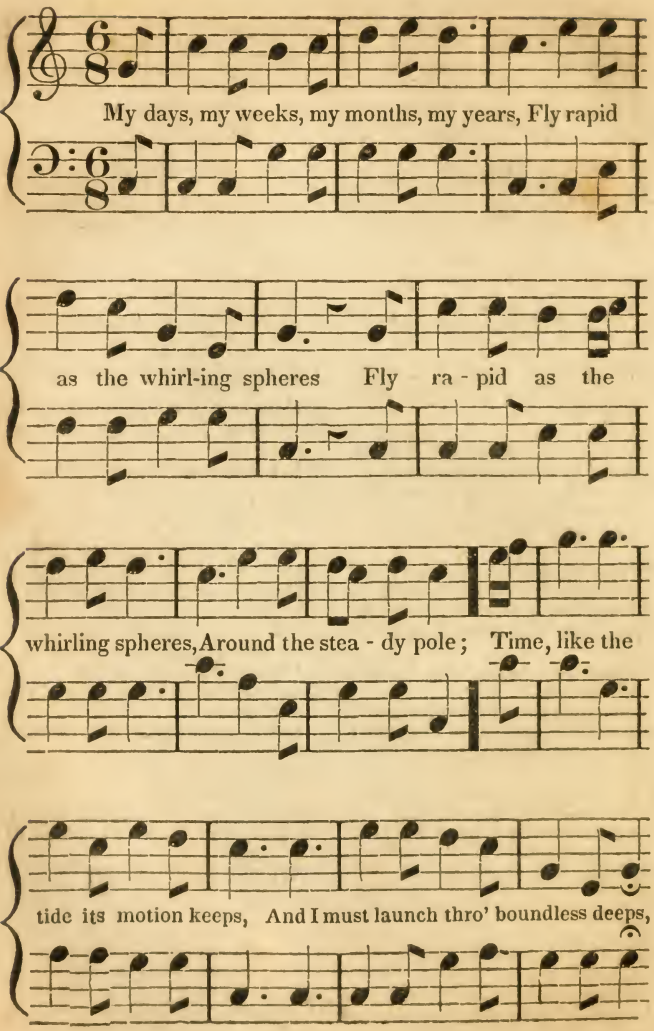
72. *Light in darkness.*

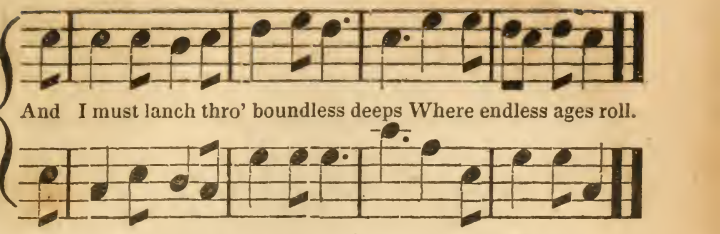
1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.


My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid
as the whirl-ing spheres Fly ra - pid as the
whirling spheres, Around the stea - dy pole; Time, like the
tide its motion keeps, And I must launch thro' boundless deeps,



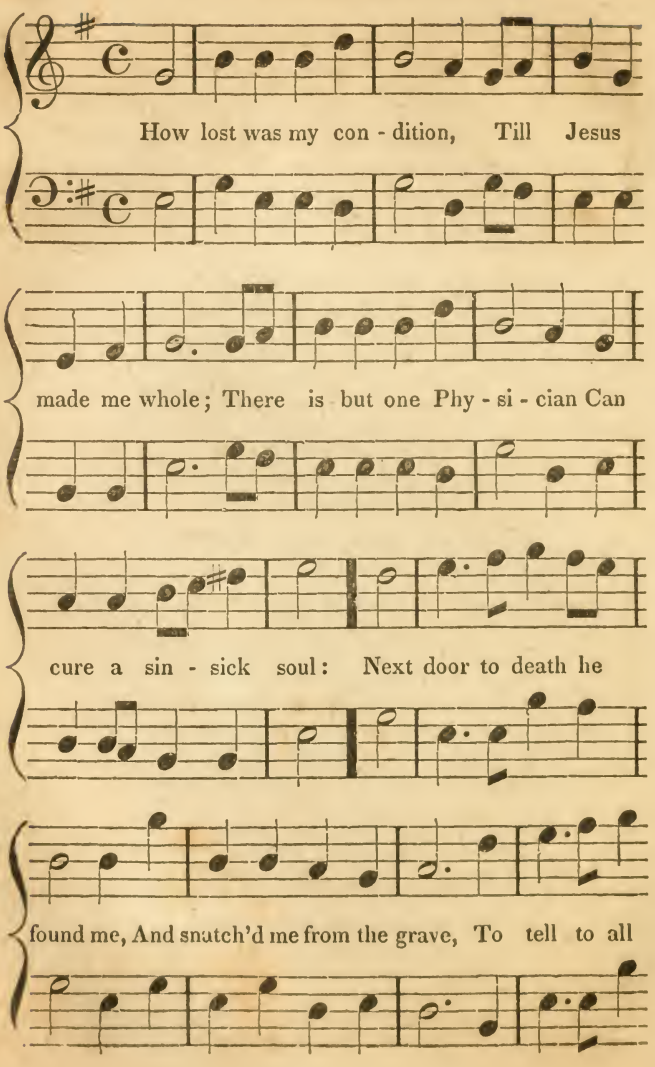
2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly—
Unthinking man, remember this,
Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die!

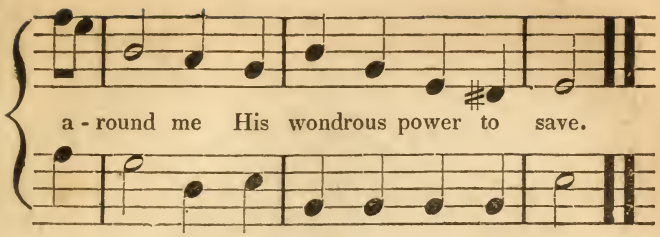
3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 Long ere the sun has run its round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot:
Alas! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall intervene
My name be quite forgot.

5 But shall my soul be then extinct,
And cease to be, or cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be:
Thou! my immortal, cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

6 Will mercy then, its arms extend?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend?
And heaven thy dwelling-place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
To drag thee down to black despair,
Beyond the reach of grace?


How lost was my con - dition, Till Jesus
made me whole; There is but one Phy - si - cian Can
cure a sin - sick soul: Next door to death he
found me, And snatch'd me from the grave, To tell to all

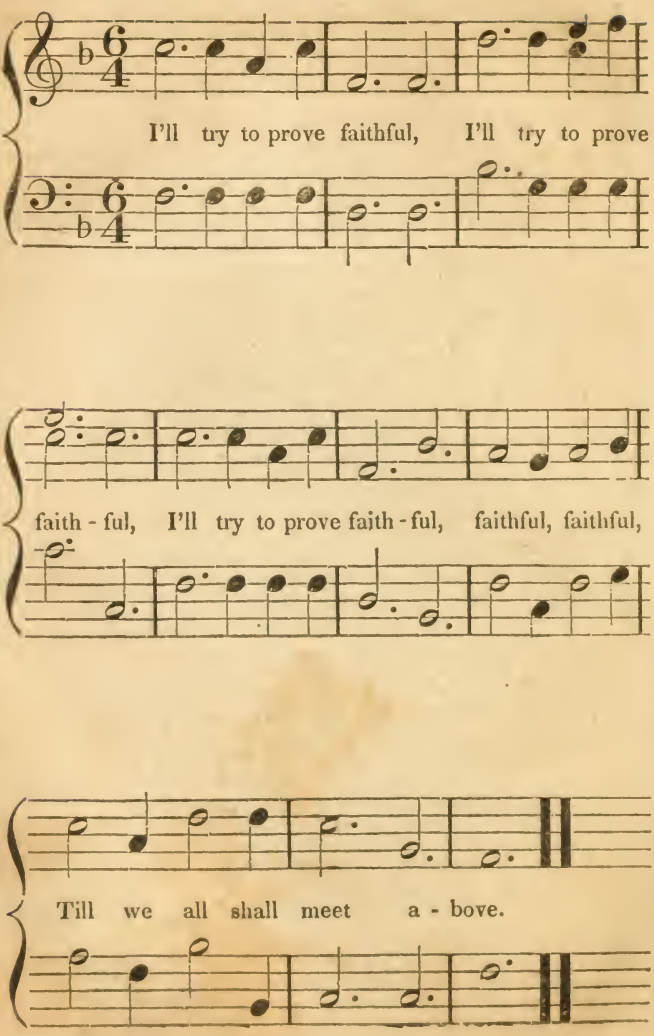


2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it siezes
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician
(How matchless is his grace)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin mine eyes had seal'd;
Then bade me look unto him;
I look'd—and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition—
'Tis only "Look and live."


I'll try to prove faithful, I'll try to prove
faith - ful, I'll try to prove faith - ful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet a - bove.

75. *Faithful.*

1 I'll try to prove faithful,
I'll try to prove faithful,
I'll try to prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

2 O, let us prove faithful,
O, let us prove faithful,
O, let us prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

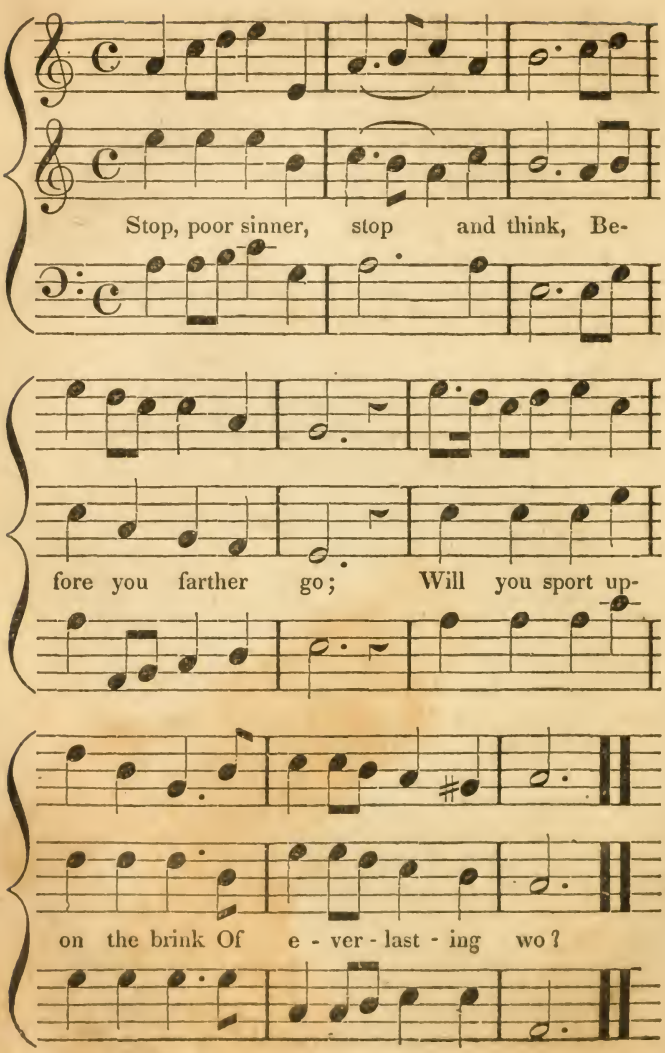
3 We mean to be faithful,
We mean to be faithful,
We mean to be faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

4 There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning, sinning, sinning,
When we all shall meet above.

5 There'll be no more sorrow,
There'll be no more sorrow,
There'll be no more sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
When we all shall meet above.

6 There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
When we all shall meet above.

7 There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises, praises, praises,
When we all shall meet above.


Stop, poor sinner, stop and think, Be-
fore you farther go; Will you sport up-
on the brink Of e - ver - last - ing wo?

76. *The Alarm.*

1 Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go—
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo ?

CHORUS.
Be entreated now to stop !
Unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into the burning lake !

2 Hell beneath is gaping wide !
And waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar ;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.

4 All your sins will round you crowd,
Of bloody crimson die,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply ?

5 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ?
Fear you not his iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes ?

6 Can you stand in that great day.
When judgment is proclaim'd,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame ?

7 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.

8 Sinners then in vain will call,
Who now despise his grace,
' Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.'

9 But as yet there is a hope,
That you may mercy know;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.

10 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he calls to come ;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, " There yet is room.'

77. *Striving of the Spirit.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 Sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy soul,
Bid thee leave the ways of sin,
And yield to God's control ?

2 Hath it met thee in the path,
Of earthly vanity,
Pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee now to flee ?

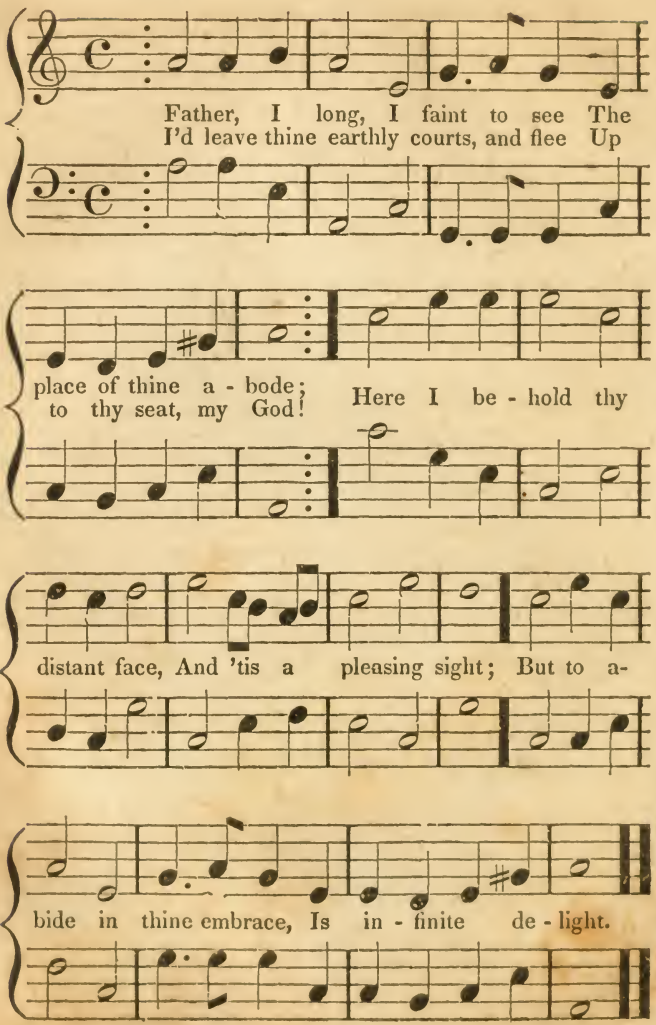
3 Sinner, 'twas a heavenly voice;
The Spirit's gracious call,
Bade thee make a better choice,
And seek in Christ thine all.

4 Hear the call to life and light ;
Regard the warning kind :
If that call thou always slight,
Thou mercy ne'er shalt find.

5 Soon thy season will be o'er,
The Spirit cease to strive ;
Thy slumbers he will break no more ;
His love then do not grieve.

6 Sinner, should this very day
Thy last of mercy be !
Should'st thou grieve him now away,
Hope ne'er may beam on thee.

S. G


Father, I long, I faint to see The
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee Up
place of thine a - bode;
to thy seat, my God!
Here I be - hold thy
distant face, And 'tis a pleasing sight; But to a-
bide in thine embrace, Is in - finite de - light.

78. *Father, I long.*

1 Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

4 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' eternal All.

5 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity* confess.

6 The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

79. *The Scriptures.*

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

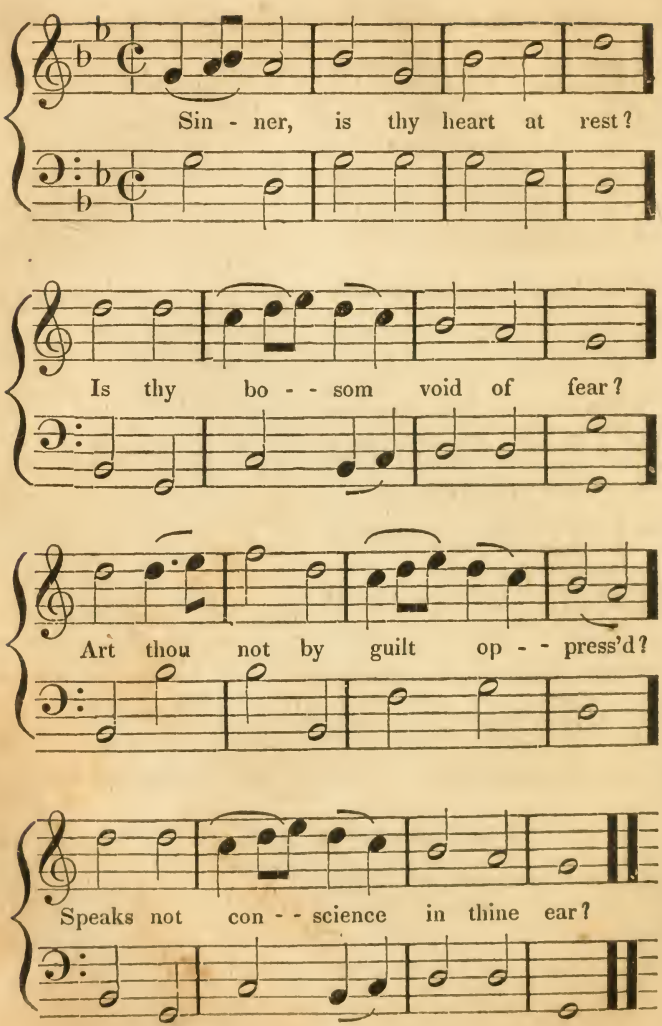
80. *Brotherly Love.*

1 Blest be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we'll go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

4 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And christians part no more!


Sin - ner, is thy heart at rest?
Is thy bo - - som void of fear?
Art thou not by guilt op - - press'd?
Speaks not con - - science in thine ear?

81. *The voice of conscience.*

Written for the Lyre, by the author of "Advice to a Young Christian."

1 SINNER, is thy heart at rest?
Is thy bosom void of fear?
Art thou not by guilt oppress'd?
Speaks not conscience in thine ear?

2 Can this world afford thee bliss?
Can it chase away thy gloom?
Flattering, false, and vain it is;—
Tremble at the worldling's doom.

3 Long the gospel thou hast spurn'd,
Long delay'd to seek thy God;
Stifled conscience, nor hast turn'd
Woo'd though, by a Savior's blood.

4 Think, O sinner, on thy end;
See the judgment day appear!
Thither must thy spirit wend;
There thy righteous sentence hear.

5 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,
To a Savior's blood apply;
He alone can make thee whole;
Fly to Jesus,—sinner, fly!

J. B. W.

82. *Sinner, prepare.*

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

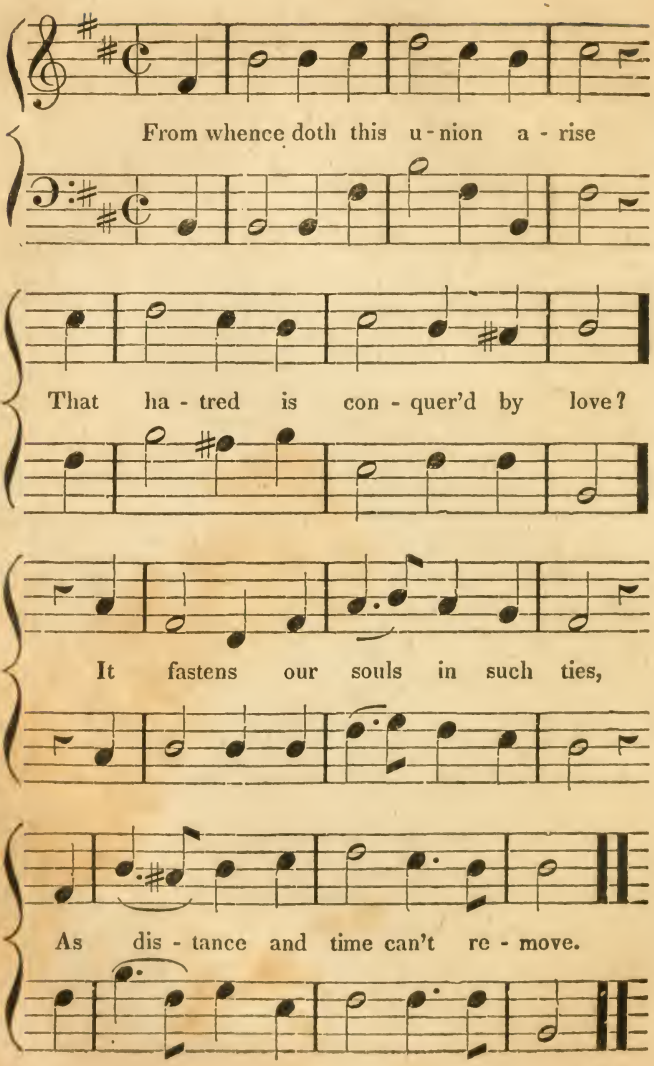
83. *The Narrow Gate.*

1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter, ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim—
'Lord! we have profess'd thy name;
We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word.'

4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say, 'I know you not.'


From whence doth this u - nion a - rise
That ha - tred is con - quer'd by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As dis - tance and time can't re - move.

84. *Christian Union.*

1 From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love!
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As distance and time can't remove.

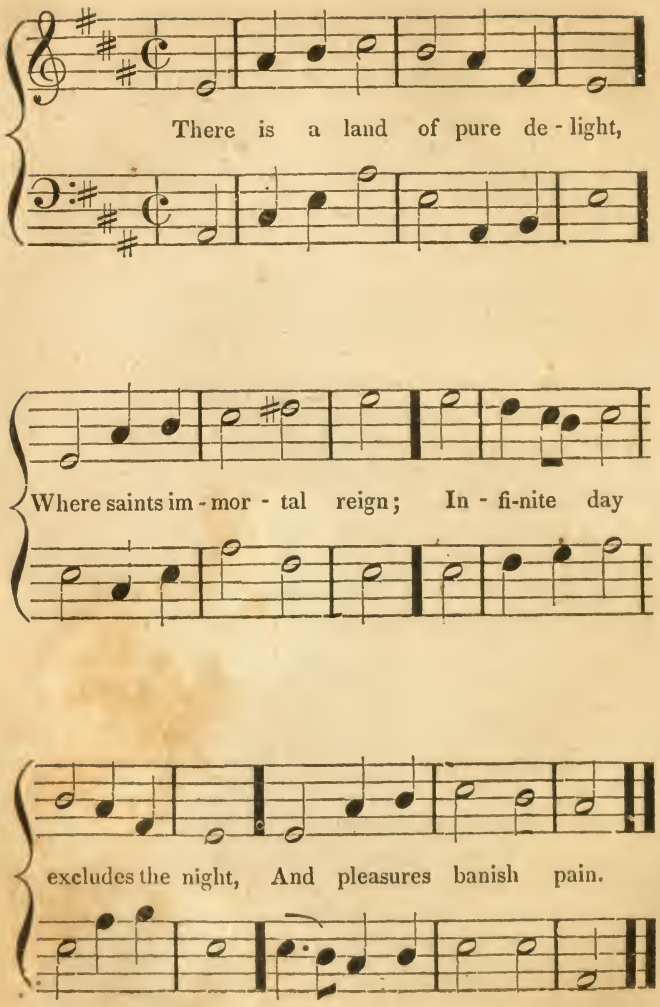
2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost:
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love:
Where Jesus has gone, we shall be,
In yonder bright mansions above.

4 O why then so loth now to part?
Since we shall ere long meet again;
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
And leaving these bodies of clay,
Unite with our Jesus in love,

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign;
We all his bright glory shall see,
And sing, 'Hallelujah, Amen:'
Amen, even so let it be.


There is a land of pure de - light,
Where saints im - mor - tal reign; In - fi-nite day
excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

85. *The Happy Land.*

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

86. *The Soul.*

1 What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?—
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds in strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all—in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

87. *Redeeming Love.*

1 Ye saints, assist me in my song—
Let all your passions move;
To Jesus all the notes belong—
I sing redeeming love.

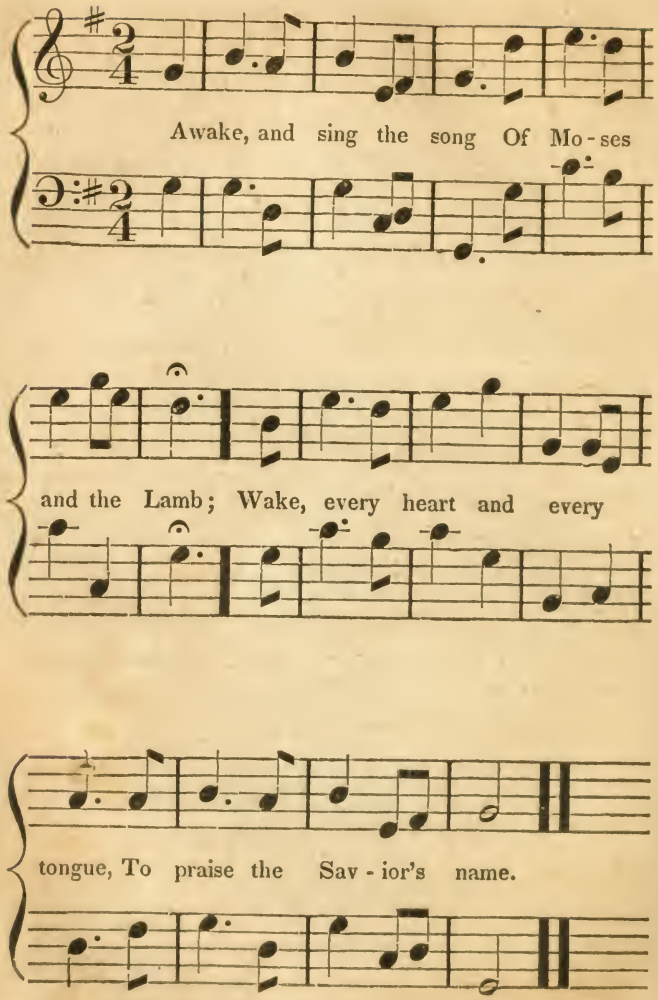
2 Opposing spirits 'gainst his cross,
Their force united prove;
But quit the field with mighty loss,
Crush'd by redeeming love.

3 Around the circle of his friends
His tender passions move;
And while he lived, his constant theme
Was still redeeming love.

4 Gently he raised his sacred hands,
Before his last remove;
And the last whispers of his tongue,
Sigh'd forth redeming love.

5 Thro' life's wide waste, with weary feet,
In darkness I may rove;
But never can my heart forget
Redeeming, dying love.

6 Oh, that before his sacred throne,
I all its sweets may prove;
Still as my pleasures rise, my song
Shall be redeeming love.


Awake, and sing the song Of Mo-ses
and the Lamb; Wake, every heart and every
tongue, To praise the Sav-ior's name.

88. *Praise to Christ.*

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power!
Sing, how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way—
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, the exalted King.

5 Soon we shall hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

89. *The Accepted Time.*

1 Now is the accepted time—
Now is the day of grace:—
Now, sinners, come without delay
And seek the Savior's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;—
Pardon and peace he freely gives;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word,
Declares "there yet is room."

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love:—
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

5 Assembled round his throne,
They shall his face behold:
And sing of all his dying pains,
Whose love can ne'er be told.

90. *The Love of Jesus.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 My Jesus, thou hast taught
This heart to love but thee;
The sweetest joys below are fraught
With emptiness to me.

2 If sorrow shades my eyes,
It is when thou art fled;
Deep in the dust my spirit lies,
And mourns its comforts dead.

3 The world has lost its power
To soothe this inward pain;
To me it is a faded flower,
That cannot bloom again.

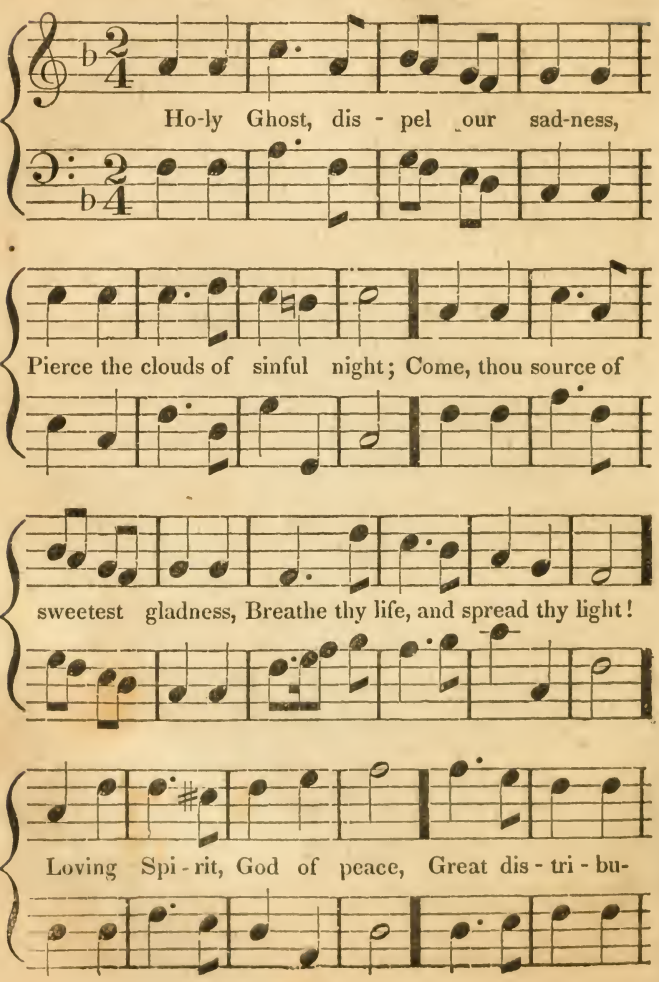
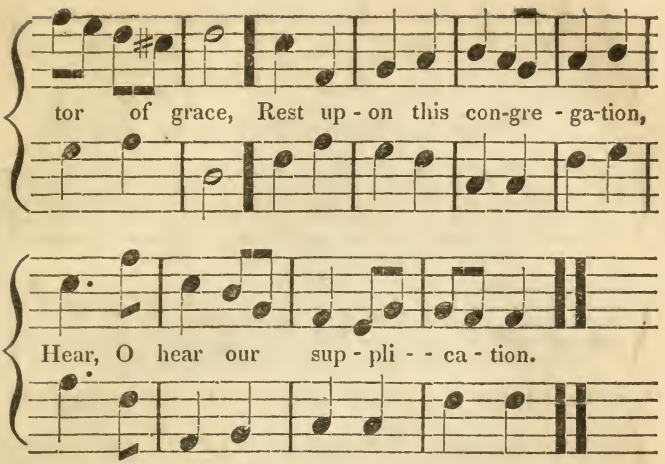
4 But when thy smile appears,
To chase my gloom away,
How bursts my song! how sink my fears;
My night is turn'd to day.

5 Then, Lord, no more permit
This heart from thee to rove:
O that I might for ever sit
At thy dear feet, and love.

J. B. W.

COMPOSED BY DR. LACY, OF VIRGINIA,

And furnished for the Lyre, by Rev. A. Nettleton.


Ho-ly Ghost, dis - pel our sad-ness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night; Come, thou source of
sweetest gladness, Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
Loving Spi - rit, God of peace, Great dis - tri - bu-

91. *To the Blessed Spirit.*

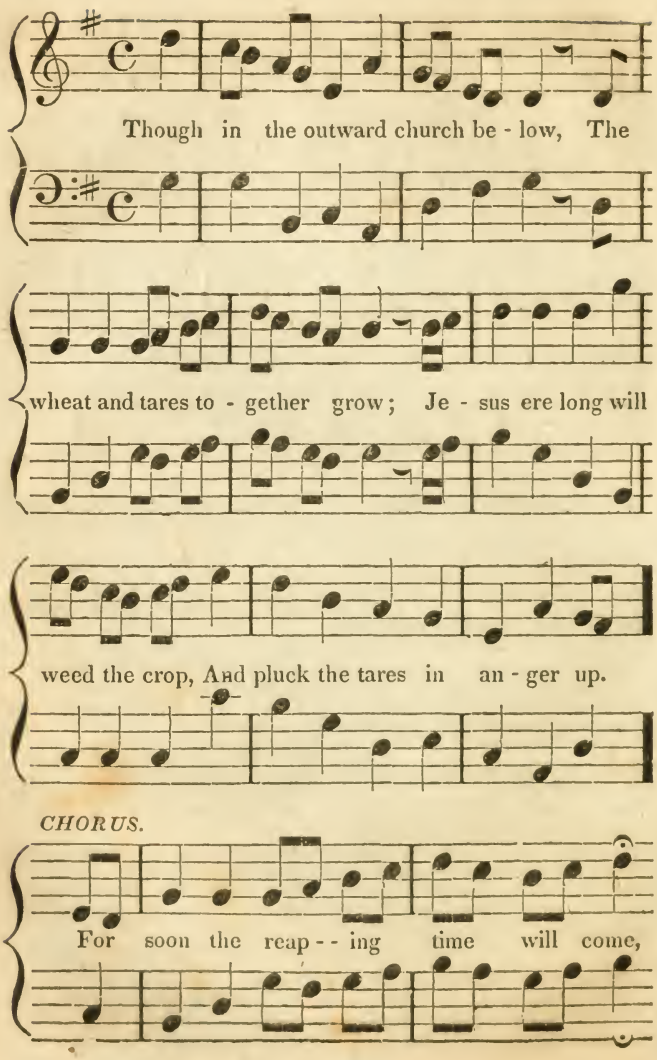
1 Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, O hear our supplication.

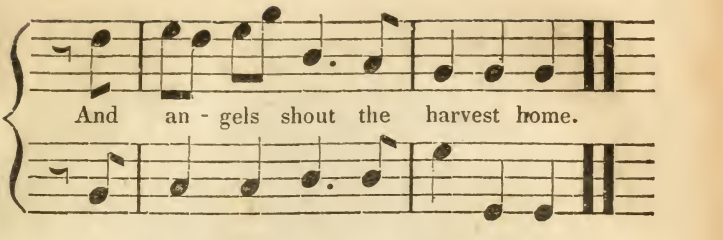
2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend:
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all donations,
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:
Come, with unction and with power,
On our souls thy graces shower;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side,
In distress be our reliever;
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Let thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways;
Show thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to thy nature.

5 Be our friend, on each occasion;
God, omnipotent to save!
When we die, be our salvation;
When we're buried, be our grave:
And, when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies;
Seat us with thy saints in glory,
There for ever to adore Thee.


Though in the outward church be - low, The
wheat and tares to - gether grow; Je - sus ere long will
weed the crop, And pluck the tares in an - ger up.
CHORUS.
For soon the reap - - ing time will come,



92. *The Wheat and Tares.*

1 THOUGH in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?

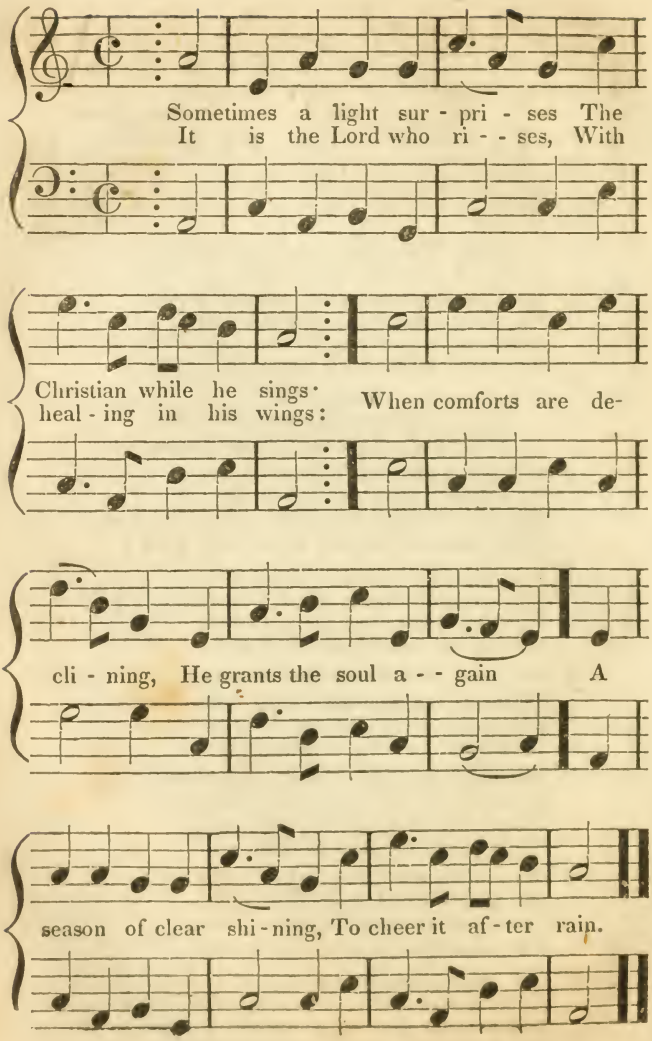
3 No! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends:
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7 Oh! awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.


Sometimes a light sur - pri - ses The
It is the Lord who ri - - ses, With
Christian while he sings·
heal - ing in his wings:
When comforts are de-
cli - ning, He grants the soul a - - gain A
season of clear shi - ning, To cheer it af - ter rain.

93. *Sometimes a light surprises.*

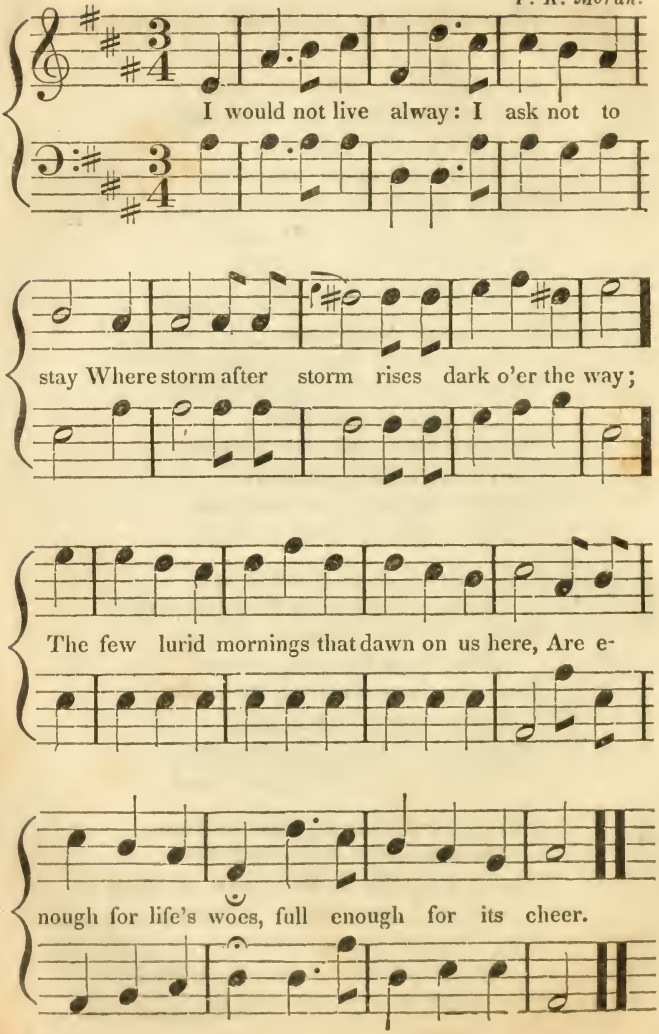
1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises,
With healing on his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;—
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

P. K. Moran.


I would not live alway: I ask not to
stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here, Are e-
nough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

93. *I would not live alway.*

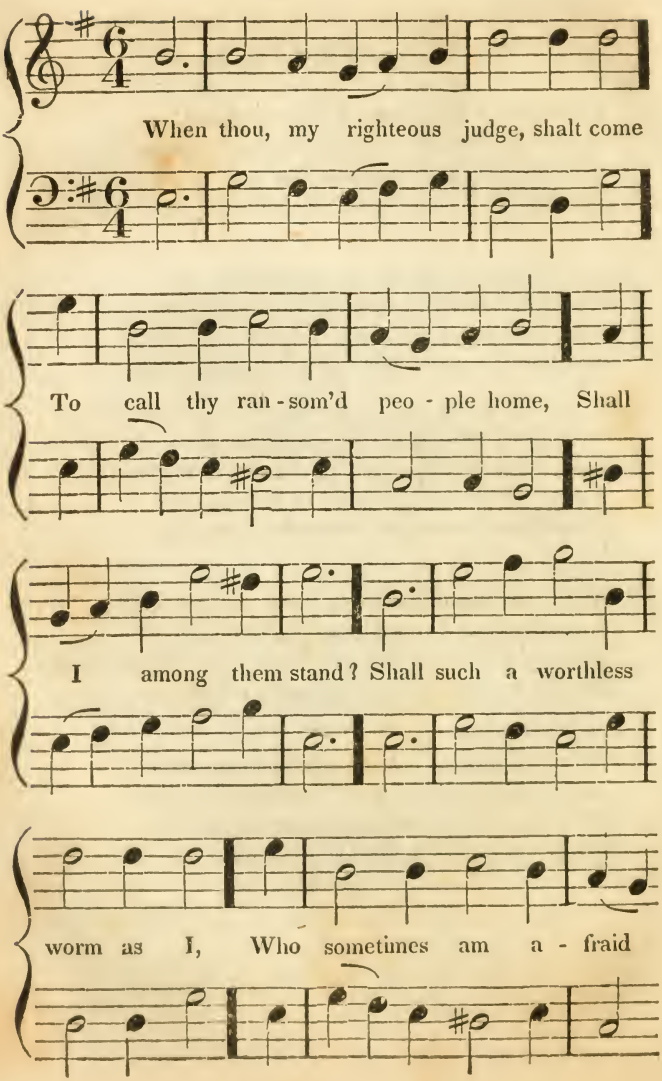
1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

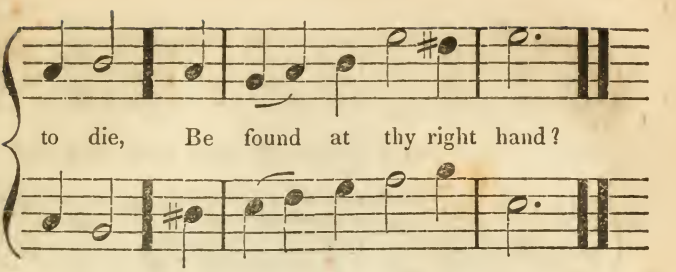
2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!


When thou, my righteous judge, shalt come
To call thy ran-som'd peo-ple home, Shall
I among them stand? Shall such a worthless
worm as I, Who sometimes am a-fraid



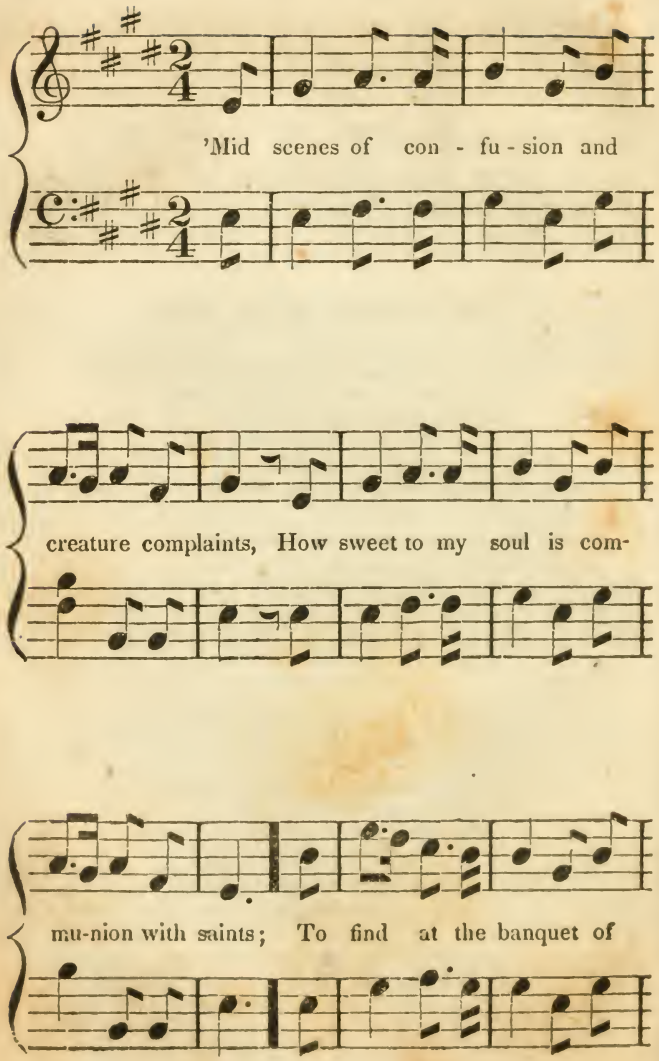
94. *Christ's Right Hand.*

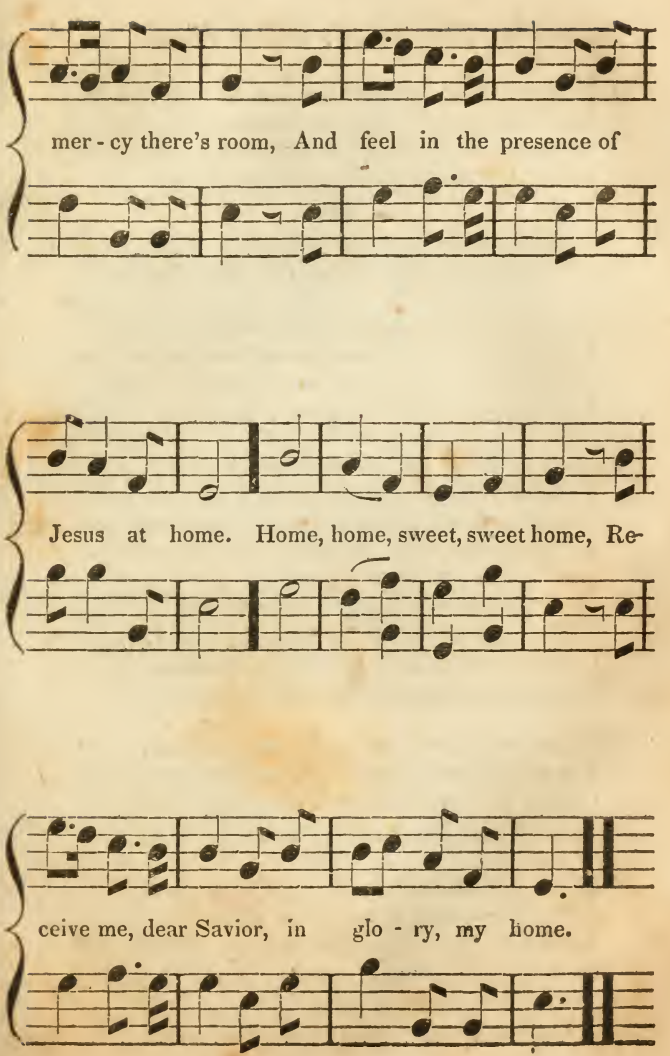
1 When thou, my righteous judge, shalt come
To call thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent it, Lord, by thy rich grace;
Be thou my soul's sure hiding place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
And see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.


'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and
creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-
mu-nion with saints; To find at the banquet of


mer - cy there's room, And feel in the presence of
Jesus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re-
ceive me, dear Savior, in glo - ry, my home.

95. *The Saint's Sweet Home.*

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints·
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at Home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my home.

96. *Sweet Home.*

1 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Savior! direct me to heaven, my home.

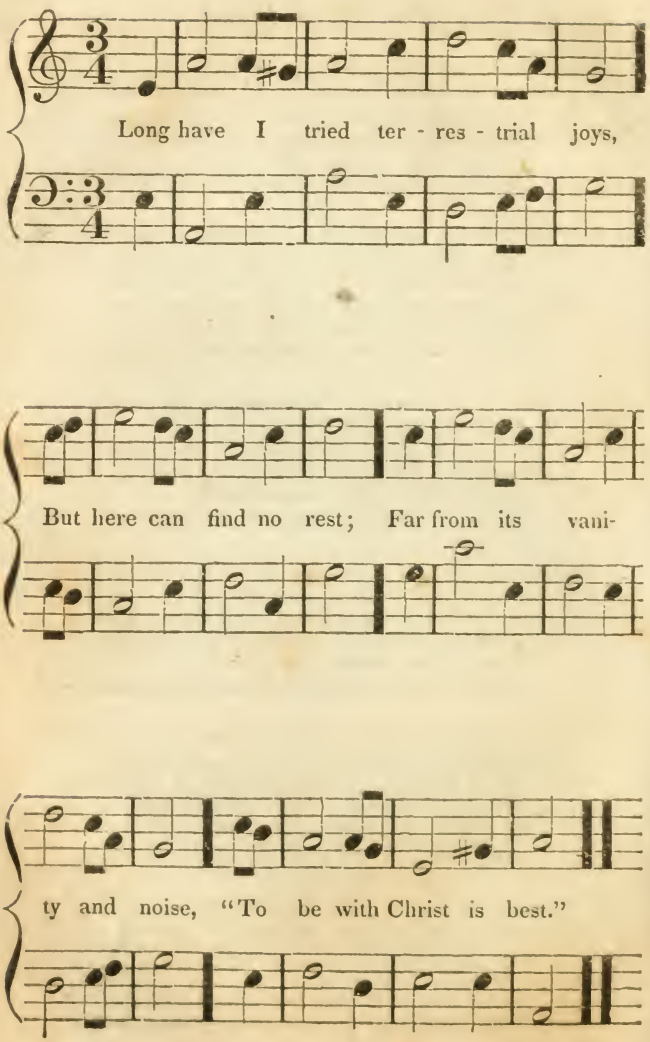
2 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay,
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home!

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
'Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home.'
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Savior for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Savior for ever at home.


Long have I tried ter - res - trial joys,
But here can find no rest; Far from its vani-
ty and noise, "To be with Christ is best."

97. *The Saint's Choice.*

1 Long have I tried terrestrial joys,
But here can find no rest;
Far from its vanity and noise,
"To be with Christ is best."

2 Fair is the Siren's painted face,
And sin looks gaily drest
To cheat me; but I fly the embrace,
"To be with Christ is best."

3 Temptations, with malignant smart,
Betray the unguarded breast:
Safe from the poison of each dart,
"To be with Christ is best."

4 'Tis desert here, and thorns and foes
Do all the road infest;
The danger of the journey's short,
"To be with Christ is best."

5 When earth can no delights afford,
He spreads a heavenly feast;
Such dainties crown his royal board,
"To be with Christ is best."

6 By this I fly the desert through,
And feel my soul refresh'd;
What can obstruct me, when I know
"To be with Christ is best."

7 There an eternity with thee,
I'll think myself well blest;
I see thee here; but oh! to be,
"To be with Christ is best."

8 Loosed from my clog, I'll dart the wing,
And seek on high my rest:
Sit in some heavenly grove and sing,
"To be with Christ is best."

98. *Longing for Heaven.*

1 Like Paul I would desire to die,
I long for death's arrest;
If any ask the reason why,—
"To be with Christ is best."

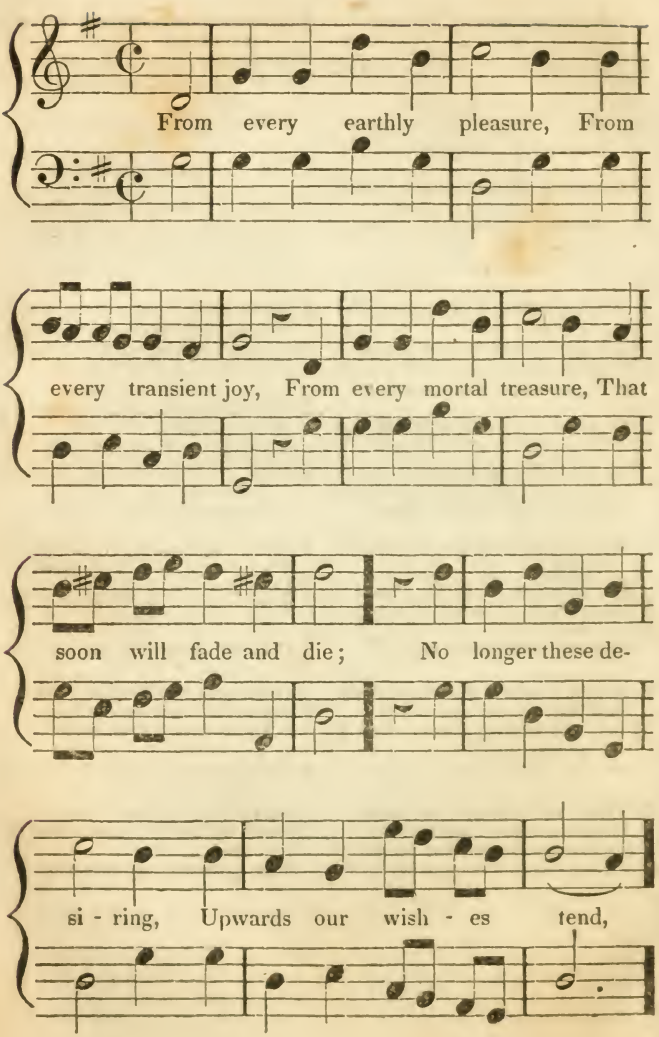
2 My unbelief, that bosom foe,
Which lurks within my breast,
So often seeks my overthrow,—
"To be with Christ is best."

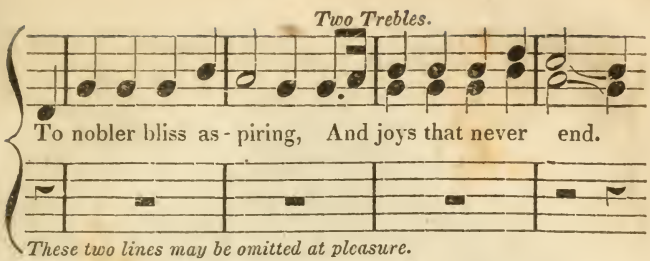
3 Should friends and kindred on me frown,
And leave my soul opprest;
Should evils crush my comforts down,
"To be with Christ is best."

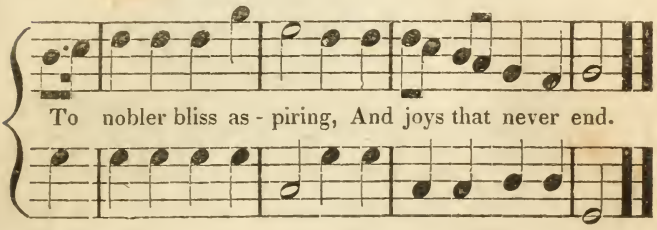
4 Had I a voice so loud and strong,
To sound from east to west;
I'd tell the honor-seeking throng,
"To be with Christ is best."

5 O come, sweet Jesus, quickly come,
And cheer my fainting breast;
I long to reach my heavenly home,
"To be with Christ is best."

6 Pinion'd with love, I'd take the wing,
And fly to thee, my rest:
There with the church triumphant sing,
"To be with Christ is best."


From every earthly pleasure, From
every transient joy, From every mortal treasure, That
soon will fade and die; No longer these de-
si - ring, Upwards our wish - es tend,

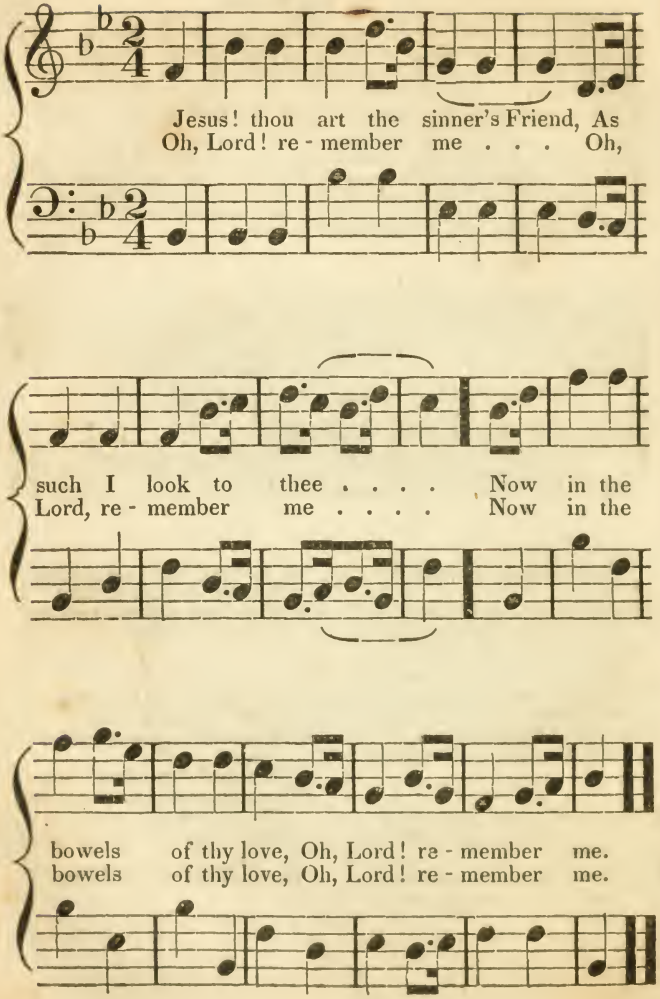




99. *Looking Forward.*

1 From every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upwards our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true, we are but strangers,
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go:
Though painful and distressing
Yet there is a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend, As
Oh, Lord! re - member me . . . Oh,
such I look to thee . . . . Now in the
Lord, re - member me . . . . Now in the
bowels of thy love, Oh, Lord! re - member me.
bowels of thy love, Oh, Lord! re - member me.

100. *Lord! remember me.*

1 Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

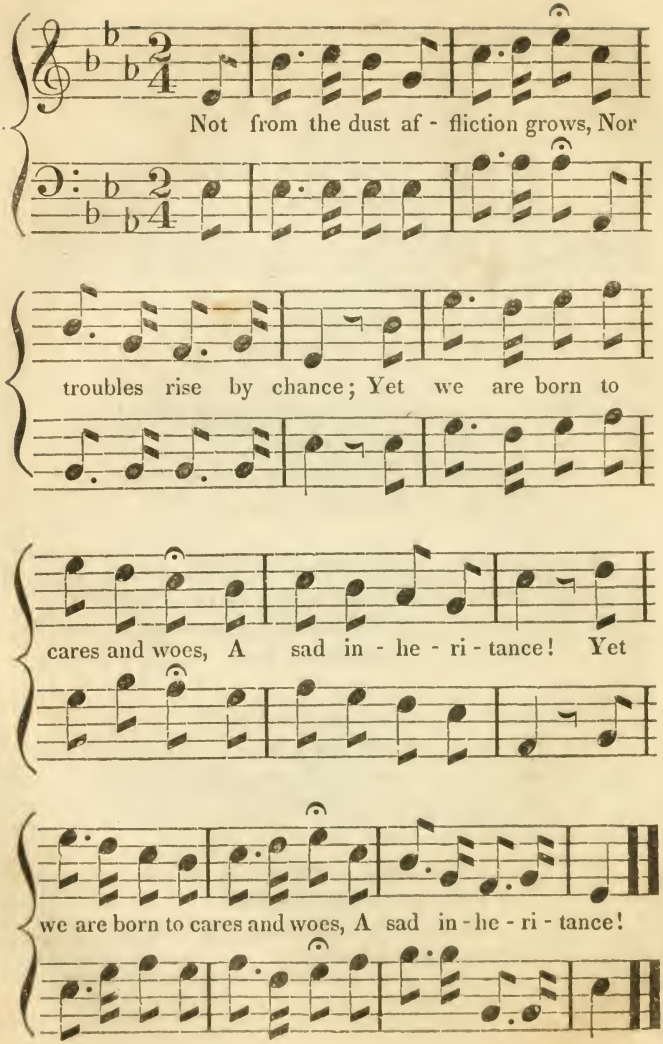
2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all abounding grace,
Oh Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.


Not from the dust af - fliction grows, Nor
troubles rise by chance; Yet we are born to
cares and woes, A sad in - he - ri - tance! Yet
we are born to cares and woes, A sad in - he - ri - tance!

101. *Resignation.*

1 Not from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes!
A sad inheritance!

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn:

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace;
He rules me by his well known laws,
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

102. *Contrition's Sigh.*

1 O thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face!
Hast thou not said—Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Guide! my Light!
Without one cheering ray:
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

103. *The Backslider.*

1 O why did I my Savior leave,
So soon unfaithful prove:
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love?

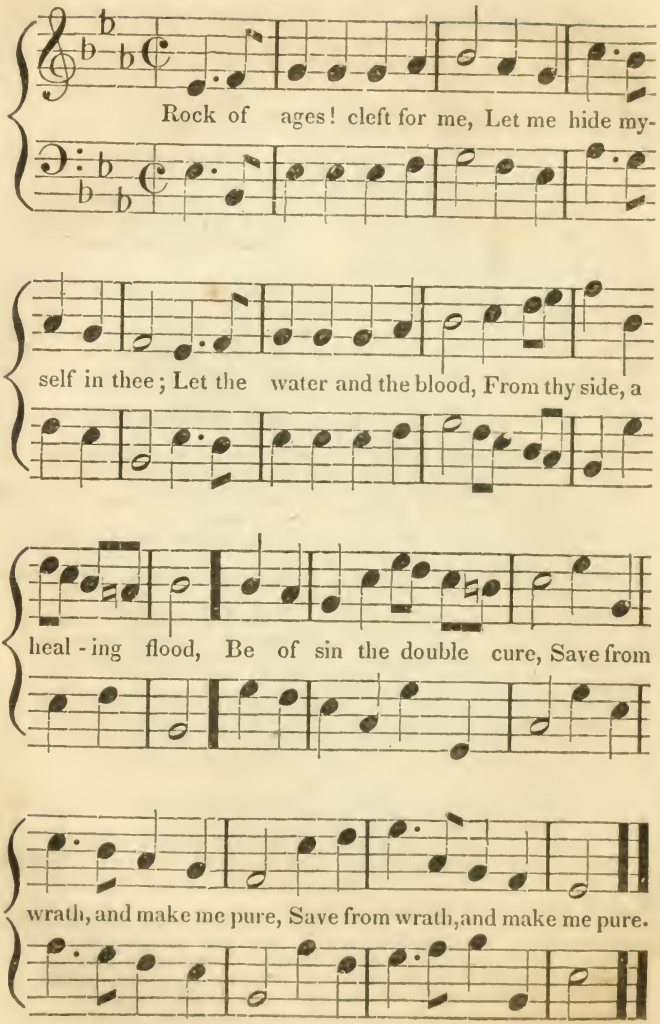
2 I forced thee first to disappear,
I turn'd thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

3 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Savior, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

4 O could I lose myself in thee;
Thy depth of mercy prove;
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

5 My humble soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

6 I loathe myself, when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content, if thou exalted be,
And Christ be *All in All.*


Rock of ages! cleft for me, Let me hide my-
self in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy side, a
heal - ing flood, Be of sin the double cure, Save from
wrath, and make me pure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

104. *Faith.*

1 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

105. *Spirit of Adoption.*

1 Since the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty!
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace!
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Savior asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine!
Lo! to his my suit I join:
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:
Bless me; for I *will* prevail.

4 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my ture into thine!
Move, and spread throughout my soul.
Actuate, and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay!
Come, and in thy temple stay!
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of Life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart!

106. *Praise to our King.*

1 Come and let us praise our King,
He is worthy to be praised;
Should his saints refuse to sing,
How would angels stand amazed!
O exalt the sinner's friend!
Let his praises never end.

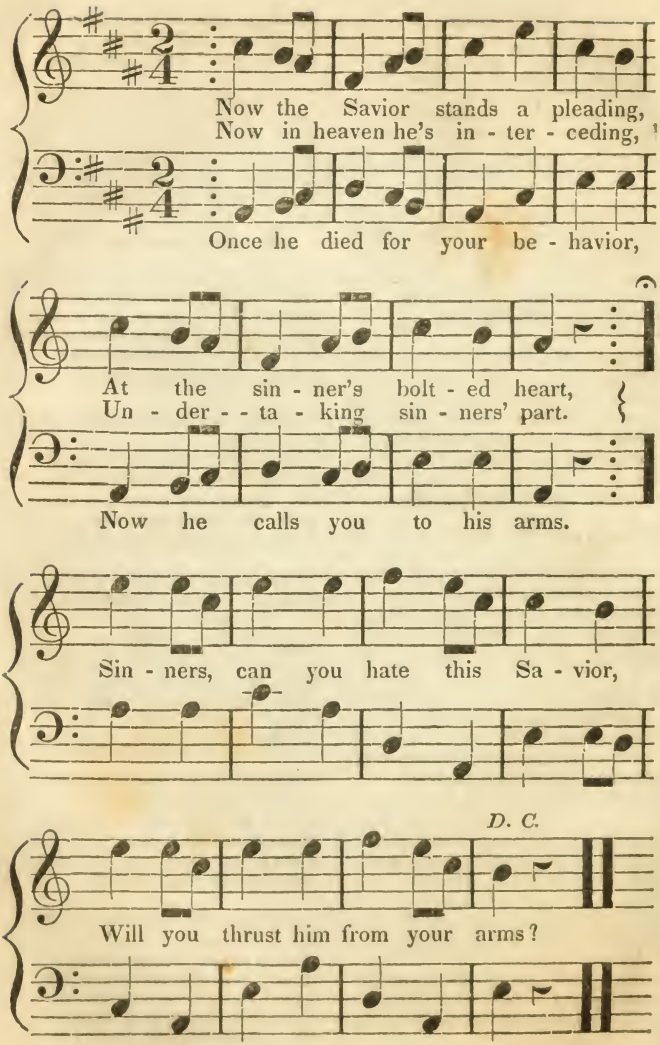
2 There he dwells whom angels sing;
Once he bore the cross below;
Jesus, heaven's eternal King,
Lived on earth a man of wo:
Now he reigns, and reigns above,
Jesus reigns the God of love.

3 Hail, immortal King of heaven!
Endless praise surround thy throne;
Lamb of God, for sinners given,
"Thou art worthy," thou alone:
Thee we serve, and thee we sing;
Jesus, hail, eternal King.

107. *Our Common Lord.*

1 Jesus is our common Lord,
He our loving Savior is;
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss:
Bliss to carnal minds unknown,
Only to believers shown.

2 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above:
Let us for that day prepare,
For our glorious meeting th[illegible]:


Now the Savior stands a pleading,
Now in heaven he's in - ter - ceding,
Once he died for your be - havior,
At the sin - ner's bolt - ed heart,
Un - der - - ta - king sin - ners' part.
Now he calls you to his arms.
Sin - ners, can you hate this Sa - vior,
D. C.
Will you thrust him from your arms?

108. *Expostulation.*

1 Now the Savior stands a pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.
Sinners, can you hate this Savior?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his arms.

2 Now he pleads his sweat and blood-shed,
Shows his wounded hands and feet;
Father, save them, though they're blood red,
Raise them to a heavenly seat.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

3 Sinners, hear your God and Savior,
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your vain behavior,
O repent, return, and pray.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

4 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife;
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon the events of life.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

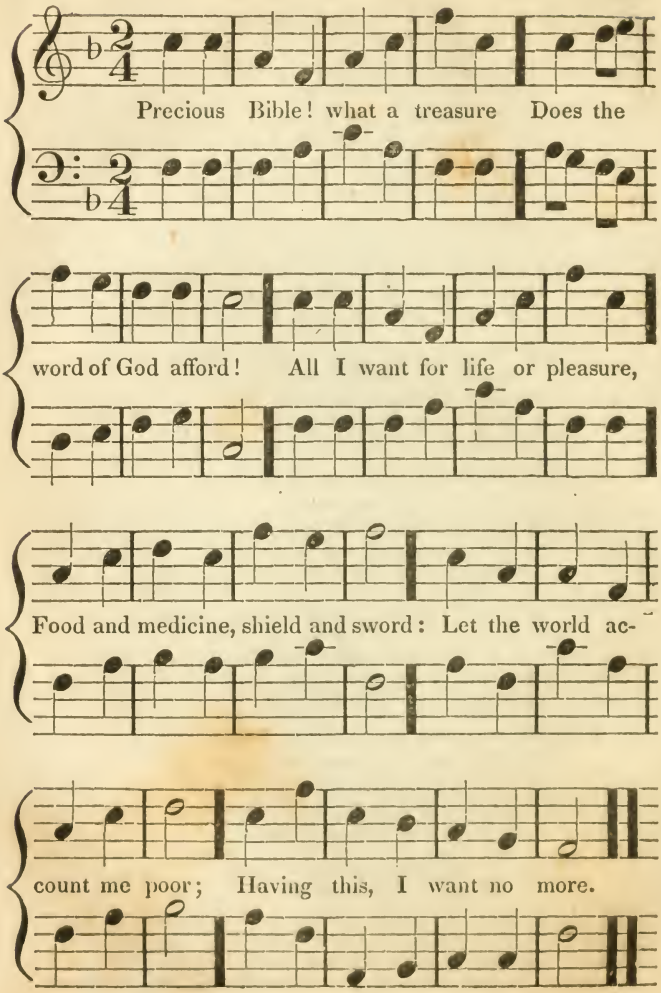
5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See, what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

6 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Savior welcome in;
Now receive,—and O adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

7 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

TREASURE. 8. 7.

Written for the Lyre, by A. Forbush.


Precious Bible! what a treasure Does the
word of God afford! All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword: Let the world ac-
count me poor; Having this, I want no more.

109. *The Bible a precious treasure.*

1 Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I want no more.

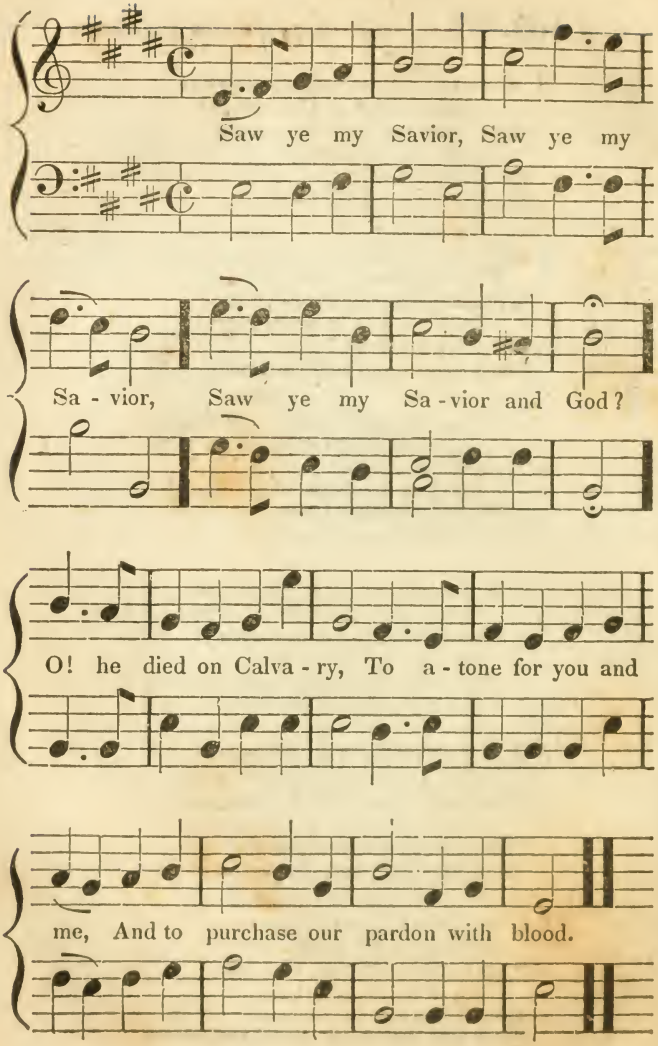
2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicine here I find;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield:
While the Scripture truths are sure
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword:
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.


Saw ye my Savior, Saw ye my
Sa - vior, Saw ye my Sa - vior and God?
O! he died on Calva - ry, To a - tone for you and
me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.

110. *The Atonement.*

1 Saw ye my Savior—Saw ye my Savior,
Saw ye my Savior and God?
O! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended—He was extended,
Painfully nail'd to the cross;
Here he bow'd his head and died,
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain,
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

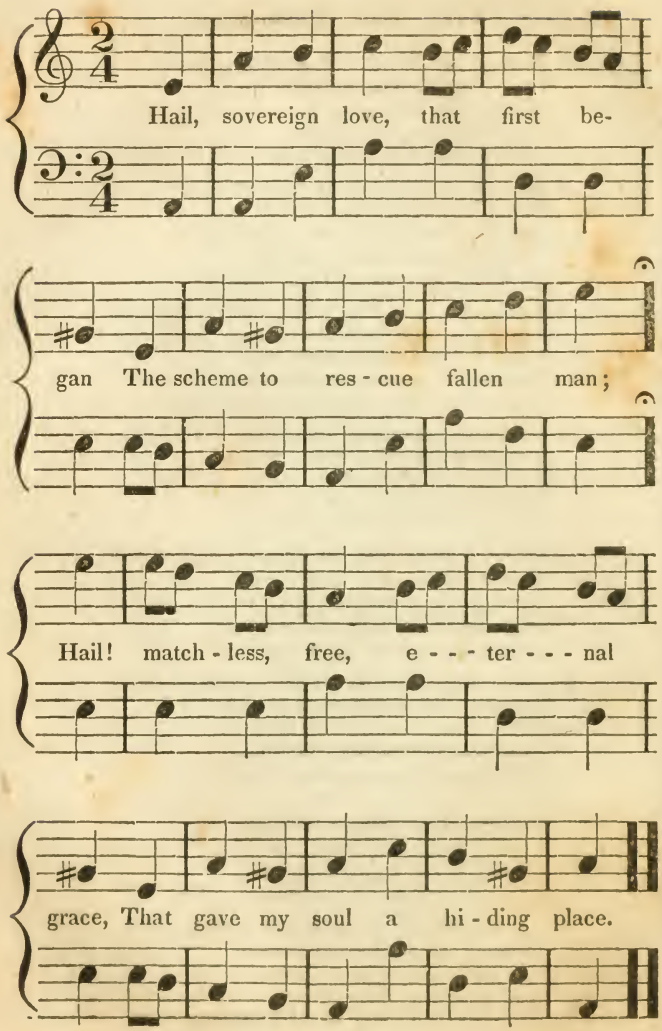
4 Darkness prevailed—Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine,
When his majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted and slain.

5 When it was finish'd—When it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd with spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Savior—Hail, mighty Savior,
Prince, and the author of peace;
O! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 There interceding—There interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father, I have died,
O, behold my hands and side,
O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."

8 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe,
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."


Hail, sovereign love, that first be-
gan The scheme to res - cue fallen man;
Hail! match - less, free, e - - - ter - - - nal
grace, That gave my soul a hi - ding place.

111. *The Hiding-place.*

1 Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

2 Against the God, that built the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high:
Despised the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

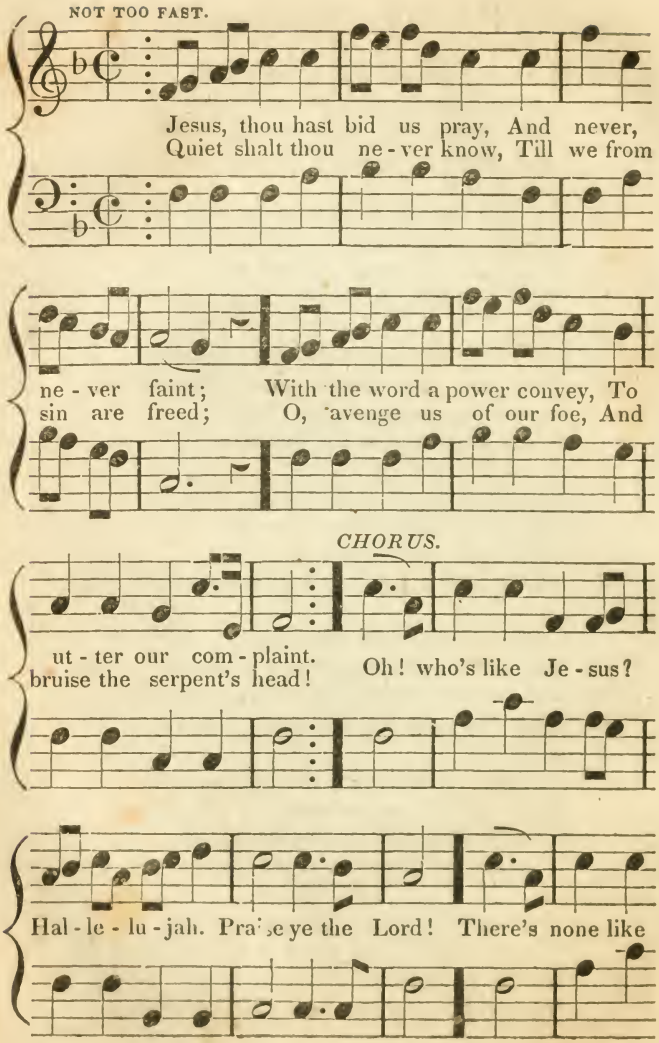
3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light:
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place!

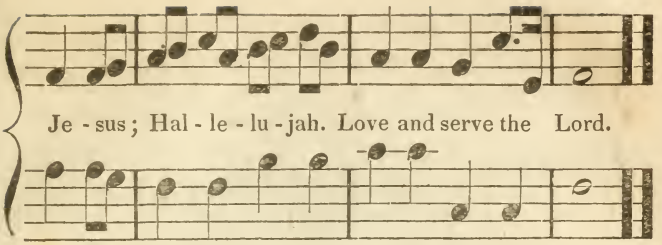
4 But lo! the eternal counsel ran,
'Almighty love arrest the man;'
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place.

6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appear'd;
Who led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.


NOT TOO FAST.
Jesus, thou hast bid us pray, And never,
Quiet shalt thou ne - ver know, Till we from
ne - ver faint; With the word a power convey, To
sin are freed; O, avenge us of our foe, And
CHORUS.
ut - ter our com - plaint.
bruise the serpent's head!
Oh! who's like Je - sus?
Hal - le - lu - jah. Pra'se ye the Lord! There's none like



112. *Importunity.*

1 Jesus, thou hast bid us pray,
And never, never faint;
With the word a power convey,
To utter our complaint!
Quiet shalt thou never know,
Till we from sin are freed:
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

2 We have now begun to cry,
And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the sinner's Friend:
Day and night we'll speak our wo,
Importunately plead;
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

3 Speak the word, and we shall be
From all our bands released;
Only thou canst set us free,
By satan long oppress'd:
Now thy power almighty show,
Arise, thou conquering Seed!
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

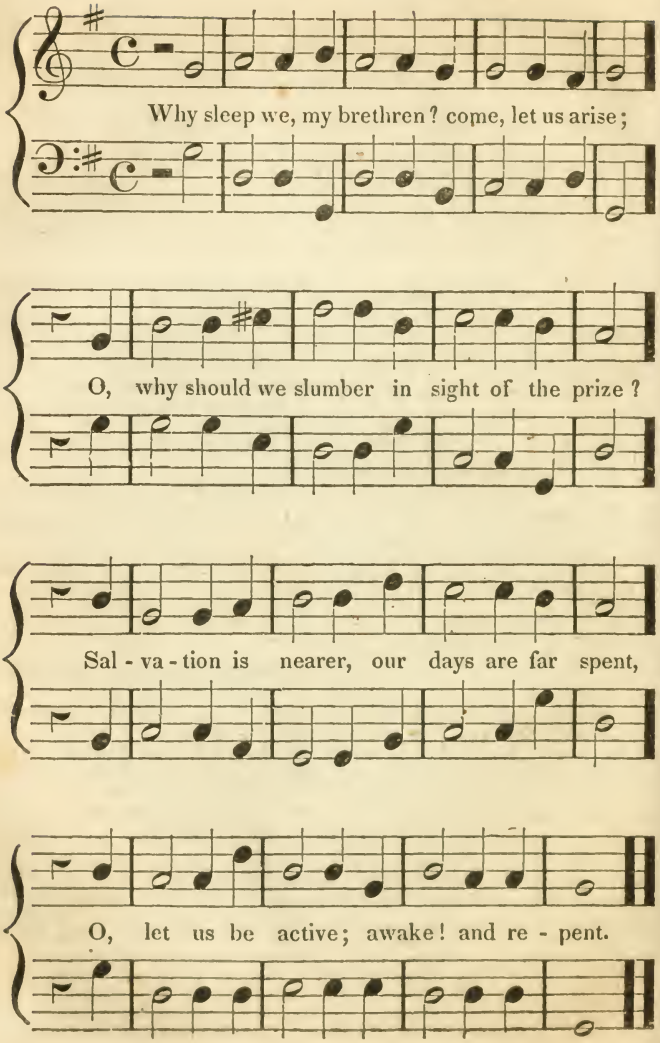
4 To destroy his work of sin,
Thyself in us reveal;
Manifest thyself within
Our flesh, and fully dwell:
Enter with us here below,
And make us free indeed:
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

5 Stronger than the strong man, thou
His fury canst control:
Cast him out, by entering now,
And keep our ransom'd soul.
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On powers of darkness tread;
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

6 To the never-ceasing cries
Of thine elect, attend;
Send deliverance from the skies,
Thy mighty Spirit send:
Though to man thou seemest slow,
And not our cries to heed;
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

7 Come, O come, all glorious Lord!
No longer now delay,
With thy Spirit's two-edged sword,
The crooked serpent slay!
Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
Root out the hellish seed:
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

8 Jesus, hear thy Spirit's call,
Thy Bride, who bids thee come:
Come, thou righteous Judge of all,
Pronounce the tempter's doom;
Doom him to eternal wo,
For all his angels made:
Now avenge us of our foe,
For ever bruise his head!


Why sleep we, my brethren? come, let us arise;
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Sal - va - tion is nearer, our days are far spent,
O, let us be active; awake! and re - pent.

113. *Why Sleep We?*

WRITTEN BY REV. J. HOPKINS.

1 WHY sleep we, my brethren? come, let us arise,
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.

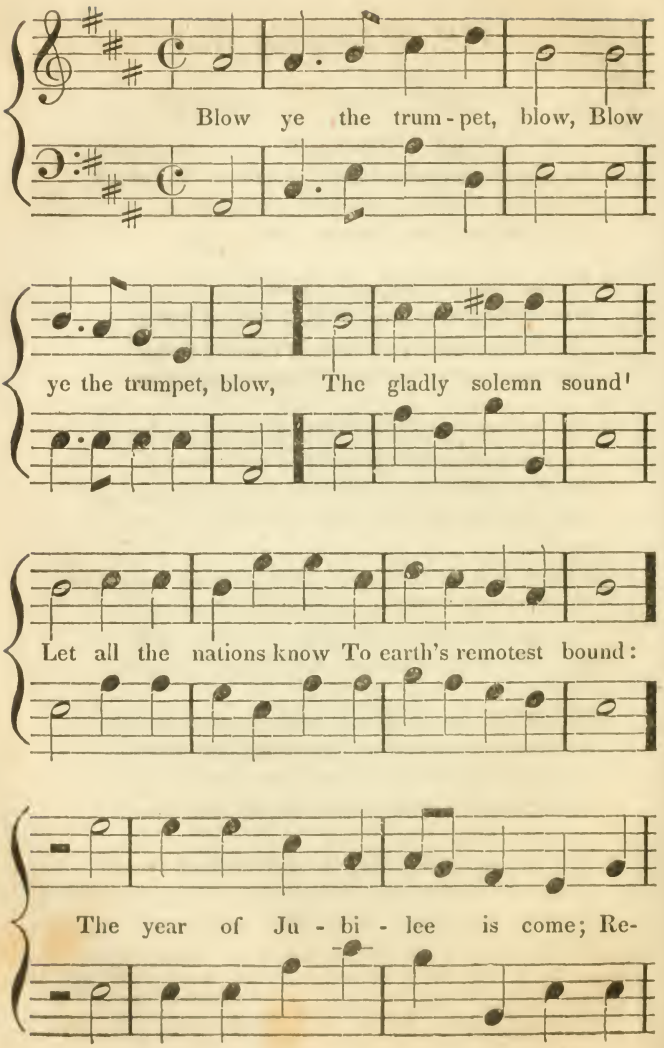
2 O, how can we slumber! the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

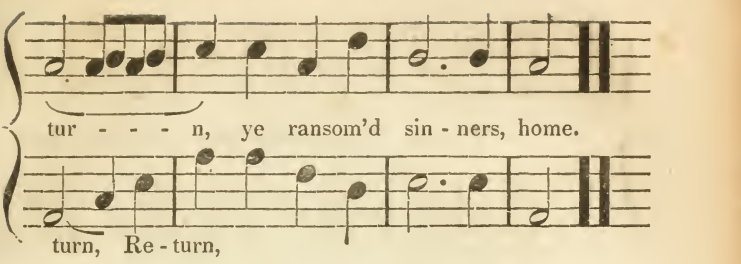
3 O, how can we slumber! our foes are awake;
To ruin poor souls every effort they make;
To accomplish their object no means are untried,
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.

4 O, how can we slumber! when so much was done,
To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son!
Now mercy is proffer'd, and justice display'd,
Now God can be honor'd, and sinners be saved.

5 O, how can we slumber! when death is so near,
And sinners are sinking to endless despair;
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize,
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

6 O, how can ye slumber! ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound;
O, fly to the Savior, he calls you to-day;
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.


Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, Blow
ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-



114. *The Year of Jubilee.*

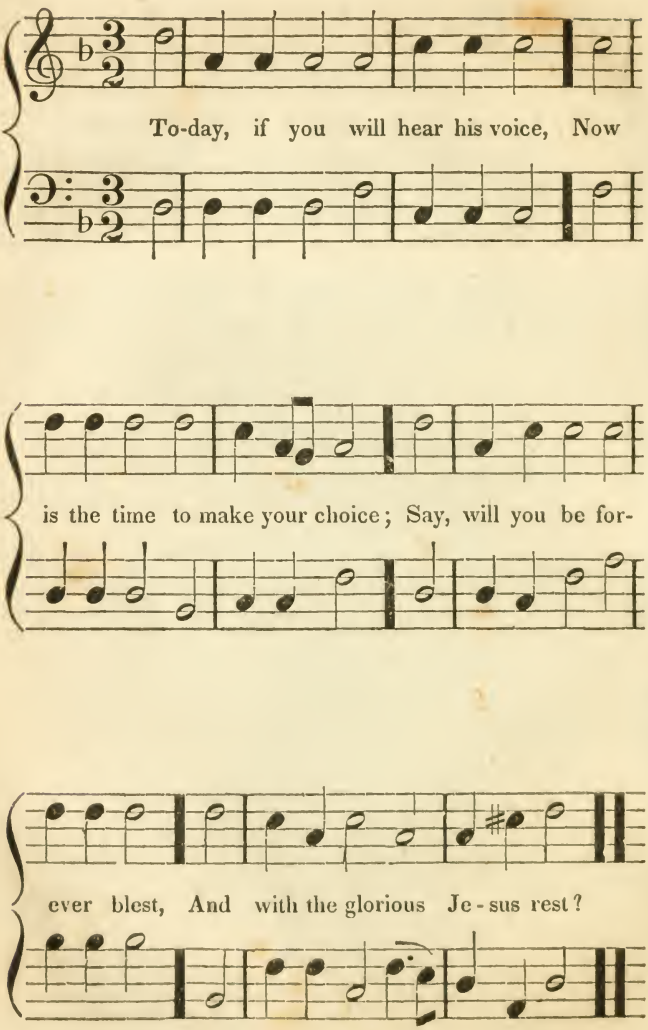
1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.


To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now
is the time to make your choice; Say, will you be for-
ever blest, And with the glorious Je-sus rest?

115. *To-day.*

1 To-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice
Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with the glorious Jesus rest?

2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?
Say, will you to mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

3 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

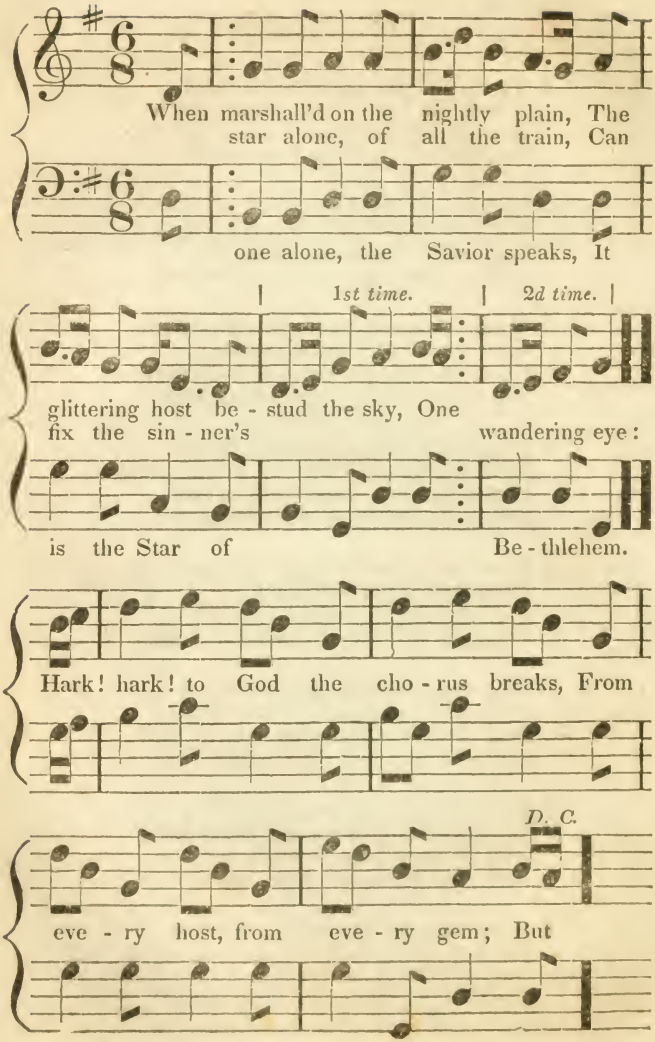
4 Behold, he's waiting at your door!
Make now your choice; O, halt no more
Say, sinner, say, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

5 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compared to our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear;
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.

6 Why rush in carnal pleasures on?
Why madly plunge in sorrow down?
Say, without Christ what can you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

7 O, must we bid you all farewell;
We bound to heaven, and you to hell?
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you, ere that burning day.

8 Once more we ask you in his name,
We know his love remains the same;
Say, will you to mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?


When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The
star alone, of all the train, Can
one alone, the Savior speaks, It
1st time.
2d time.
glittering host be - stud the sky, One
fix the sin - ner's wandering eye:
is the Star of Be - thlehem.
Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From
D. C.
eve - ry host, from eve - ry gem; But

116. *The Star of Bethlehem.*

1 When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye:
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

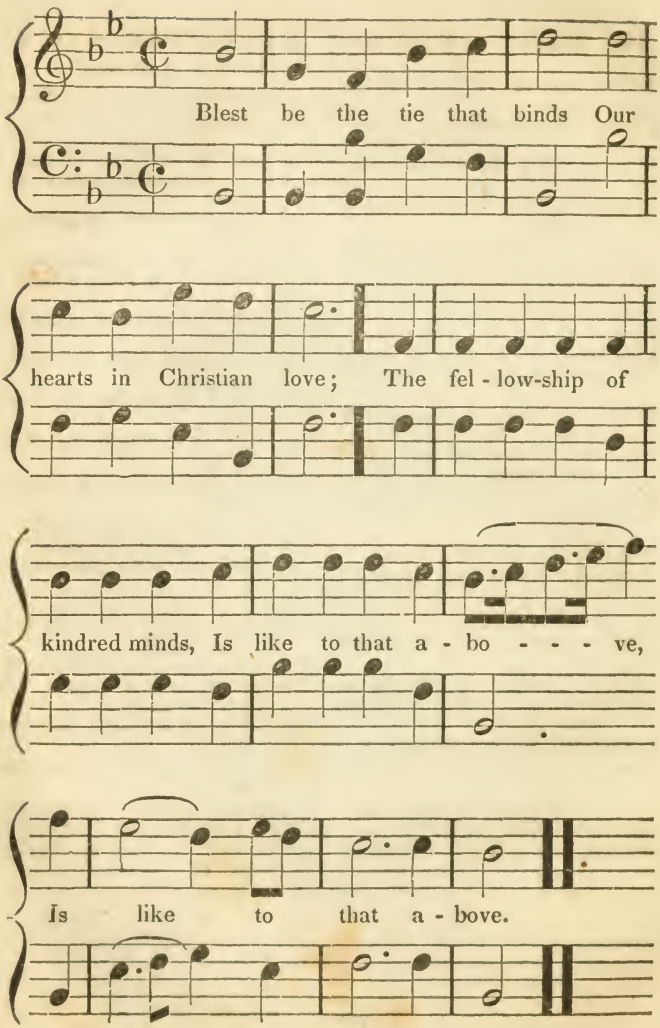
117. *The Ransomed Spirit.*

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

1 The ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, Holy Love!

2 The cherub near the viewless throne,
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand;
And one with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel band;
But tuneless is the quivering string,
No melody can Gabriel bring,
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to Love!

3 Earth, sea and sky one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease,
It whispers to the bosom peace;
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!


Blest be the tie that binds Our
hearts in Christian love; The fel - low-ship of
kindred minds, Is like to that a - bo - - - ve,
Is like to that a - bove.

118. *Christian Love.*

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

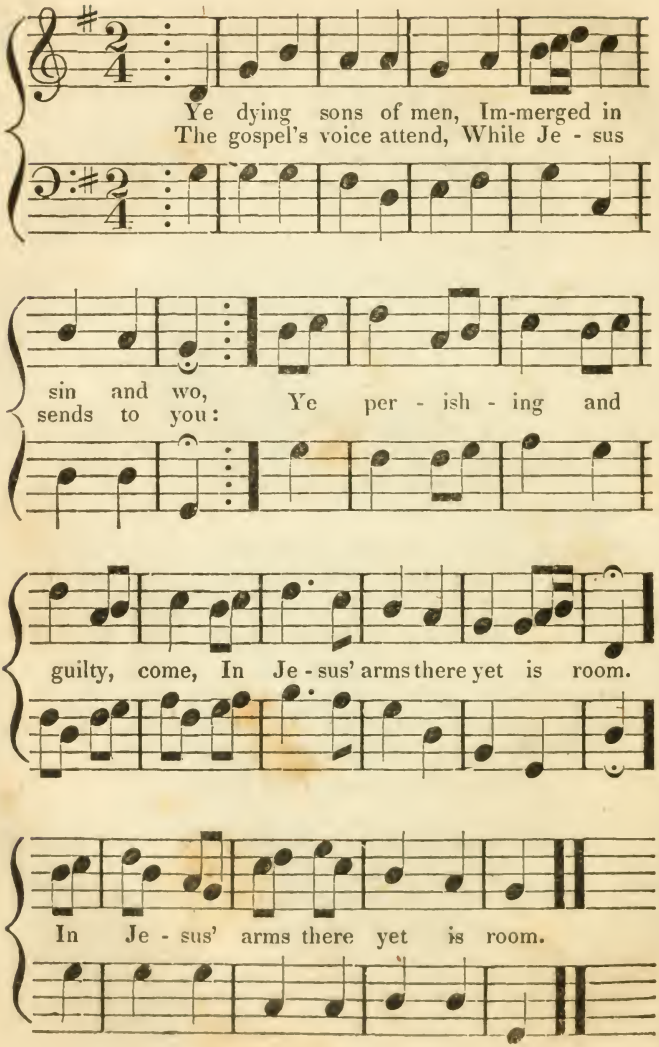
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.


Ye dying sons of men, Im-merged in
The gospel's voice attend, While Je - sus
sin and wo,
sends to you:
Ye per - ish - ing and
guilty, come, In Je - sus' arms there yet is room.
In Je - sus' arms there yet is room.

119. *The Gospel's Voice.*

1 Ye dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay;
No vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering souls, draw near;
Christ calls you from above—
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will, now come;
In mercy's arms there still is room.

120. *Pastoral Cares.*

1 Who can describe the pain,
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to preach in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

2 The Savior's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their warm affections move,
And draw their efforts forth:
They pray and strive—their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinner's hearts.

3 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceived;
Then how their inmost souls are grieved.

4 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade,
The ripening ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest joys can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

5 On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

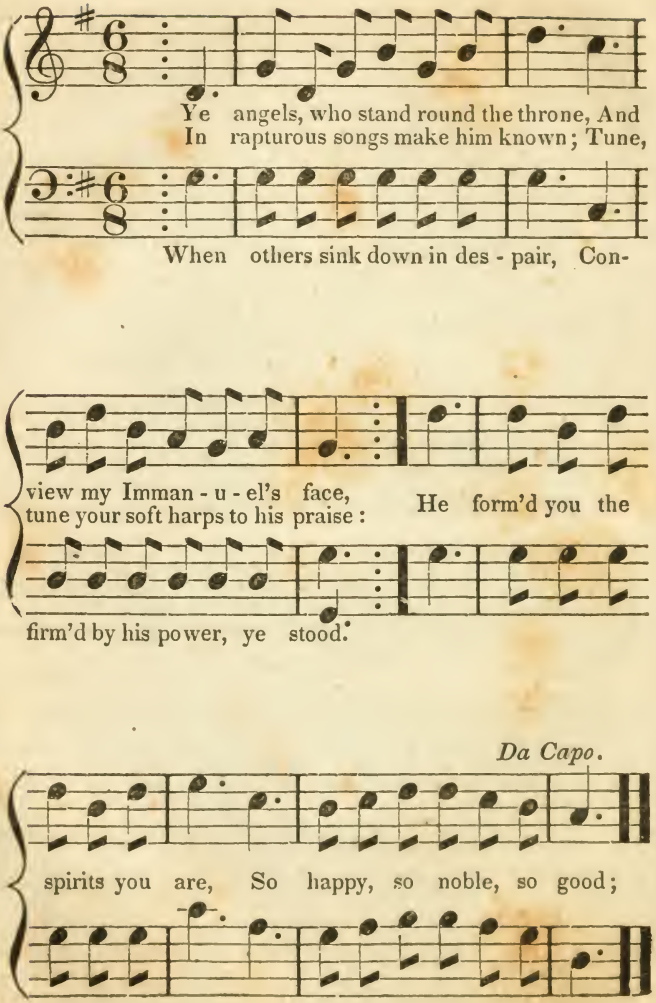
121. *Doxology.*

1 We give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent his own Eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood,
From everlasting wo:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done;
The sacred Persons three,
The Godhead only one:
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.


Ye angels, who stand round the throne, And
In rapturous songs make him known; Tune,
When others sink down in des - pair, Con-
view my Imman - u - el's face,
tune your soft harps to his praise:
He form'd you the
firm'd by his power, ye stood.
Da Capo.
spirits you are, So happy, so noble, so good;

122. *Panting for Heaven.*

1 Ye angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise·
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—
He ransom'd from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Savior belong!
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Savior to see!

4 I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I want—Oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder, and worship with you!

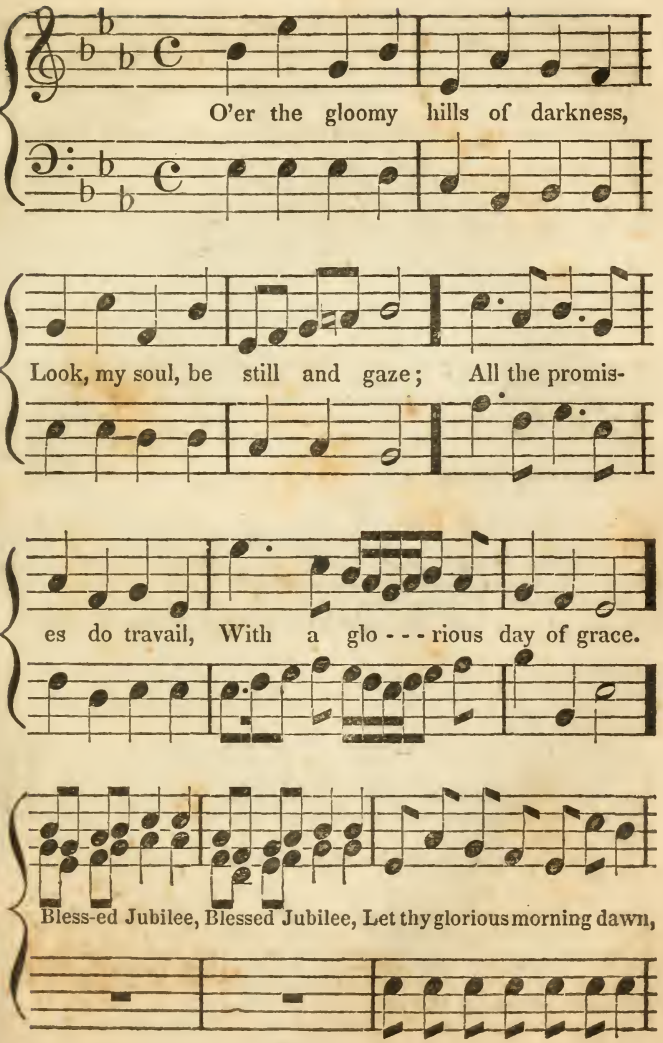
123. *Longing for Christ.*

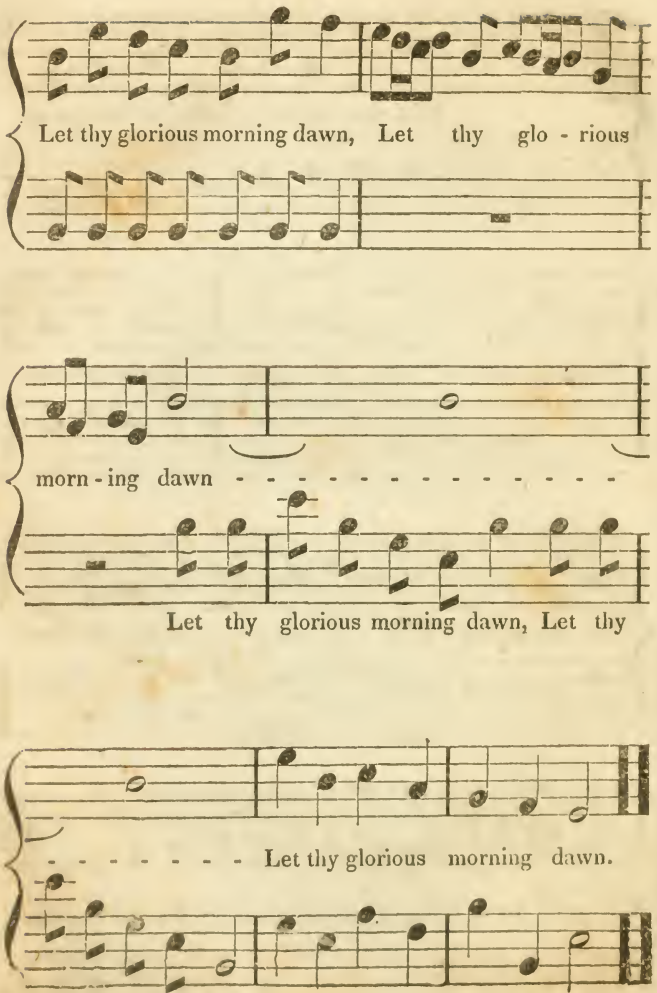
1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.


O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze; All the promis-
es do travail, With a glo - - - rious day of grace.
Bless-ed Jubilee, Blessed Jubilee, Let thy glorious morning dawn,


Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy glo - rious
morn - ing dawn - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy
- - - - - - - Let thy glorious morning dawn.
glorious morning dawn.

124. *Hills of Darkness.*

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel,
Spread abroad thy holy name,
O'er the borders,
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

125. *On the Mountains.*

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

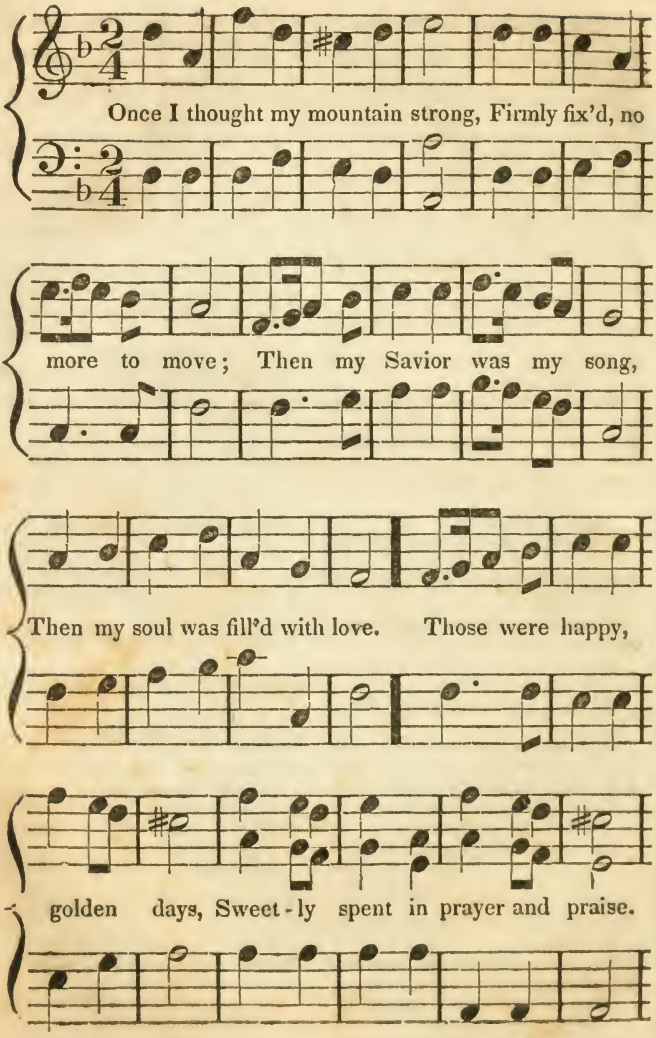
4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Savior, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

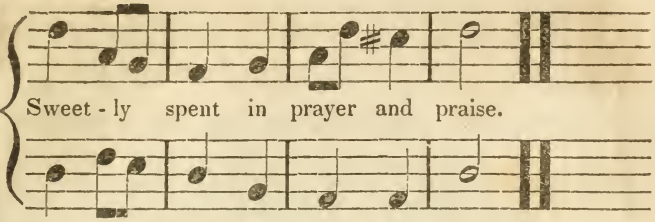
126. *Men of God.*

1 MEN of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Savior's matchless worth.

2 What tho' earth and hell united,
Should oppose the Savior's plan?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted:
Fear ye not the face of man:
Vain their tumult,
Stop his work they never can.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend:
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.


Once I thought my mountain strong, Firmly fix'd, no
more to move; Then my Savior was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love. Those were happy,
golden days, Sweet-ly spent in prayer and praise.



127. *Once I Thought.*

1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
Then my Savior was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

3 Savior, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

128. *Faith Encouraged.*

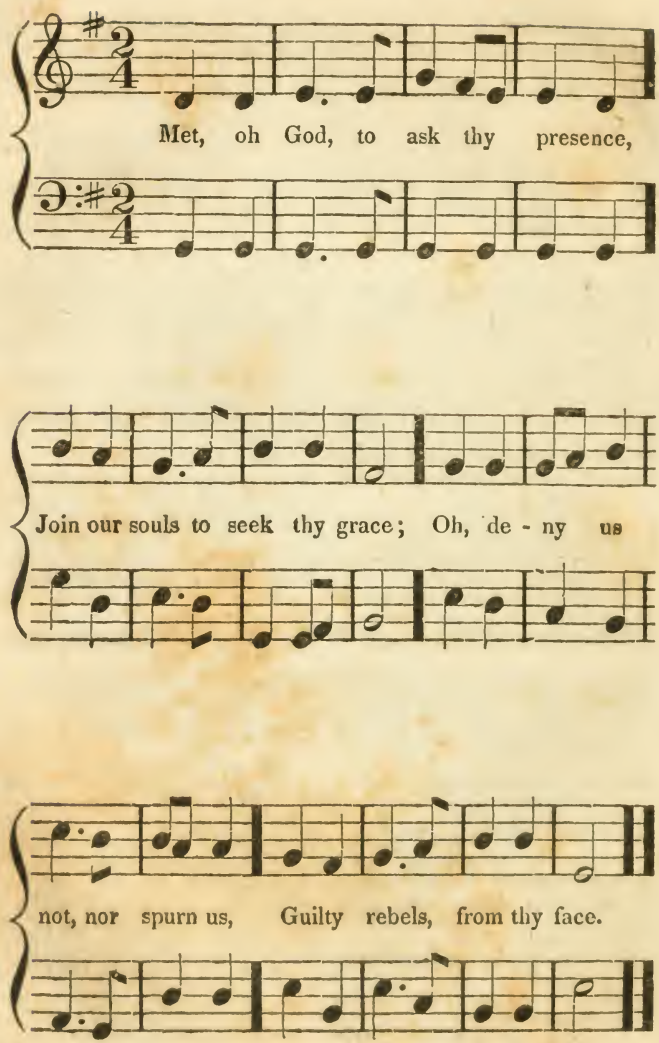
1 Pensive, doubting, fearful heart,
Hear what Christ the Savior says;
Every word should joy impart,
Change thy mourning into praise.
Fearful soul, attend and see;
Yes, he speaks, and speaks to thee.

2 "Fear thou not, nor be ashamed,
All thy sorrows soon shall end;
I, who heaven and earth have framed,
Am thy husband and thy friend:
I, the High and Holy One,
As thy Savior will be known.

3 "For a moment I withdrew,
And thy heart was fill'd with pain;
But thy mercies I'll renew,
Thou shalt soon rejoice again:
Though I seem to hide my face,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

4 "When my peaceful bow appears,
Painted on the watery cloud,
'Tis to dissipate thy fears,
Lest the earth should be o'erflow'd:
'Tis an emblem too of peace;
Very soon my wrath shall cease.

5 "Though afflicted, tempest toss'd,
Comfortless awhile thou art,
Faithful souls shall ne'er be lost;
I have graved them on my heart:
Look to me, and prove anew,
What a God of love can do."


Met, oh God, to ask thy presence,
Join our souls to seek thy grace; Oh, de - ny us
not, nor spurn us, Guilty rebels, from thy face.

129. *Backslider's Confession.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 Met, O God, to ask thy presence,
Join our souls to seek thy grace;
Oh, deny us not, nor spurn us,
Guilty rebels from thy face.

2 All is sin, we own, our Father,
All our lives are mark'd with guilt;
Nought we plead, our sins to cover,
Save the blood that Jesus spilt.

3 We have wander'd—long have wander'd,
Much we need thy chastening rod;
But we come to own our folly:
Heal and pardon, O our God!

4 May thy people wake from slumber,
Ere their lamps shall fail and die:
Bridegroom of the Church, awake them!
Rouse them by the "midnight cry."

5 Let conviction seize the careless,
Through their souls thine arrows dart;
Let thy truth, so long rejected,
Break and melt the flinty heart.

6 Oh, thou kind, forgiving Spirit,
Comforter, on thee we call!
Cheer the saint—alarm the sinner,
Oh, revive—revive us all.

J. B. W.

130. *Christ at the Door.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 Jesus stands, oh, how amazing,
Stands and knocks at every door;
In his hands ten thousand blessings,
Proffer'd to the wretched poor.

2 See me bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare yon heavenly rest;
Listen, while I kindly call you,
Hear—and be for ever blest.

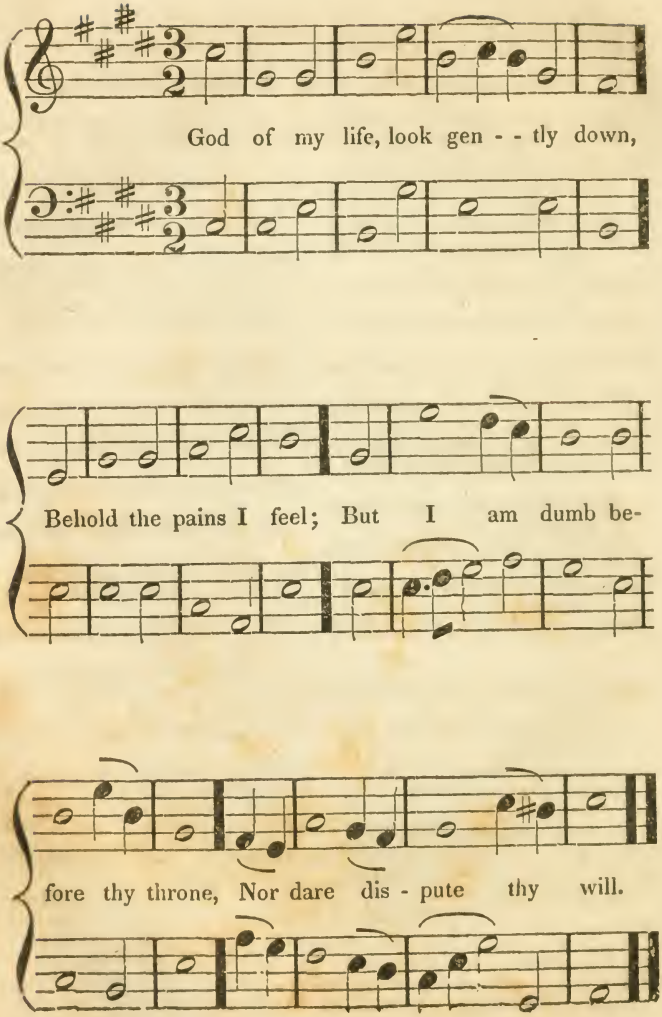
3 Will you spurn my richest mercy,
Spurn—and sink to endless pain;
Or to realms of bliss and glory
Rise, and with me ever reign?

4 Now I have not come to judgment,
To condemn your wretched race;
But to ransom ruin'd sinners,
And display unbounded grace.

5 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
There to bear eternal pain;
Or to realms of glorious brightness
Rise—and with me ever reign?

6 Will you hear my invitation,
That your sins may be forgiven;
Or now make the guilty preference,
Which shall bar your souls from heaven?

S. G.


God of my life, look gen - - tly down,
Behold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be-
fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.

131. *God of my Life.*

1 God of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

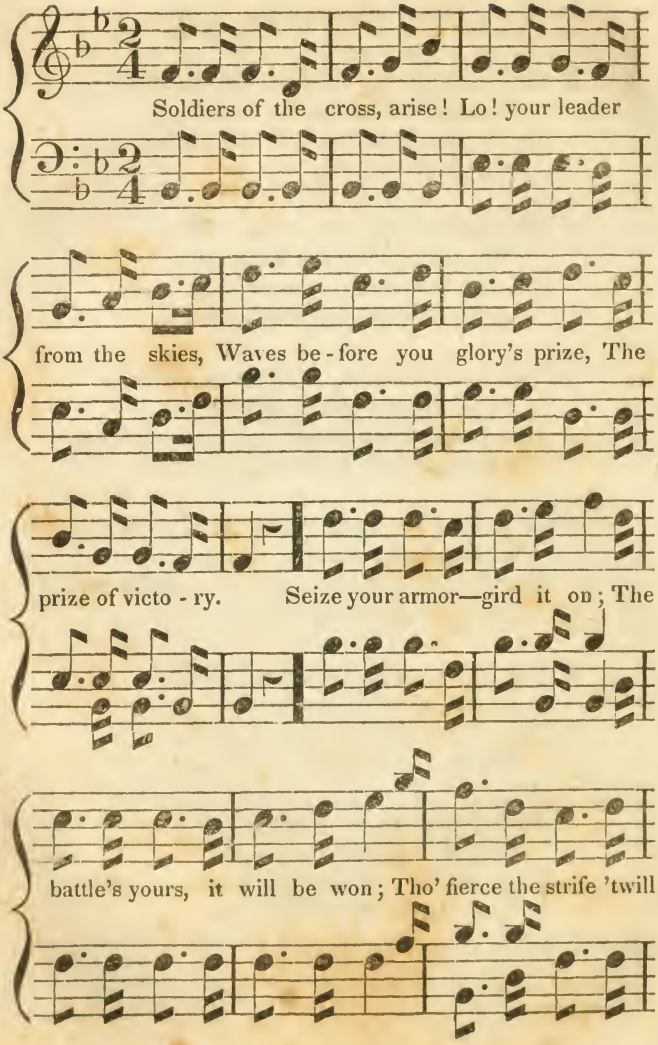
2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

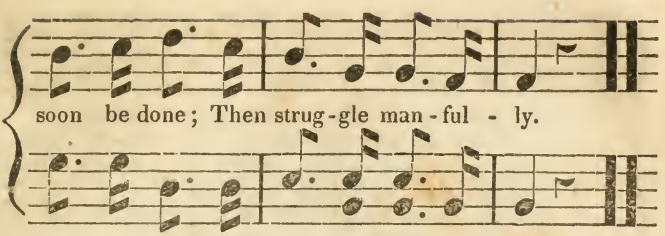
3 Yet I may plead, with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand
And all our beauty's lost.

5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear!

6 And if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove;
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.


Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your leader
from the skies, Waves be-fore you glory's prize, The
prize of victo-ry. Seize your armor—gird it on; The
battle's yours, it will be won; Tho' fierce the strife 'twill



132. *Soldiers of the Cross.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 Soldiers of the cross, arise!
Lo! your leader from the skies
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.
Seize your armor—gird it on;
The battle's yours, it will be won;
Though fierce the strife 'twill soon be done;
Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell,
Met and vanquish'd earth and hell;
Now he leads you on, to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt or who can fear?
"God our strength and shield" is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
The crown of glory you shall gain;
And walk among that glorious train,
Who shout their Savior's praise.

J. B. W.

Christian Warrior.

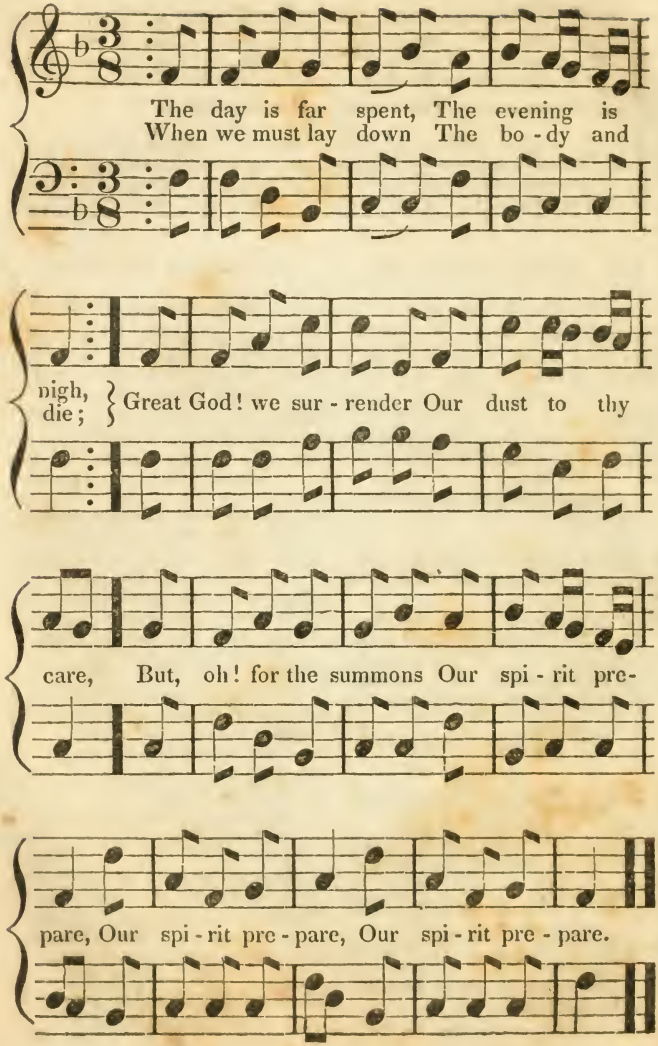
Written for the Lyre.

1 Servants of the living God,
When the paths of sin ye trod,
Grace restrain'd the angry rod;
Bless Messiah's name.
Satan's bondmen once ye were,
Willing captives in his snare,
Till with mighty arm made bare,
Christ your rescue came.

2 Now the fight of faith begin;
Be no more the slaves of sin;
Strive the victor's palm to win,
Trusting in the Lord.
Gird ye on the armor bright,
Warriors of the King of light,
Never yield, nor lose by flight
Your divine reward.

3 Fear not, though a feeble band,
Marching through a hostile land;
Guided by a mighty hand,
Ye shall win the day.
Faithful to your banner be,
Ever fighting manfully;
Laurels shall be won by thee,
Fading not away.

4 Sinners, long estranged from God,
Paths of sorrow ye have trod,
Oft have felt the avenging rod;
Peace have never known.
Give to Christ the glory due,
Be his soldiers faithful, true;
Then he will award to you,
An immortal crown.

W. M.

The day is far spent, The evening is
When we must lay down The bo - dy and
nigh,
die;
Great God! we sur - render Our dust to thy
care, But, oh! for the summons Our spi - rit pre-
pare, Our spi - rit pre - pare, Our spi - rit pre - pare.

133. *The Day is spent.*

1 The day is far spent,
The ening is nigh,
When w must lay down
The body and die;
Great God! we surrender
Our dust to thy care,
But, oh! for the summons
Our spirit prepare.

2 The hours that remain,
Oh, with us abide,
And in the dark vale
Of death, be our guide;
Through life's weary journey,
Thou still hast been near;
And in our last moments,
Lord, for us appear.

3 We die to obtain
A seat with the blest,
A freedom from pain,
A mansion of rest;
We see, not regretting,
The shadows arise,
The sun of life setting
And night on the skies.

4 Though rayless the night,
Though starless the skies,
Extinguish'd all light,
And death on our eyes;
An unclouded morning
Shall rise on the tomb,
Before whose bright dawning
Shall vanish its gloom.

5 O, day long foretold!
When wilt thou appear?
Thy approach we behold
With hope and with fear!
O, righteous Judge, spare us,
From sin set us free,
And daily prepare us
To stand before thee!

134. *A Brother is dead.*

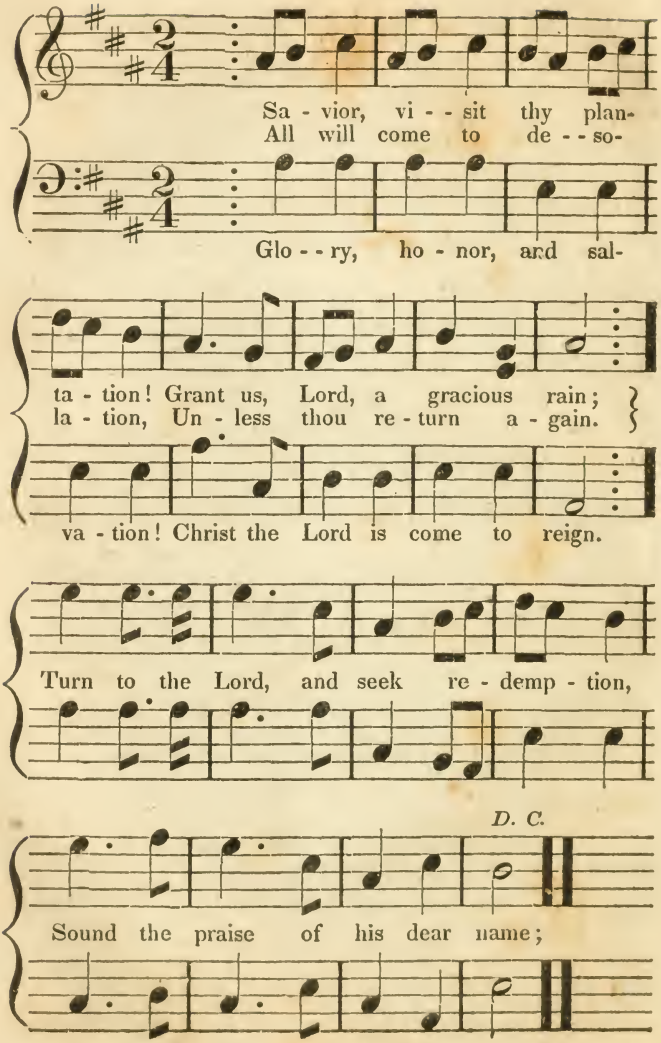
1 Hark! what is that note,
So mournful and slow,
That sends on the winds
The tidings of wo?
It sounds like the knell
Of a spirit that's fled;
It tells us, alas!
A brother is dead.

2 Yes, gone to the grave
Is he whom we loved;
And lifeless that form,
That so manfully moved;
The clods of the valley
Encompass his head,
The marble reminds us,
A brother is dead.

3 But marble and urns!
They never can tell
The spot where the soul
Is destined to dwell.
Ye spirits of air,
That surrounded his bed,
O, speak ye, and tell
Where *the spirit has fled*

4 O say, have ye heard,
In the heavenly throng,
That voice, once with ours
Commingled in song?
O say, to the courts
Of our God, have ye led
The soul that from earth
For ever has fled.

5 No voice from the grave,
No voice from the sky,
Discloses the deeds
That are doing on high:
It need not: Jehovah
Hath said in his word,
That "Blessed are they,
Who die in the Lord."


Sa - vior, vi - - sit thy plan-
All will come to de - - so-
Glo - - ry, ho - nor, and sal-
ta - tion! Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
va - tion! Christ the Lord is come to reign.
Turn to the Lord, and seek re - demp - tion,
D. C.
Sound the praise of his dear name;

135. *The Savior's Visit.*

1 Savior, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord, and seek redemption,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
Happy seasons we have seen!
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples for our youth!
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

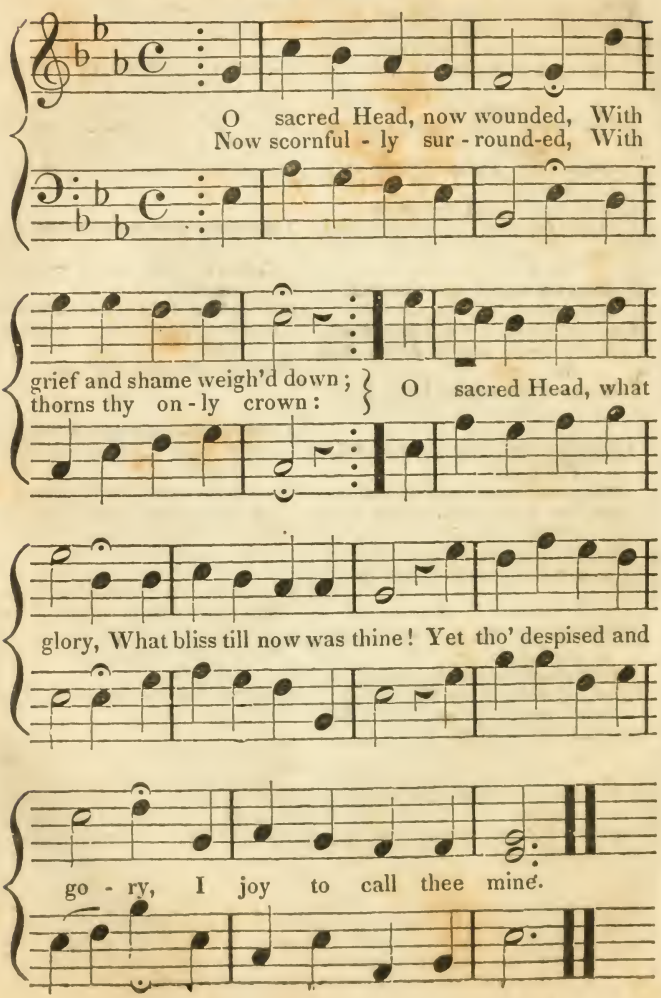
7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

8 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither;
Let not all our hopes be vain!
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

Furnished for the Lyre, by Mr. Kammerer, of New-York,
formerly Professor of Music at Hofwyl.


O sacred Head, now wounded, With
Now scornful - ly sur - round-ed, With
grief and shame weigh'd down;
thorns thy on - ly crown:
O sacred Head, what
glory, What bliss till now was thine! Yet tho' despised and
go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

136. *O Sacred Head.*

Translated from Gerhard's favorite German Hymn, "O Haupt voll blut und wunden,"

BY REV. J. W. ALEXANDER.

1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown:
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All fear'd when thou appearedst;
What shame on thee is hurl'd!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn.

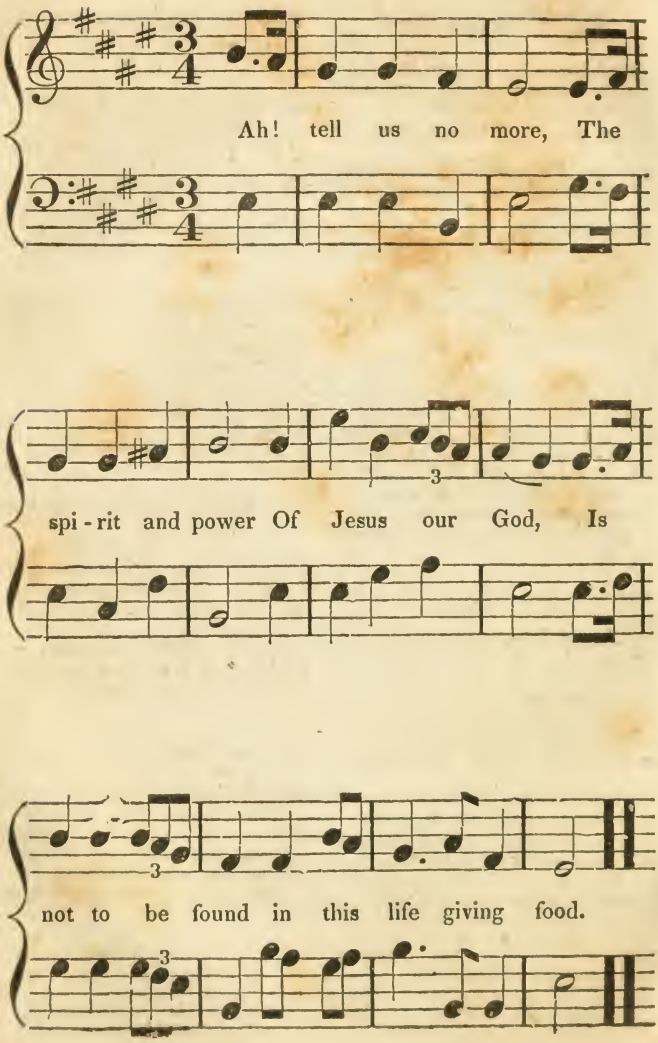
3 What thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!
'Tis I deserve *thy* place,
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace!

4 Receive me, my Redeemer,
My Shepherd, make me thine;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

5 The joy can ne'er be spoken
—Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of Life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

6 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

7 If I, a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

8 Be near when I am dying,
O, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

Ah! tell us no more, The
spi - rit and power Of Jesus our God, Is
not to be found in this life giving food.

137. *Sacrament.*

1 Ah, tell us no more,
The spirit and power
Of Jesus, our God,
Is not to be found in this life-giving food.

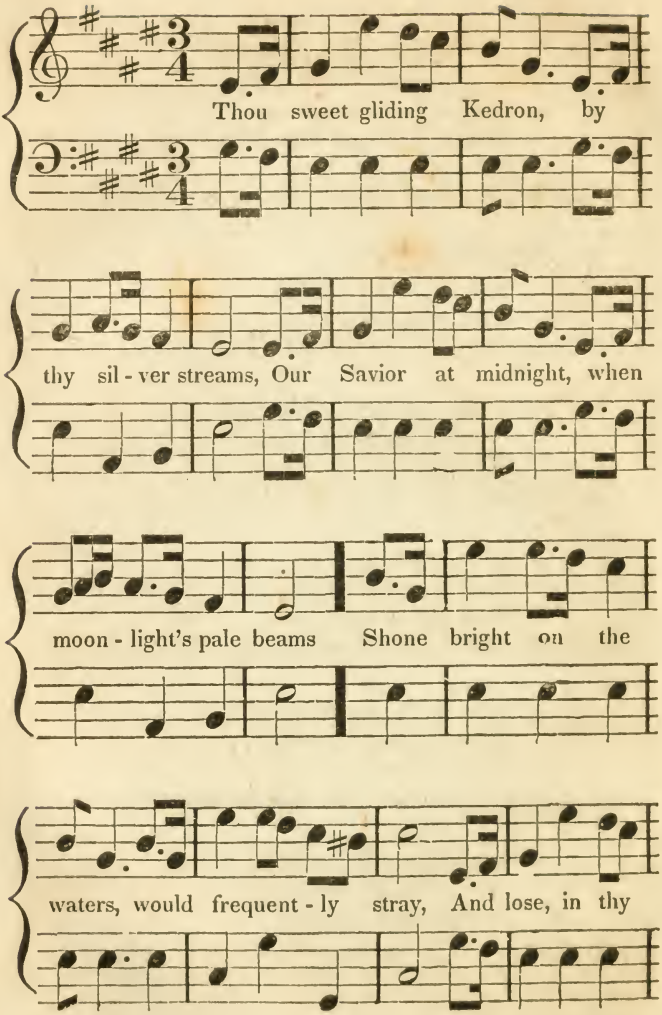
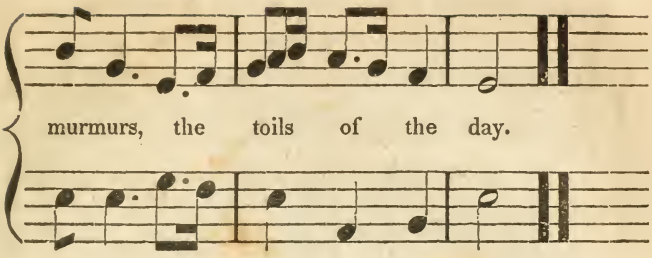
2 Did Jesus ordain
His supper in vain,
And furnish a feast
For none but his earliest servants to taste?

3 Nay, but this is his will,
(We know it and feel)
That we should partake
The banquet, for all he so freely did make.

4 In rapturous bliss
He bids us do this;
The joy it imparts,
Hath witness'd his glorious design in our hearts.

5 'Tis God, we believe,
Who cannot deceive;
The witness of God
Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.

6 Receiving the bread,
On Jesus we feed;
It doth not appear,
His manner of working, but Jesus is here.


Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by
thy sil - ver streams, Our Savior at midnight, when
moon - light's pale beams Shone bright on the
waters, would frequent - ly stray, And lose, in thy

138. *Kedron.*

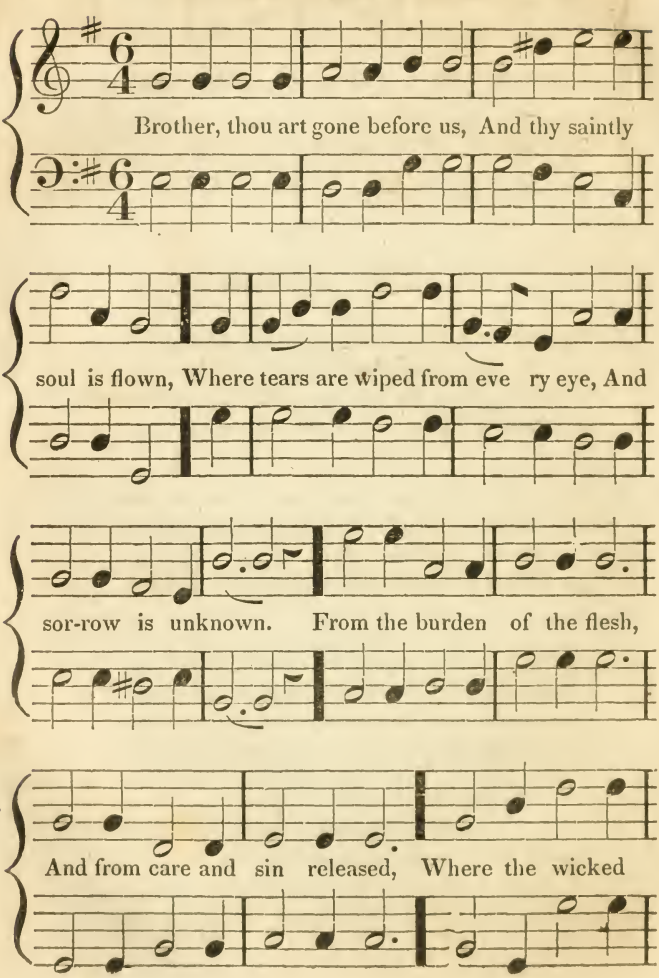
1 Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

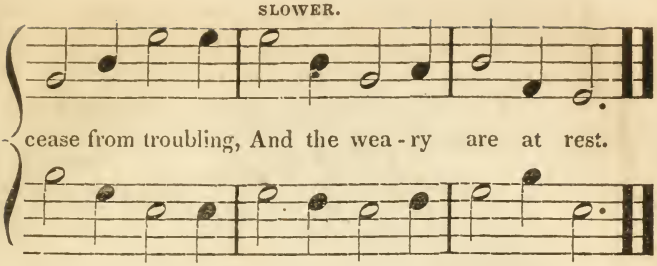
2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

Composed Jan. 1, 1823, by Rev. Jonas King,
to be sung at the grave of Parsons.


Brother, thou art gone before us, And thy saintly
soul is flown, Where tears are wiped from eve ry eye, And
sor-row is unknown. From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released, Where the wicked



139. *The Weary at Rest.*

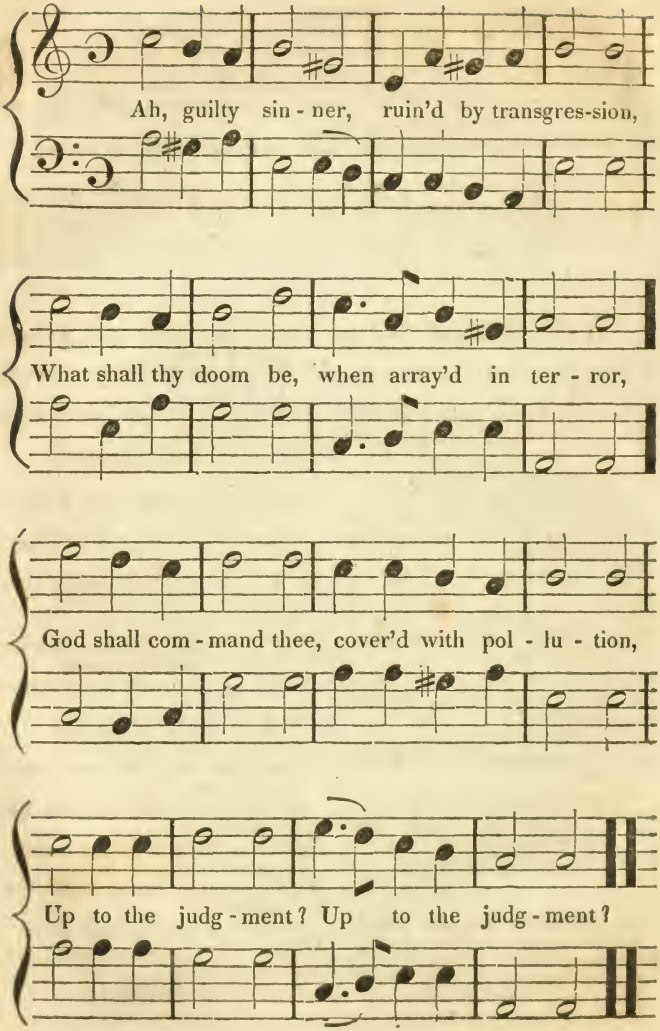
1 Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

2 The toilsome way, thou'st travel'd o'er,
And hast borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
On his Father's faithful breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor can doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And then thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Thus the solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away,
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

5 And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou now hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious, happy guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.


Ah, guilty sin - ner, ruin'd by transgres-sion,
What shall thy doom be, when array'd in ter - ror,
God shall com - mand thee, cover'd with pol - lu - tion,
Up to the judg - ment? Up to the judg - ment?

140. *The Voice of Warning.*

1 Ah, guilty sinner, ruin'd by transgression,
What shall thy doom be, when array'd in terror,
God shall command thee, cover'd with pollution,
Up to the judgment?

2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice,
Fly to the caverns, court annihilation?
Vain thy presumption, justice still shall triumph
In thy destruction.

3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.

4 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.

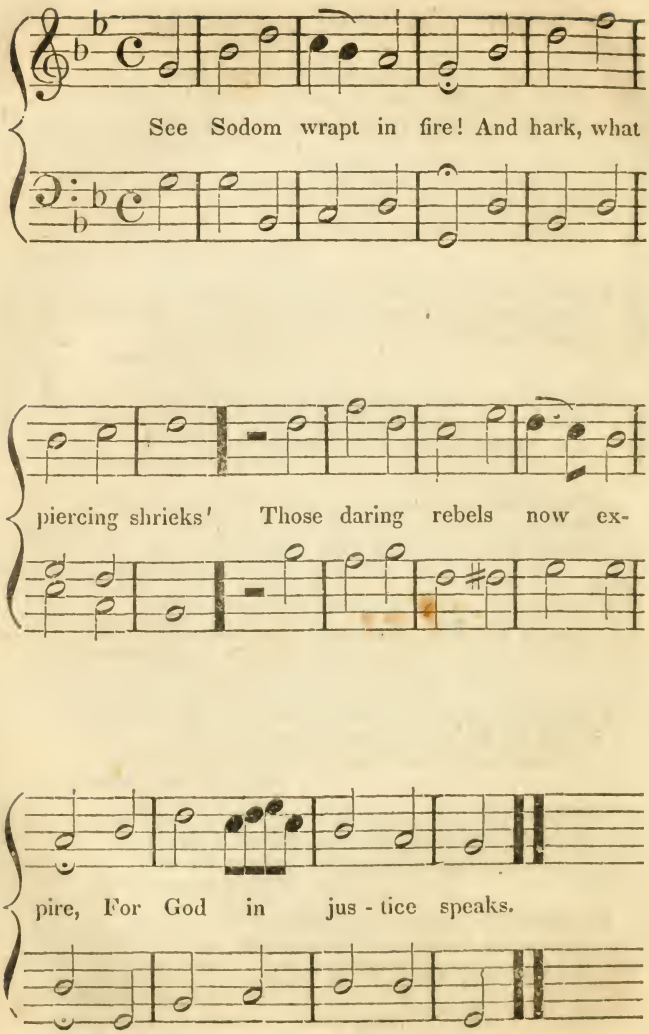
5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness;
Jesus invites you.

6 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,
Quit you for ever.

7 Then you shall call, but he will not regard you,
Seek for his favor, yet shall never find it,
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence,
Deep in their caverns.

8 Where the worm dies not, and the fire eternal,
Fills the lost soul with anguish and with terror,
There shall the sinner spend a long for ever,
Dying unpardoned.

9 Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Savior, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment!


See Sodom wrapt in fire! And hark, what
piercing shrieks! Those daring rebels now ex-
pire, For God in jus - tice speaks.

141. *Escape for thy Life.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 See Sodom wrapt in fire!
And hark, what piercing shrieks!
Those daring rebels now expire,
For God in justice speaks.

2 O sinner, mark thy fate!
Soon will the Judge appear;
And then thy cries will come too late;
Too late for God to hear.

3 Thy day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,
Thy cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.

4 Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glittering sword;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.

5 One only hope I see;
Oh, sinner, seize it now,—
The blood that Jesus shed for thee!
No other hope hast thou.

J. B. W.

142. *Invitation.*

1 Sinners, the call obey,
The latest call of grace:
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race.

2 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The Rock of your salvation, struck
And cleft to take you in.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord.

4 Our life with thee we hide
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in thy wounds abide
Till all the storms are past.

143. *Justification.*

1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Savior show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

3 Exults our rising soul,
Disburthen'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

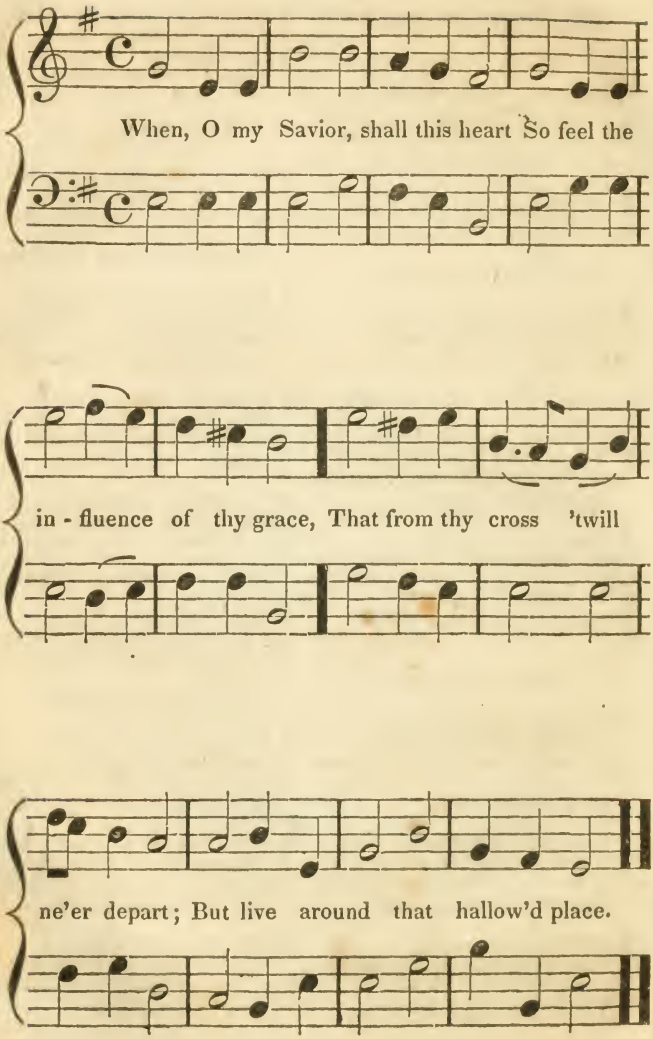
4 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

5 We by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd.

6 His Spirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

7 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

8 His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.


When, O my Savior, shall this heart So feel the
in - fluence of thy grace, That from thy cross 'twill
ne'er depart; But live around that hallow'd place.

144. *Closet Hymn.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 When, O my Savior, shall this heart
So feel the influence of thy grace,
That from thy cross 'twill ne'er depart;
But live around that hallow'd place?

2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,
If Jesus be not with me there;
All worldly joys, compared with him,
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.

3 O could I live beneath his smile,
And lean upon his sacred breast,
No fond allurement should beguile
A heart so privileged—so blest.

4 Come then, my Savior, and constrain
This wayward soul, nor let it rove;
Recal me to thine arms again,
And bind me there "with cords of love." J. B. W.

145. *Repentance.*

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received!
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

3 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 This only wo I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
And raise me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

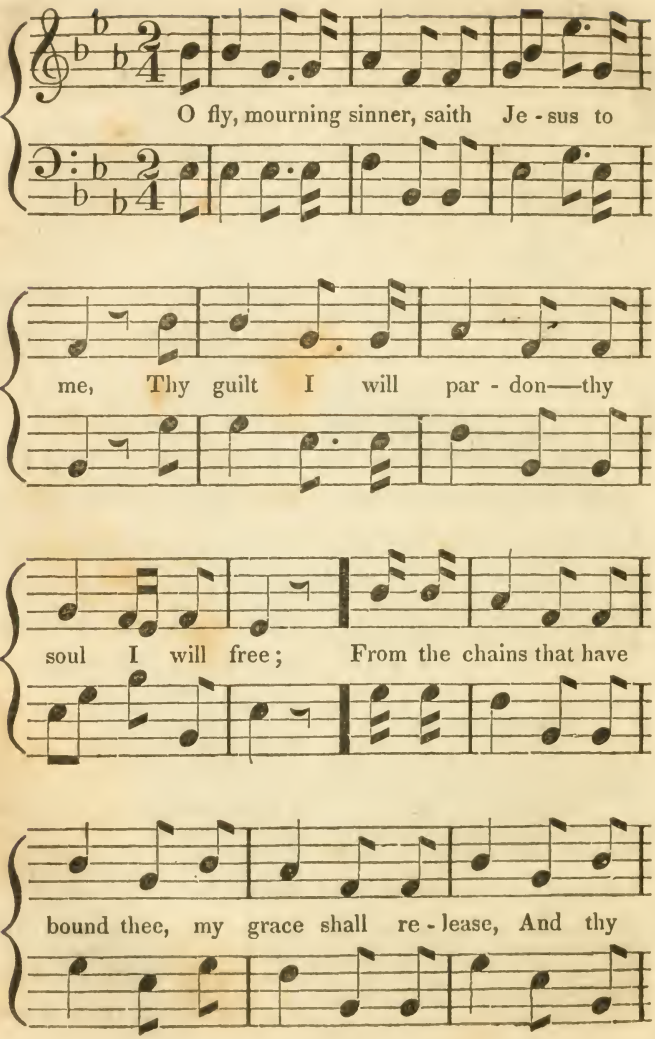
146. *Prayer for Zeal.*

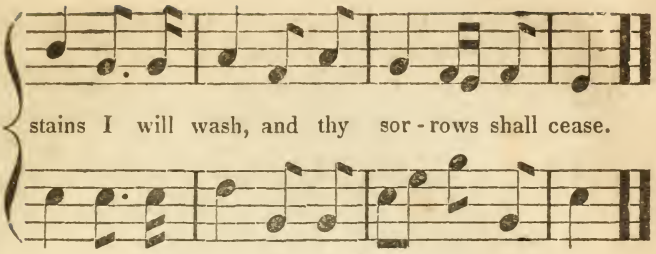
1 O thou who all things canst control,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul,
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light,
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

3 With out-stretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But, ah! how soon it dies away!

4 The deadly slumber soon I feel,
Afresh upon my spirit seal;
Rise, Lord; stir up thy quickening power,
And wake me that I sleep no more


O fly, mourning sinner, saith Je - sus to
me, Thy guilt I will par - don—thy
soul I will free; From the chains that have
bound thee, my grace shall re - lease, And thy



147. *Oh fly, Mourning Sinner.*

WRITTEN FOR THE LYRE.

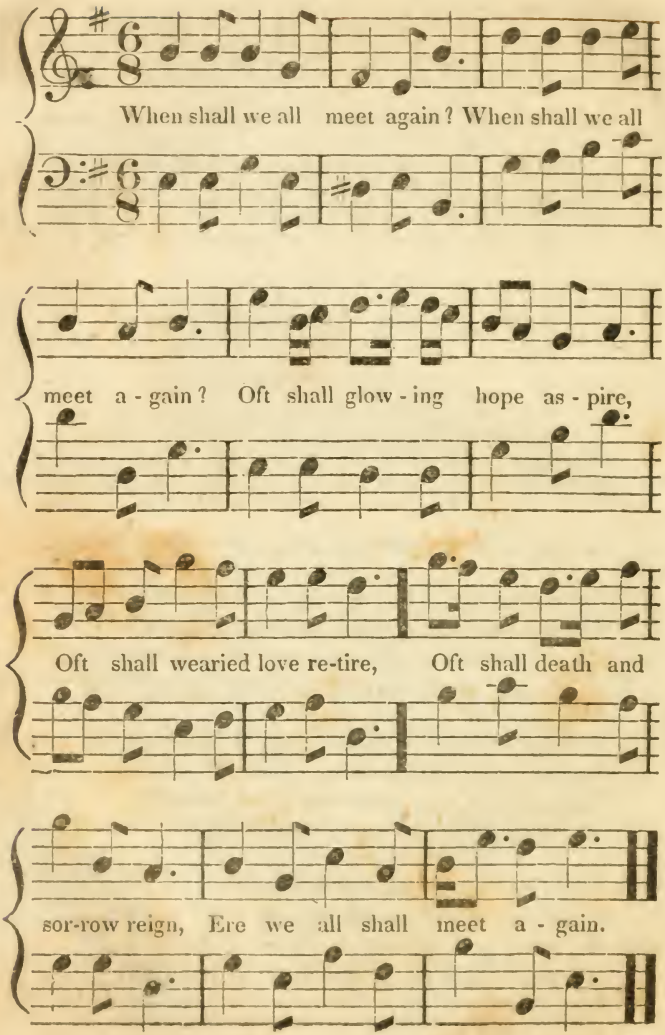
1 O FLY, mourning sinner, saith Jesus, to me,
Thy guilt I will pardon—thy soul I will free;
From the chains that have bound thee, my grace shall release,
And thy stains I will wash, and thy sorrows shall cease.

2 Too long, guilty wanderer—too long hast thou been
In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to sin;
Thee the world has allured, and enslaved, and deceived,
While my counsel thou'st spurn'd, and my Spirit hast grieved.

3 Though count'ess thy sins, and though crimson thy guilt,
Yet for crimes such as thine was my blood freely spilt;
Come, sinner, and prove me; come, mourner, and see
The wounds that I bore, when I suffer'd for thee.

4 Thou doubt'st not my power—deny not my will;
Come, needy—come, helpless, thy soul I will fill;
My mercy is boundless; no sinner shall say,
That he sued at my feet—but was driven away.

J. B. W.


When shall we all meet again? When shall we all
meet a - gain? Oft shall glow - ing hope as - pire,
Oft shall wearied love re-tire, Oft shall death and
sor-row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

148. *When shall me meet.*

1 When shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

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THOMAS DE WITT.
Pastor of the Associate Dutch Church, New-York.
Oct. 30, 1830.

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W. W. PHILLIPS,
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the city of New-York.

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